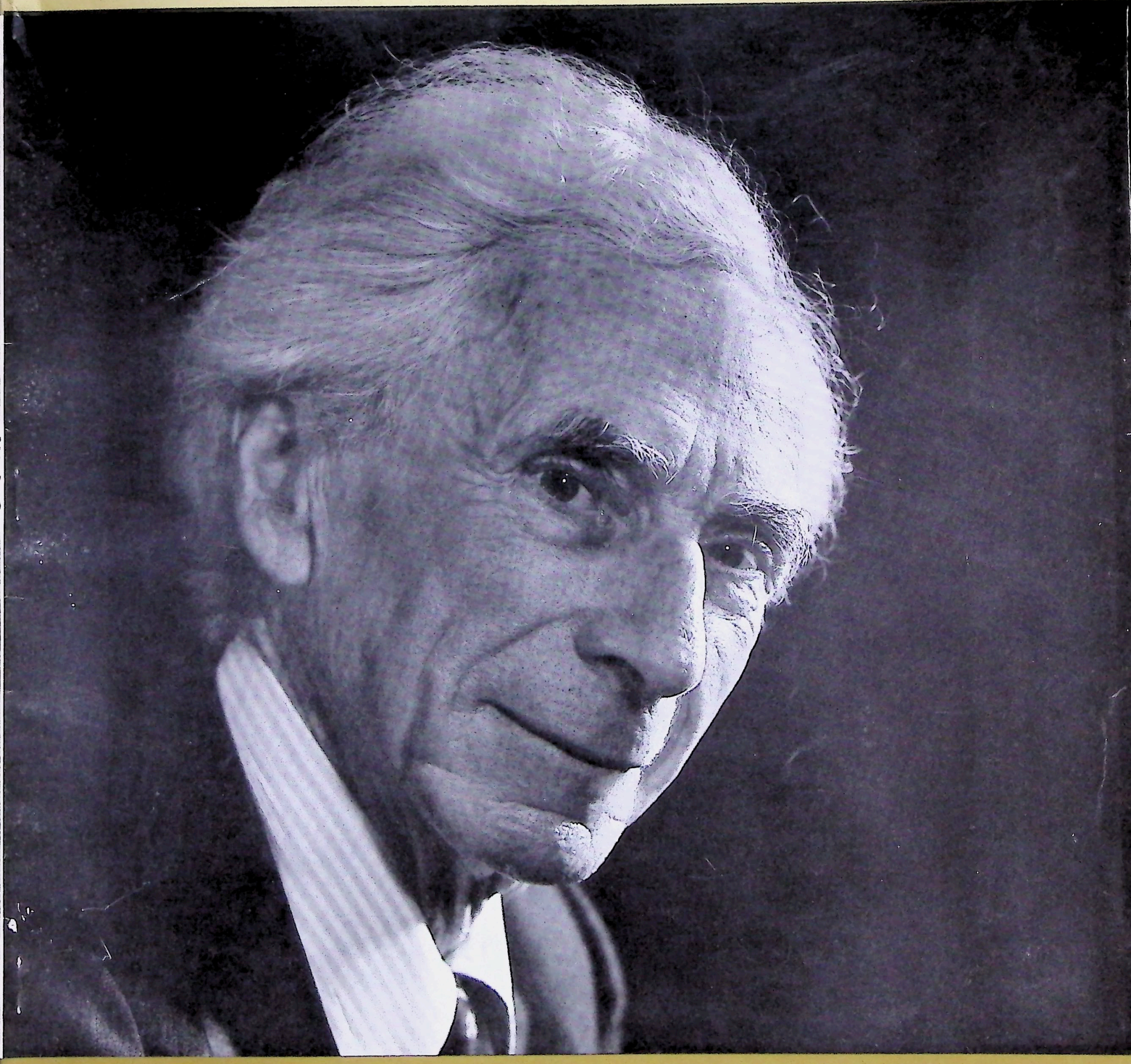
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



BERTRAND RUSSELL portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

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WHAT IS BEAUTY — a pictorial essay

CHOPIN — poet of music

FEBRUARY 1957

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVERS—The problem in making a portrait—to select the most important facet of a man's character—becomes vastly more difficult when the subject combines a multitude of distinctive traits, any one of which might dominate the personality of a man less generously endowed. Attempting to reflect the Protean genius of Bertrand Russell—mathematician, essayist, teacher, philosopher—photographer Karsh of Ottawa chose two sides: the thinker and the humanitarian; these studies appear on our front and back covers.

VOL. 2, NO. 2 **EXECUTIVE, EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES — 8800 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA** **FEBRUARY 1957**

WISDOM is published monthly by Wisdom Magazine, Inc., at 8800 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Beverly Hills, Calif., Post Office.

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Printed in U.S.A. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** U.S., possessions, and

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER'S "Invitation to Understanding" has been one of WISDOM's most popular features. In past issues he has reviewed the thought of Shakespeare, Kant, Socrates and Thoreau. In this month's essay he discusses one of the most important thinkers of modern times, William James. Dr. Mayer is professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands and author of eight books and over 100 articles.

JAMES HUNEKER was the most versatile critic of his generation, if not the most versatile of all American critics. He wrote with equal brilliance and prescience on drama, literature, art and music, and introduced many modern artists to this country. Music was his first and chief love, and his real métier. A capable pianist and for many years a teacher of piano, he was an outstanding authority on Chopin; his *Chopin: The Man and His Music,* © 1900 by Charles Scribner's Sons, was condensed for our article on the composer – permission to reprint granted by Alfred Rice, trustee of the author's literary estate. It was one of the earliest and best studies of the composer.

LUCILLE GORDON LAKES, journalist, editor and author of "Majorca, Island of Light" has lived widely abroad, and has published in the U.S. and many foreign countries. During World War II she returned from overseas to serve as editor in the Overseas News Division of the Office of War Information. She is now a California resident, wife of a physician and mother of two children.

PHILIP EISENBERG, who received his Ph.D. in psychology from Columbia University, is the author of "Seeing Yourself as You Are," an excerpt from his *Why We Act as We Do,* published by Alfred A. Knopf and © 1946 by the author. His articles have appeared in the *Journal of Social Psychology, Journal of Applied Psychology, Journal of Experimental Psychology* and other journals. He has been an instructor at Brooklyn College, research psychologist with CBS and occupational analyst with the War Manpower Commission.

LESTER E. DENONN, whose "Versatile Philosopher of Our Age" appears in this issue, is a man of many talents, as befits the author of a study of Bertrand Russell. An attorney, an instructor in journalism, law and English, he is also the author of several articles on philosophy and was associate editor of *Who's Who in Philosophy.* He has also edited *The Wit and Wisdom of Bertrand Russell* (from which our selection is taken) © 1951 by Beacon Press Inc., and *The Wit and Wisdom of Oliver Wendell Holmes,* the latter a combination of philosophy and jurisprudence especially suited to his interests.

BERTRAND RUSSELL (see page 24 *et seq.*), whose writings on mathematics, symbolic logic and ethics are landmarks in modern philosophy, has recently turned to autobiography. His *Portraits from Memory* was published in 1956 by Simon and Schuster, © 1956 by the author, and it is from this book that we have drawn "The World's Need for Wisdom." The selection demonstrates how Russell can be one of the few men to be both a Fellow of the Royal Society and a winner of the Nobel prize for literature. The brief examples of his philosophy which appear in "From the Wisdom of Bertrand Russell" have been selected from the following books, courtesy of the respective publishers: George Allen & Unwin Ltd. – *Principles of Social Reconstruction* © 1916, *Mysticism and Logic* © 1918, *The Problem of China* © 1922, *On Education Especially in Early Childhood* © 1926, *Marriage and Morals* © 1929, *Conquest of Happiness* © 1930, *The Scientific Outlook* © 1931, *Education and the Social Order* © 1932, *Power* © 1938; Simon & Schuster Inc. – *What I Believe* © 1931, *History of Western Philosophy* © 1945, *Authority and the Individual* © 1949 and *Unpopular Essays* © 1951.

LESTER MARKEL, after studying at the College of the City of New York, joined the New York *Tribune* as reporter, became assistant editor and since 1923 has been Sunday editor for the New York *Times.* Such a background lends additional force to his article, "The Future of the Printed Word," which is taken from *Vital Speeches of the Day,* April 1, 1956, © by the author. Mr. Markel's newspaper experience has also been tapped by Columbia University, where he is an associate in journalism. He received his Litt. B. from the School of Journalism there, and an honorary Litt. D. from the New School for Social Research.

ARNOLD T. SCHWAB, author of "Tesla," was a Sheldon Fellow at Harvard (where he received his Ph.D. in English) and has taught composition and American literature at UCLA and the University of Michigan. He has published a number of articles in academic journals, and is the author of a forthcoming biography of James Huneker. During World War II Dr. Schwab was a communications officer on an aircraft carrier.

DURANT DRAKE, professor of philosophy at Vassar College, appeared previously in our pages with his "Pursuit of Wisdom." Aesthetics is another of the many subjects on which he has written; this month's article is his "What Is Beauty," from the author's *Invitation to Philosophy,* published by Houghton Mifflin Co. and © 1933 by the author. Professor Drake has also written *Shall We Stand by the Church, America Faces the Future, Mind and Its Place in Nature* and *The New Morality.* Other writers, short excerpts from whose works appear in "What Is Beauty," include the following: HILDA (H.D.) DOOLITTLE (lines from *Song*), p. 50; ABRAHAM COWLEY (lines from *Beauty*), p. 51; ROBERT NATHAN (lines from *Beauty Is Ever to the Lonely Mind*), p. 51; JACOPO DA LENTINO (lines from *Of His Lady's Face*), p. 51; HENRY VAN DYKE (lines from *Salute to the Trees*), p. 52; JOHN KEATS (lines from *Ode on a Grecian Urn*), p. 54; LEW SARETT (lines from *The Granite Mountain*), p. 56; ROBINSON JEFFERS (lines from *Ascent to the Sierras*), p. 57; JOHN RUSKIN (lines from *Mountains*), p. 57; SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (excerpt from *Biographia Literaria*), p. 57; ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (*How Do I Love Thee?*), p. 58; MARGARET WIDDEMER (*Mother-Prayer*), p. 58, courtesy Henry Holt & Co.; CHRISTOPHER MORLEY (*To a Child*), p. 60; JOSEPH CAMPBELL (*The Old Woman*), p. 60; WALTER PATER (selection from *The Renaissance*), p. 61; E. E. CUMMINGS (*Poem on Picasso*), p. 61, courtesy Brandt & Brandt; FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT (*To a Greek Statue*), p. 62; EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (*Euclid Alone Has Looked on Beauty Bare*), p. 63, courtesy Brandt & Brandt; PIERRE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (*Beauty*), p. 63; HILDA CONKLING (*Water*), p. 66, Frederick Stokes Co.; HENRY VAUGHAN (lines from *The Waterfall*), p. 66; JOHN RUSKIN (selection from *The Sky*), p. 66.

CHARLES ANGOFF began working for Boston newspapers in 1923; in 1925 he began a long association with George Jean Nathan as a member of the editorial staff of the *American Mercury,* becoming editor in 1931. He subsequently edited or contributed to *Nation, American Spectator, North American Review, True Crime Detective* and others. His literary output includes short stories, criticism, musical commentary and plays.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN (see page 68 *et seq.*), perhaps the most forceful drama critic in America today, has written criticism for many magazines, and has published numerous books about the theater. "George Jean Nathan" and "The Critic as a Black Sheep" are both from *The World of George Jean Nathan,* edited by Charles Angoff, © 1949, 1952 by George Jean Nathan. These pieces represent selections from the original material, and are printed with the permission of Alfred A. Knopf Inc.

MARGUERITE CLARK, author of "Ulcers–The Price of Tension," has had a distinguished career in scientific journalism, and holds the National Headliner's award for consistently accurate and informative reporting in the field of medicine. She is the author of *After the Doctor Leaves,* © 1954 by Crown Publishers, Inc. from which our article is taken, and *Medicine on the March,* published in 1949. Since 1941, Mrs. Clark has been science editor of *Newsweek.* She is past president of the National Association of Science Writers.

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Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will create the fact.

—WILLIAM JAMES

William James

William James was one of the most influential thinkers in America. Believing that philosophy depended on emotional attitudes, he divided thinkers into two categories: the tough-minded and the tender-minded. The tough-minded philosophers, according to James, usually saw man as the product of fate, and upheld the gospel of materialism. The tender-minded, on the other hand, believed in God, freedom and immortality.

A pragmatist, William James wanted to humanize philosophy and make it more concrete and practical for the average man. Opposed to all forms of dogmatism, he pointed to the limitations of man's knowledge and maintained that our insights must change as science advances. His system was extremely American, for he believed in the importance of change and felt that man's efforts could improve the universe.

What especially impressed his students at Harvard was the warmth of his personality. He was never too occupied to discuss their personal problems with them. His house was always open to visitors, who found him an entertaining host. In the classroom he was delightfully informal, speaking extemporaneously, without notes. Academic thinkers opposed him vigorously, for they felt that he was far too popular and used too simple a language to be a profound philosopher. He had a deep sense of humility and he never looked down on even the most ignorant person, for he believed that he could learn from all. In every way, William James was an example of intellectual tolerance and open-mindedness.

In his philosophy he affirmed the supremacy of man's heart over his intellect. Was there not an intuitive wisdom? Were not feelings more powerful than abstract analysis? Was not action more important than detached contemplation? To James, life was a battle between pessimism and optimism. He opposed pessimism, for he maintained that it left man paralyzed with skepticism and futility. The universe, according to James, was full of possibilities which could be realized by all of us, if we only opened our eyes and explored our inner powers.

His faith in the greatness of human existence has important implications for us all. Occasionally we feel the vanity of life. Is there not a constant cycle in man's existence? Is there not a sense of irony in man's fate? Still, we must believe that our efforts are worth while and that they contribute to the progress of society. We find a meaning in life not by being bystanders, but by becoming participants in the drama of human existence. To the faint-hearted, James cited the words with which Henry IV greeted Crillon after an important triumph had been won: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques and you were not there."

It requires courage to take a vigorous stand in life. Often it may be much safer to avoid pressing issues and to act timidly. But this attitude, as James demonstrated, usually results in stagnation. James reminded us of the importance of zest, vitality and enthusiasm. Life challenges us to become unforgettable, not mere minor interludes. By living fully, by developing our own powers and capacities, by affirming the nobility of human existence we can overcome the tormenting doubts within and acquire a faith which inspires others and which gives us a solid foundation for the challenges of the future. ♦

"I am tormenting myself devilishly over every piece," wrote Chopin. This portrait was painted in tempera from his death mask and a plaster cast of the hands. The music is his song "The Wish."

Chopin

POET OF MUSIC

by James Huneker

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, pessimist and master of cadenced lyric prose, urged young writers to lead ascetic lives so that in their art they might be violent. Chopin's violence was psychic, a travailing and groaning of the spirit. He lived, loved and died, and not for him were the perils, prizes and fascinations of a hero's career. He fought his battles within the walls of his soul — we may note and enjoy them in his music. Though his outward state was not niggardly of incident, his inner life was richer, nourished as it was in the silence and profound unrest of a being that irritably resented every intrusion. There were events that left ineradicable impressions upon his nature, upon his work: His early love, his sorrow at parting from parents and home, the shock of the Warsaw revolt, his passion for George Sand, the death of his father and of his friend Matuszynski and the rupture with Madame Sand — these were the crises of his history.

His father, Nicolas Chopin, was born in 1771 in a little town in Lorraine. Some claim that he had Polish blood in his veins. He emigrated to Warsaw in 1787 — enticed by the offer of a compatriot there in the tobacco business. He married Justyna Krzyzanowska in 1806, and she bore him four children: three girls, and the boy Frédéric François, born in 1810.

With a refined, scholarly French father, Polish in political sentiments, and an admirable Polish mother, patriotic to the extreme, Frédéric grew to be an intelligent, vivacious, home-loving lad. Never a hearty boy but never very delicate, he seemed to escape most of the disagreeable ills of childhood. He never was the moonstruck, pale, sentimental calf of many biographers. Strong evidence exists that he was merry, pleasure-loving and fond of practical jokes. While his father was never rich, the family lived well by the time of Frédéric's infancy. The country was prosperous, and Chopin the elder became a professor in the Warsaw Lyceum. His children were brought up in an atmosphere of charming simplicity, love and refinement. Frédéric's sisters were gifted, gentle and disposed to pet him. The mother was an ideal mother, and, as George Sand declared, Chopin's "only love." But Sand was ever jealous — jealous even of Chopin's past.

Strong common sense ruled the actions of Chopin's parents, and when his love for music revealed itself at an early age they engaged a teacher named Wojciech Zwyny, a Bohemian, who played the violin and taught piano. The child's precocity — not so marked as Mozart's, but phenomenal withal — brought him into intimacy with the Polish aristocracy, and there his taste for fashionable society developed.

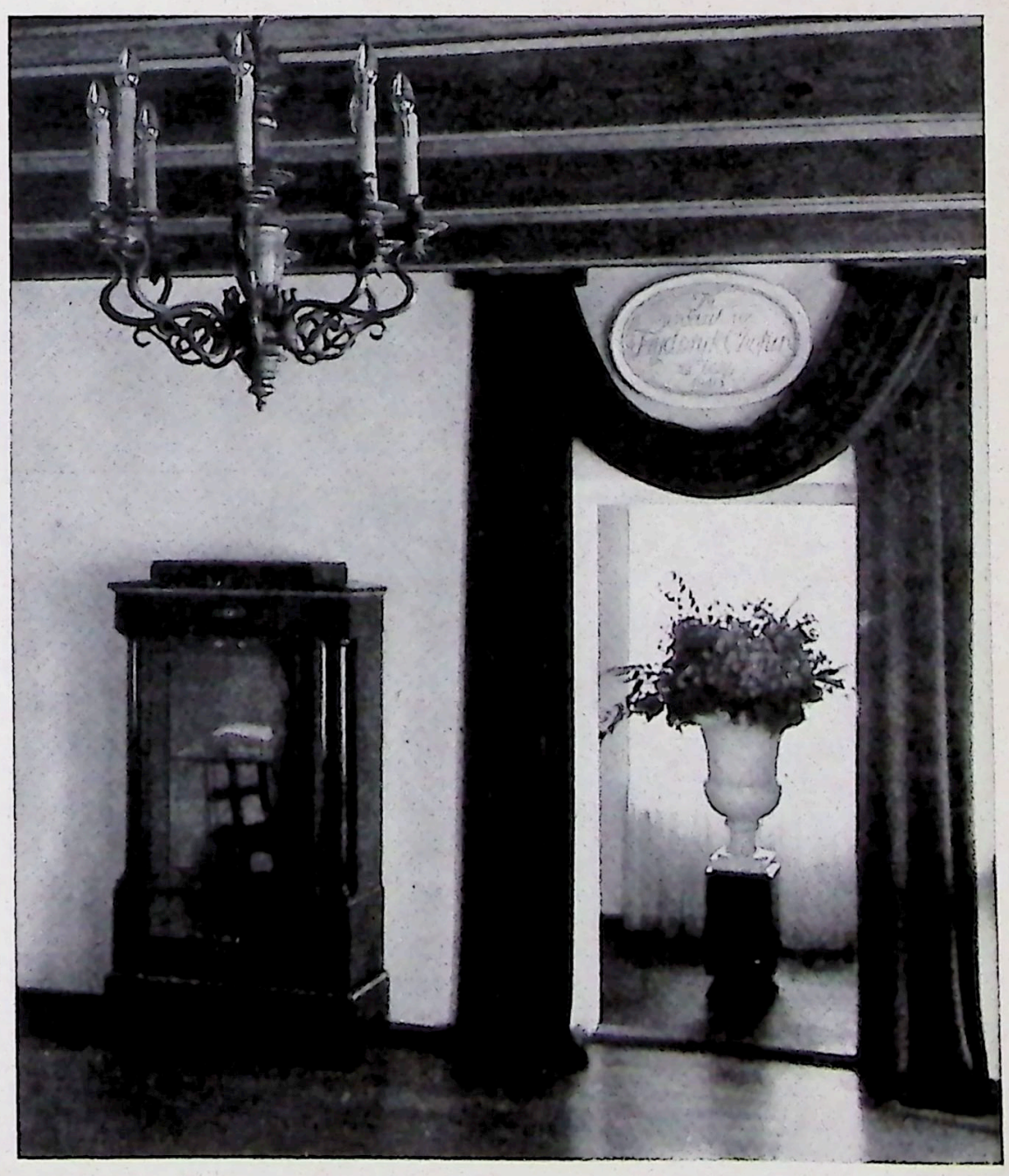
He had high spirits, perhaps too high for his slender physique. He was a facile mimic, and Liszt, Balzac, Bocage, Sand and others believed that he might have become an actor of consummate ability. Altogether he was a clever, if not a brilliant, lad. His piano playing at this time was neat and finished, and he had already begun those experimentings in technique and tone that afterward revolutionized the world of music and the keyboard.

In 1826 he left his regular studies at the Lyceum and devoted his time to music. He was much in the country, listening to the fiddling and singing of the peasants, thus laying the cornerstone of his art as a national composer. In the fall of 1828 he went to Berlin, and this trip gave him a foretaste of the outer world.

In Vienna in 1829 he met everyone worth knowing in the artistic world, and his letters at that period are brimming over with gossip and pen pictures of the people he knew. The little drop of malice

Nicolas Chopin, Frédéric's father, was a cultivated, intelligent Frenchman who emigrated to Poland at 16, fought in the insurrection and became "more Polish than Poland." Justyna Krzyzanowska, a charming, modest orphan, married him in 1806, bore him four children.

The outbuilding (above) of the Skarbek estate at Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, was the first home of Chopin's parents. Justyna was a poor relation of Countess Skarbek, and her personal attendant; Nicolas tutored the Skarbek children. Frédéric was born in room shown below.



Wojciech Zywny (left), young Frédéric's first professional music teacher, recognized his genius, transcribed his compositions and fostered his reputation. Jozef Elsner (right), reigning Polish maestro, taught Frédéric composition at the Conservatory, influenced him lastingly.

he injected into his descriptions of the personages he encountered was harmless enough; it proves that the young man had considerable wit. Persuaded to overcome a natural timidity, he made his Vienna debut on August 11, 1829. The press was favorable, though Chopin's playing was considered rather light in weight. His style was admired and voted original, while a lady remarked, "It's a pity his appearance is so insignificant." This reached the composer's ear and caused him an evil quarter of an hour, for he was morbidly sensitive, but being, like most Poles, secretive, he managed to hide it.

He wrote home: "My manner of playing pleases the ladies so very much." This manner never lost its hold over female hearts, and the airs, caprices and little struttings of Frédéric are to blame for the widely circulated legend of his effeminate ways. When Rubinstein, Tausig and Liszt played Chopin in impassioned phrases, the public and critics were aghast. This was a transformed Chopin indeed, a Chopin transposed to the key of manliness. Yet it is the true Chopin. The young man's manners were a trifle feminine but his brain was masculine, electric, and his soul courageous. His polonaises, ballades, scherzos and études need a mighty grip, a grip mental and physical.

He fell in love with Konstancja Gladkowska, a singer and pupil of the Warsaw Conservatory, but had not the courage to tell her. He put it on paper, he played it, but speak it he could not. Here is a point that reveals Chopin's native indecision, his inability to make up his mind. Halting and irresolution were stumbling blocks in his career and are faithfully mirrored in his art.

George Sand noted Chopin's emotional versatility in the matter of falling in and out of love. He could accomplish both of an evening, and a crumpled roseleaf was sufficient cause to induce frowns and capricious flights.

Chopin left Warsaw November 1, 1830, for Vienna, without declaring his love. Or was he a rejected suitor? History is mute. He never saw his Gladkowska again, for he did not return to Warsaw. The lady was married in 1831 — preferring solid certainty to nebulous genius — to a Warsaw merchant.

A thousand times Chopin thought of renouncing his artistic ambitions and rushing to Poland to join the revolution then taking place. He never did, and his indecision — it was not cowardice — is our gain. Chopin put his patriotism, his wrath and his heroism into his polonaises.

He left Vienna late in July 1831, and went to Munich and then to Stuttgart, where he heard of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, which occurred September 8. This news, it is said, was the genesis of the great C Minor Étude sometimes called the "Revolutionary."

Despite his concern for his family, he did not go to Warsaw, but started for France, arriving late in September 1831. This journey, as Liszt declared, "settled his fate." Chopin was 21 years old when he reached Paris.

The Paris of 1831 was one of the most delightful cities in the world for the culture-loving. The molten tide of passion and decorative extravagance that then swept over intellectual Europe bore on its foaming crest Victor Hugo, prince of romanticists. Nearby was Henri — he left Heinrich across the Rhine — Heine, who dipped his pen in honey and gall, who sneered and wept in the same couplet. The star of classicism had seemingly set. In

At 16, Frédéric Chopin was already a full-fledged composer, his "Rondo" Opus 1 having been published the previous year by Warsaw's most important dealer. He had finished at the Lyceum, to his delight, and was preparing to enter the Warsaw Conservatory. Already much of his career had been presaged: his amorousness (a secretive schoolboy affair), his patriotism (an outgrowth of an abortive, bloody revolt) and his chronic ill health.

At 19, Chopin had completed his musical training and was anxious to see the outside world, particularly Paris. His first major love affair, his successful Vienna debut and some 70 mature compositions were already behind him.

Beautiful and gifted Delphine Potocka, Polish countess prominent in Paris, was long Chopin's friend. He once called her his first mistress.

The relationship between Chopin and Delphine, long disputed by biographers, was revealed in recently discovered letters, which he had advised her to burn. Letters which he himself kept tell a sadder story: his love for Maria Wodzinska (right), whom he met while still carrying on his relationship with Delphine. The inscription reads "My Misery." Mme. Wodzinska's fears about Chopin's ill health contributed to the break-up.

Maria Wodzinska, sister of Chopin's schoolmates, was lovely, talented and 16 when they became engaged.

the rich conflict of genius were Gautier, Schumann and the rest. All was romance, fantasy and passion.

Chopin must have broadened mentally as well as musically in this congenial, artistic environment. He went about, hobnobbed with princesses, and the effect this had upon his compositions cannot be doubted! If he became more cosmopolitan, he also became more artificial, and for a time the salon, with its perfumed, elegant atmosphere, threatened to drug his talent into forgetfulness of loftier aims.

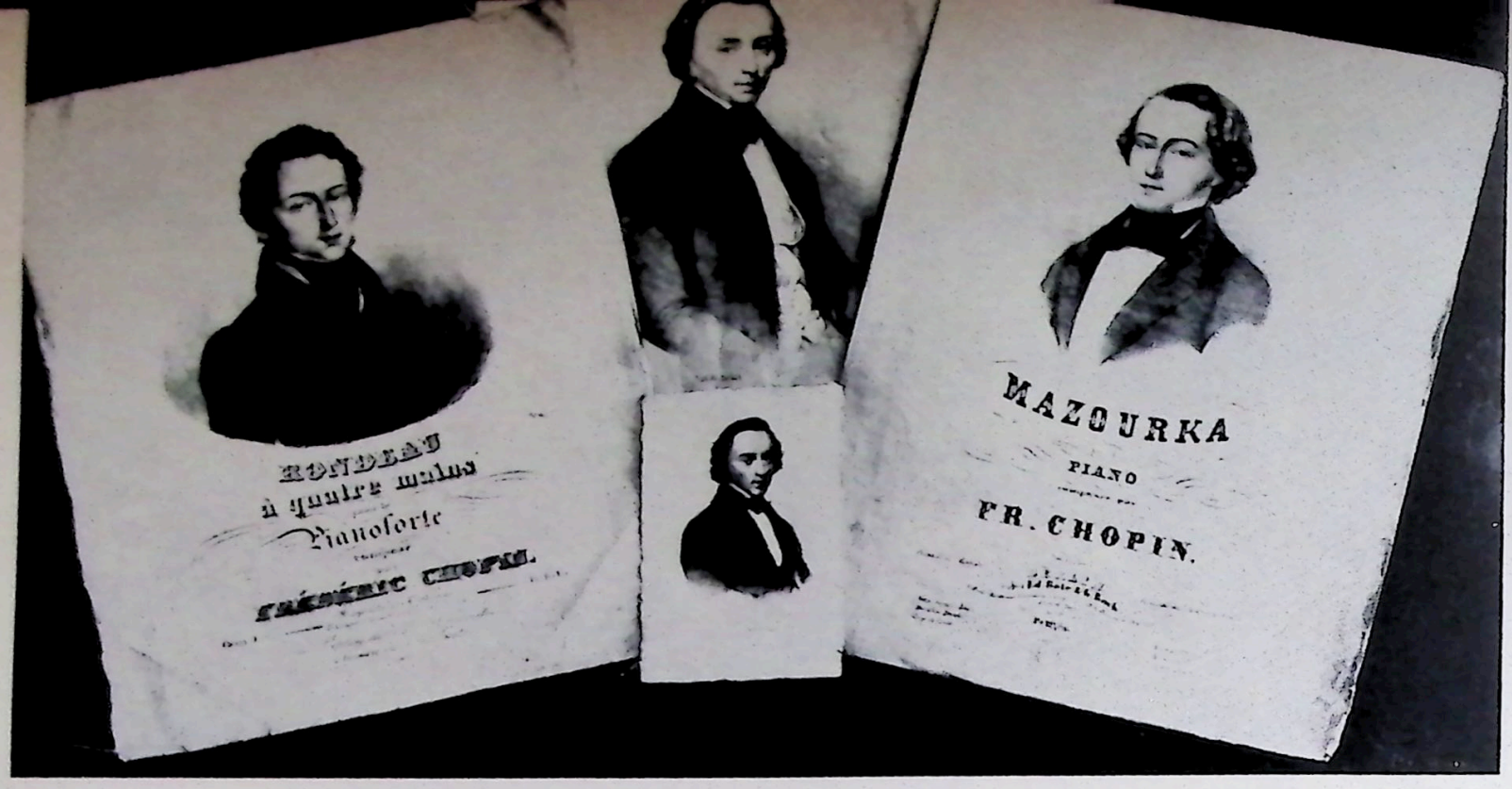
He was never a hearty partisan of the romantic movement. Its extravagance, misplaced enthusiasm, turbulence, attacks on church, state and tradition disturbed the finical Pole, while noise, *réclame* and boisterousness chilled and repulsed him.

After 1834-5, Chopin's activity as a public pianist began to wane. He was not always understood, and was not so warmly welcomed as he deserved to be.

In September 1835 Chopin met his old school friends, the Wodzinskis, former pupils at his father's school. He fell in love with their sister Maria, and they became engaged. He spoke to his father about the matter, and Paris and his ambitions were temporarily forgotten. He enjoyed a brief dream of marrying and of settling near Warsaw, teaching and composing – the occasional dream that tempts most active artists, soothing them with the notion that there is really a haven of rest from the world's buffets. Again the gods intervened in the interest of music. The father of the girl objected on the score of Chopin's means and his social position – artists were not Paderewskis in those days – although the mother favored the romance. In 1837 the engagement was broken, and the inconstant beauty later married someone else.

In 1836 Chopin, a neurotic being, met George Sand, a trampler on all the social and ethical conventions, albeit a woman of great gifts. She was not musical, but her feeling for all art forms was highly sympathetic. She was not a beautiful woman, being swarthy and rather heavy-set in figure. But she attracted with imperious power all those she met. She was his elder, so could veil the situation with the maternal mask, and she was both the stronger

Chopin's music, often considered the prototype of salon music, was played often and charmingly in salons by the composer himself. This painting depicts a musicale at the home of Prince Antoni Radziwill, who became interested in him when the composer was a prodigy of 7 and the Prince was Viceroy of the Prussian-annexed part of Poland. The Prince was often Chopin's host, and while he did not support the young man financially, he did perform many favors for him.



Early editions of Chopin's works carried portraits of the composer, whose face was already becoming well known in music circles. The edition at left is of his "Rondo in C Minor" Opus 1, written when he was 15; its publication in Warsaw marked his sponsorship by a publisher instead of friends. The edition shown here, printed later in Leipzig, bears a portrait of him painted in 1833 by Vignéron.

intellect and the more celebrated – Chopin was but a pianist in the eyes of the many. Repelled at first, he gave way before the ardent passion she manifested toward him.

Frédéric deplored the union, for he was theoretically a Catholic. Did he not once resent the visit of Liszt and a *bonne amie* to his apartments when he was absent? Indeed, he may fairly be called a moralist. Carefully reared in the Roman Catholic religion, he died confessing that faith. With the exception of the Sand episode, his life was not an irregular one; he abhorred the vulgar, and tried to conceal this infatuation from his parents.

This intimacy, however, did the pair no harm artistically, notwithstanding the inevitable sorrow and heartburnings at the close. Chopin had someone to look after him – he needed it – and in the society of this brilliant Frenchwoman he throve amazingly; his best work may be traced to Nohant (Sand's home) and Majorca.

In 1838 Sand proposed a visit to Majorca, her boy Maurice being ill. Chopin went with the party in November, and full accounts of the Mediterranean trip, Chopin's illness, the bad weather, discomforts and all the rest may be found in the *Histoire de Ma Vie* by Sand. It was a time of torment. "Chopin is a detestable invalid," said Sand, and so they returned to Nohant in June 1839.

Chopin's health in 1839 was a source of alarm to himself and his friends. He had been dangerously ill at Majorca and Marseilles. Fever and severe coughing proved to be the dread forerunners of the disease that killed him 10 years later. He was forced to be very careful in his habits, resting more, giving fewer lessons, playing but little in private or public and becoming frugal of his emotions. Now Sand began to cool, though her lively imagination never ceased making graceful, touching pictures of herself in the roles of sister of mercy, mother and discreet friend, all merged into one sentimental composite. He composed at Nohant, and she has told us all about it: how he groaned, wrote and rewrote and tore to pieces draft after draft of his work. Chopin was of an impatient, nervous disposition. All the more remarkable, then, his capacity for taking infinite pains.

From 1843 to 1847 Chopin taught, and spent the vacations at

CHOPIN

SAND

George Sand's stormy love affair with Chopin (and Musset and Mérimée and many others) has been celebrated by many writers, beginning with Sand herself. There are as many versions of the story as there are biographers, but the facts are simple: Sand (Aurore Dupin) was older and blunter; they lived together off and on from 1838-47, most of the time platonically; she nursed him through a serious illness and inspired much of his best work; they were both jealous (with reason); and the final breach was painful for both. Her influence on him cannot be overestimated, but its malignancy has possibly been exaggerated by some critics.

These portraits of Sand and Chopin were made by Delacroix, leader of romantic French painting and a frequent visitor at Sand's home. He became the composer's close friend and was a pallbearer at his funeral, despite Chopin's dislike of his paintings.

Nohant. His life was apparently happy. He composed and amused himself with Maurice and Solange, the "terrible children" of this bohemian household. He was, as a rule, a kind and patient teacher, and where talent was displayed his interest trebled. Can you fancy this Ariel of the piano giving lessons to humdrum pupils? Playing in a charmed and bewitching circle of countesses, surrounded by the luxury and flattery that kill, Chopin is a much more natural figure, yet he gave lessons regularly and appeared to relish them.

He had his gay moments when he would gossip, chatter, imitate everyone, cut up and, like Wagner, stand on his head. Perhaps it was feverish, agitated gaiety, yet somehow it seemed more human than that eternal melancholy and regret for the vanished greatness and happiness of Poland — a greatness and happiness that never had existed.

The breach which had been very perceptibly widening became hopeless in 1847, when Sand and Chopin parted forever. The break had to come. It was the inevitable end of such a friendship. The dynamics of free love have yet to be formulated. This much we know: Two such natures could never entirely cohere. When the novelty wore off, the stronger of the two — the one least in love — took the initial step. It was George Sand who took it with Chopin. He would never have had the courage or the will.

The main final quarrel was about the marriage of Solange Sand with Clésinger, the sculptor. Sand did not oppose the match, but later she resented Clésinger's actions. He was coarse and violent, she said — with the true mother-in-law spirit — and when Chopin received the young woman and her husband after a terrible scene at Nohant, she broke with him. It was a good excuse. He had bored her for several years, and — as he had completed his artistic work on this planet, and there was nothing more for her study (the psychological portrait was supposedly painted) —Madame George got rid of him. Sand and Chopin met but once again.

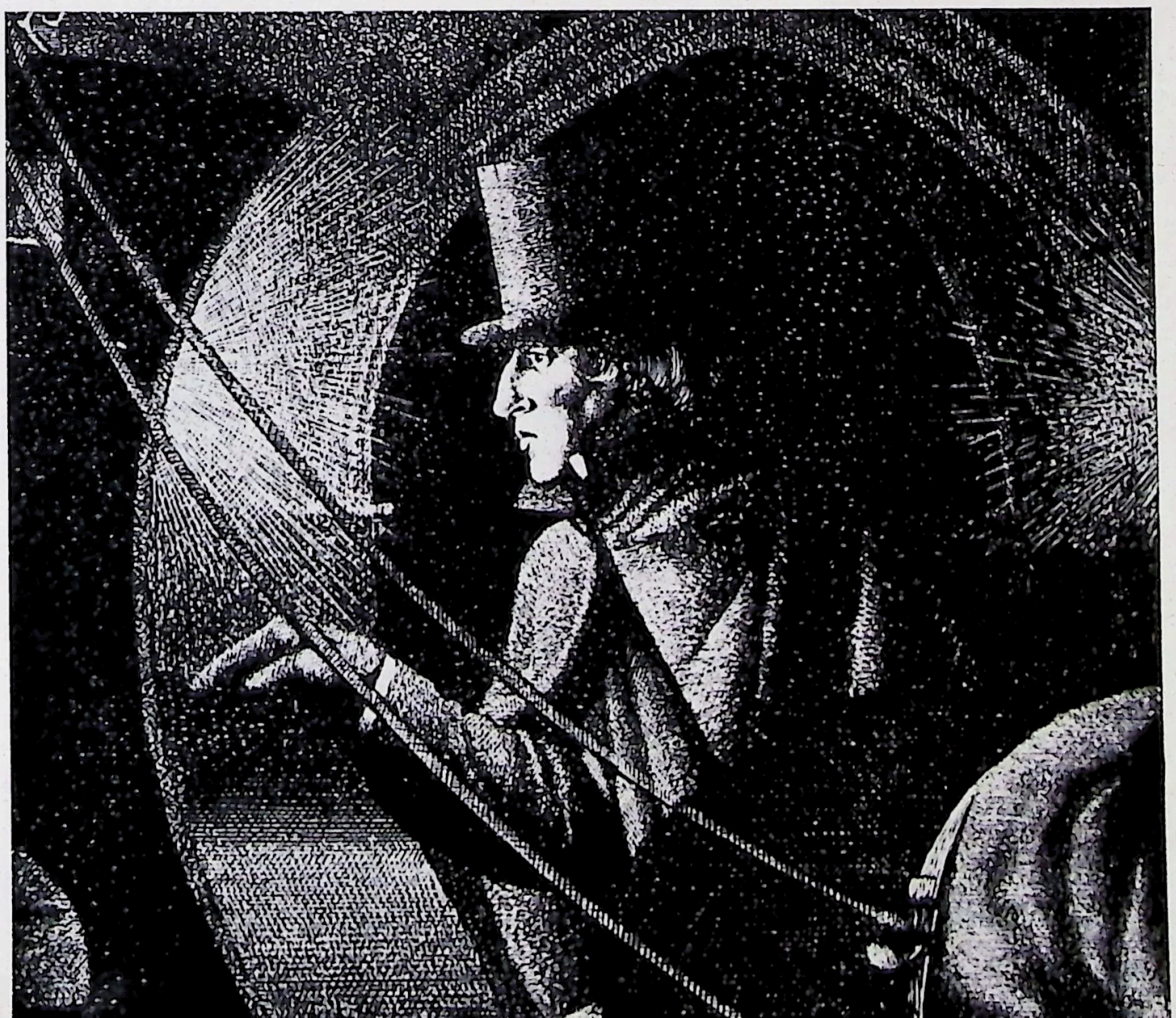
Chopin listens to a pupil in Princess Czartoryska's salon. His popularity in émigré society brought him many students.

She took his hand, which was "trembling and cold," but he escaped without saying a word.

The remaining years of Chopin's life were lonely. His father had died in 1844 of chest and heart complaints, his sister Émilia had died of consumption, and shortly after, his friend Jan Matuszynski had died. The loss of Sand completed his misery.

By early October 1849, he could no longer sit upright without support. He begged his sister to burn all his inferior compositions. "I owe it to the public," he said, "and to myself to publish only good things. I kept to this resolution all my life; I wish to keep to it now." This wish has not been respected. The posthumous publications are, for the most part, feeble stuff.

Chopin died in Paris on October 17, 1849, in the early morning hours, after having been shriven. Solange Sand was at the death-bed, but not her mother, who called and was not admitted — so they say.



On November 16, 1848, Chopin made his last public appearance. Exhausted by the tour of Scotland arranged by his benefactress, Jane Stirling (see next page), and bored to tears by her and her inescapable, wealthy relatives, Chopin had retreated to London, but there found only illness and bitter memories of George Sand. Persuaded to appear one more time, he played a few pieces at a "Grand Polish Ball and Concert"— a benefit for his exiled fellow-countrymen. The concert, however, was considered the least part of the entertainment; his presence was not even mentioned in the press's account of the event. His illness worse than ever, he returned to his bed shortly after this fiasco, making plans to return to Paris as soon as possible.

Chopin's last concert tour had been arranged by Jane Stirling, once his pupil in Paris. She idolized the composer, and took over the role of protectress vacated by George Sand. Her generosity helped sustain his last years; her desire to display him drained his strength.

Chopin and modern piano playing are inseparable, and it is a strain upon homely prophecy to predict a time when the two shall be put asunder. Chopin was the greatest interpreter of Chopin, and following him came those giants of other days, Liszt, Tausig and Rubinstein.

He played as he composed: uniquely. Scales that were pearls, a touch rich, sweet, supple and singing and a technique that knew no difficulties – these were part of Chopin's equipment as a pianist. He spiritualized the timbre of his instrument until it became transformed into something strange, something remote from its original nature. His pianissimo was an enchanting whisper; his forte seemed powerful by contrast, so numberless were the gradations, so widely varied his dynamics. The fairylike quality of his play, his diaphanous harmonies, his liquid tone, his pedaling – all were the work of a genius and a lifetime. And the appealing humanity he infused into his touch gave his listeners a delight that bordered on the supernatural.

Chopin, the composer, creates atmosphere, the open air at eventide, with consummate skill, and for playing fantastic tricks on your nerves in the depiction of the superhuman he has a peculiar faculty. Remember that in Chopin's early days the Byronic pose, the grandiose and the horrible prevailed. Chopin did not altogether escape the artistic vices of his generation. As a man, he was a bit of a poseur – the little whisker grown on one side of his face, the side which he turned to his audience, is a note of foppery – but he was ever a detester of the sham-artistic. He was sincere, and his survival, when nearly all of Mendelssohn, much of Schumann and half of Berlioz have suffered an eclipse, is proof positive of his vitality.

Chopin neither preaches nor paints, yet his art is decorative and dramatic – though in the climate of the ideal. He touches earth and its emotional issues in Poland only; otherwise his music is a pure aesthetic delight, an artistic enchantment, freighted with no ethical or theatric messages. It is poetry made audible, the "soul written in sound."

Chopin was Wagner's harmonic peer and melodic superior. He made more themes. He was, as Rubinstein wrote, the last of the original composers, but his scope was not scenic – he preferred the stage of his soul to the windy spaces of the music-drama. His was the interior play, the eternal conflict between body and soul. He viewed music through his temperament and it often becomes so imponderable, so bodiless, as to suggest a fourth dimension in the art. Space is obliterated. With Chopin one does not get, as from Beethoven, the sense of spiritual vastness, of the overarching sublime. There is the pathos of spiritual distance, but only pathos, not sublimity.

Chopin was the color genius of the piano. His eye was attuned to hues the most fragile and attenuated. He weaves harmonies that are as ghostly as a lunar rainbow. And lunarlike in their libration are some of his melodies – glimpses, mysterious and vast, as of a strange world.

Chopin may prophesy, but he never flames into the divers tongues of the upper realm. Compared with his passionate abandonment to the dance, Brahms is the Lao-tse of music, the great infant born with gray hair and the slow smile of childhood. Chopin seldom smiles, and while some of his music is young, he does not raise, in the mind, pictures of the fatuous romance of youth. His passion is mature, self-sustained and never at a loss for the *mot propre*. And with what marvelous vibration he gamuts the passions, festooning them with carnations and great white tuberoses. But the dark dramatic motive is never lost in the decorative wiles of this magician.

He wrote many perfect lines. He was, above all, the faultless lyrist, the Swinburne, the master of fiery and many rhythms, the chanter of songs before sunrise: of the burden of the flesh, the sting of desire and of passionate freedom. His music is, to quote Thoreau, "a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our life." He had no feeling for the epic – his genius was too concentrated – and though he could be furiously dramatic, the sustained majesty of blank verse was denied him.

Chopin was not only the poet of the piano but also the poet

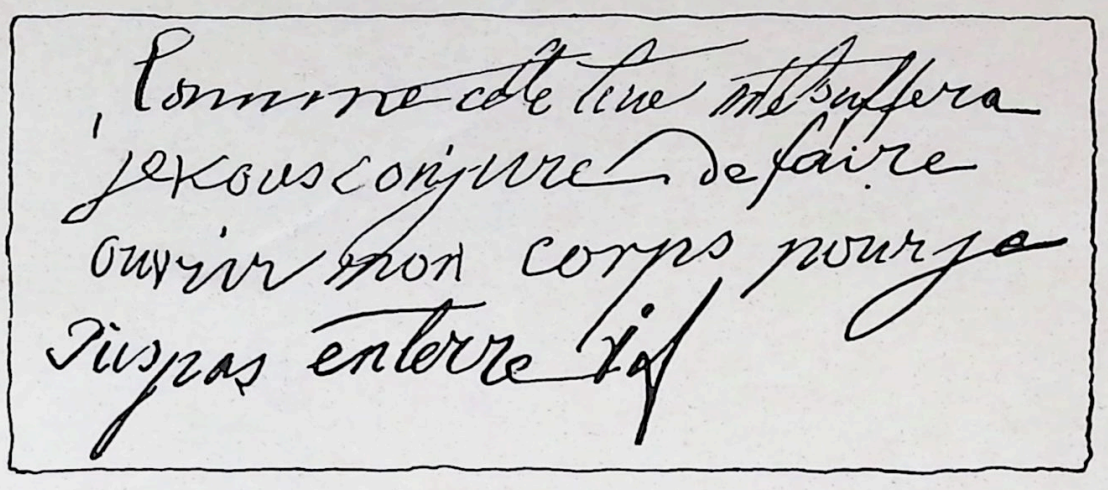
This daguerreotype, one of the two known photos of him, was made in the year of his death at the house of his publisher, Maurice Schlesinger. Chopin was exhausted, unhappy and prematurely aged by passion and by the tuberculosis which killed him shortly after.

of music, the most poetic of composers. Compared with him, Bach seems a maker of solid polyphonic prose; Beethoven, a scooper of stars, a master of growling storms; Mozart, a weaver of gay tapestries; Schumann, a divine stammerer. Schubert, alone of all the composers, resembled him in his lyric prodigality.

The breaking up of the old hard-and-fast boundaries on the musical map was due to Chopin. He smashed the portals of the convention that forbade a man's baring his soul to the multitude. The psychology of music is the gainer thereby. Wagner did not fail to profit by his marvelously drawn soul-portraits. Chopin taught his century the pathos of patriotism and showed Grieg the value of national ore. As Schumann assures us, his was "the proudest and most poetic spirit of his time."

Chopin's moods are often morbid, his music often pathological. Beethoven, too, is morbid, but in his kingdom, so vast, so varied, the mood is lost or lightly felt, while in Chopin's province it looms a maleficent upas tree, with flowers of evil and its leaves glittering with sensuousness. But so keen for symmetry, for all the term *formal beauty* implies, was Chopin, that seldom does his morbidity madden, his voluptuousness poison.

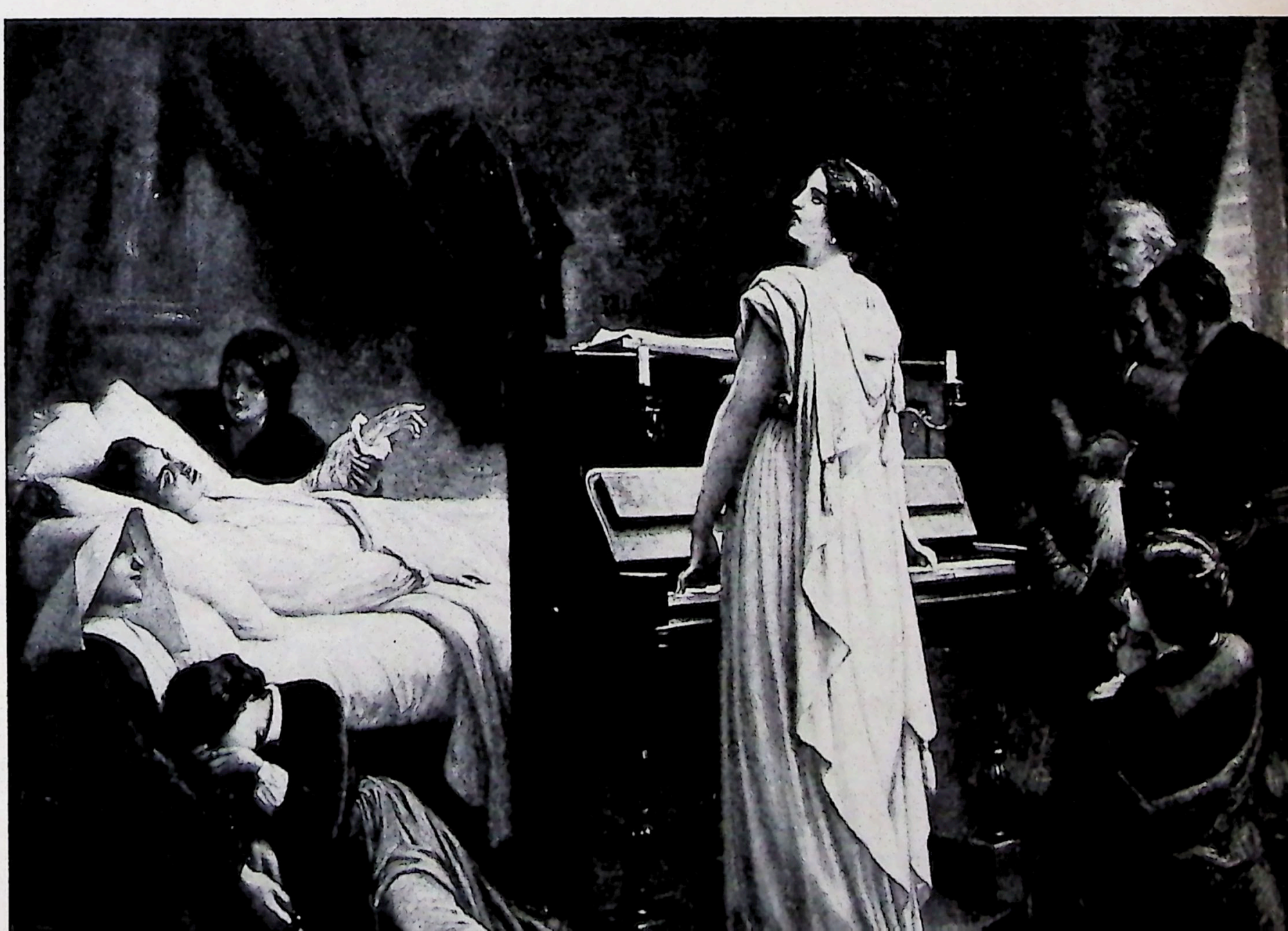
His music is the aesthetic symbol of a personality nurtured on patriotism, pride and love. The fact that it is better expressed by the piano is due to that instrument's idiosyncrasies of evanescent tone, sensitive touch and wide range in dynamics. It was Chopin's lyre, the "orchestra of his heart"; from it he extorted the most intimate music since Sappho. The musical, the psychical history of the 19th century would be incomplete without the name of Frédéric François Chopin. ◆



Chopin's last request, scrawled painfully in French, reads: "As this earth will suffocate me, I adjure you to have my body opened so that I may not be buried alive." Certain biographers have read "cough" (toux) for "earth" (terre), postulating that he wrote the note while unable to speak, in a coughing spell. In any event, his wishes were followed; the body was cut open and the heart removed. Over his grave was sprinkled a handful of his native Polish earth.

The bronze cast (shown below) of Chopin's left hand was made the day after his death by Auguste Clésinger, the sculptor-husband of George Sand's daughter Solange. Chopin's support of them in a family quarrel helped to precipitate his final break with Sand.

Frédéric spent his last hours with his sister Ludwika, his old friend Princess Czartoryska and Sand's daughter Solange. But it was she who had been his love for many years, Delphine Potocka, who was his final consolation. At Chopin's request a piano was wheeled into the room where he lay dying, and the Countess sang two songs for the composer, stopping "when the patient's deadly coughing interrupted the Countess's second song." Chopin was buried October 30, 1849, from the Madeleine in Paris – 3000 persons attending the services. The Mozart "Requiem," unheard in Paris since Napoleon had been brought back from St. Helena for burial, was sung, special dispensation having been granted to allow women to sing at the famous church. Some of Chopin's works were also played, drawing tears from the mourners. Chopin's body was then buried in Père-Lachaise cemetery; his heart, placed in an urn, was finally enshrined in Warsaw.



MAJORCA

Island of Light

by Lucille Gordon Lakes

Majorca's status as a winter paradise is enhanced by the January appearance of its lovely, scented almond blossoms.

Tranquil and sunny Majorca, "island of light" to the ancients and largest of the Balearics, lies some 120 miles off the eastern coast of Spain in the Mediterranean. Early stronghold of pirates, its colorful history includes waves of invasion by Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths and Moors, but miraculously, the past few centuries have left it in peace, scarcely touched even by the industrial revolution, so that it still has, in this, "the age of anxiety," the special unspoiled simplicity Chopin and George Sand sought that winter in 1838.

Only 55 minutes by air from Barcelona and connected by frequent flights to most of the important seaports of the Mediterranean, Majorca (or Mallorca – as the Spanish spell it) remains an isle of paradoxes, where the old city of Palma overflows into new avenues of modern villas and tourist hotels, while a few miles inland, peasants farm with wooden plows and mulecarts not much different from those introduced in the centuries of Moorish rule.

Majorca is the most important island of an archipelago of four main islands (the others are Minorca, Iviza and Formentera) and a number of islets which actually are a continuation of the mountain system of Spanish Andalusia. Shielded from north winds by a northerly mountain range, Majorca has a climate that is almost ideal. It has an area of approximately 1400 square miles and a population of about 430,000. Palma, the capital and largest city (population 140,000), has long been a hospitable haven for winter-weary Europeans and romantics in search of an inexpensive paradise, but although tourists long ago discovered Majorca, it has not yet been so fully exploited or spoiled as other storied sun spots in the Mediterranean. Perhaps this is so because the Majorcans (a smiling, contented and hardy race) accept the visitor with hospitality but gear their economy realistically to farming inland and to fishing in the coastal villages. The Majorcan farmer produces olives, almonds, figs, oranges and fine light wines from ancient vineyards, as well as wheat, flax and livestock. The fishing villages carry on a thriving coastal trade with the nearby ports of Spain and France.

Originally inhabited by Iberians, Majorca and its sister islands were conquered by the Carthaginians in the 6th century B.C., and Hannibal used their slingshot warriors in the vanguard of his army in his struggle with the Romans. Later, when the Romans drove out the Carthaginians, Caesar in 55 B.C. enthusiastically used the Balearic sharpshooters in action against the Britons. After several centuries of rule by the barbarians who had overrun Rome, the islands were wrested finally from the Visigoths by the Moors in the 8th century and remained under their domination until 1229, when King Jaime I of Aragon, known as *El Conquistador*, led an expedition which successfully ousted the Moors.

◀ *Picturesque windmills dot the Majorcan landscape.*

"Here I am at Palma in the shade of the palm trees, cedars, aloes, oranges, lemons, fig trees and pomegranates . . . The sky is of turquoise-blue, the sea of lapis, the mountains emerald. The air? The air is as it must be in Heaven. The days are sunny; everybody goes about in summer clothes and it is hot. At night there are singing and guitar-playing for hours on end. The houses have huge balconies from which depend great vines that cover walls dating from the time of the Arabs . . . The town, like everything else here, reminds one of Africa . . . In short a delicious existence! . . ."

(From a Chopin letter—Nov. 15, 1838)

This Majorcan girl, castanet in hand, is ready for the fiesta. The handmade lace is a specialty of the island.

"The Tranquil Isle" and "Pearl of the Mediterranean" are only two of the names which have been bestowed on Majorca. The chief city, Palma, huddles around its crescent-shaped bay in which dock fishing boats, liners and the overnight ferry from Barcelona; the cathedral dominates the scene.

The Via Roma, main thoroughfare of Palma, is quite unlike the usual bustling city avenue. Traffic is banned between the lanes of trees; on sunny afternoons tourist and resident promenade, or loll lazily on the benches.

Scholar, soldier and administrator, Jaime was one of the great figures of the 13th century, and to the Majorcans he is the greatest island hero, honored all over Palma with monuments, streets and plazas. In 1349 the islands were absorbed into the kingdom of Aragon and in due course were joined in the united realm of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the era when Spain was "mistress of the world and queen of the ocean."

During the Middle Ages and even later, the island's rocky coasts and coves provided natural lairs for first Moorish and then Christian pirates, who preyed on all trade in the Mediterranean. Picturesque remnants of those days are the *atalayas* – towers on top of almost every precipice near the shore, from which watchmen gave the alarm against pirates. But after all this ancient strife the thunder slowly died away, leaving Majorca to bask in the quiet sun, almost untouched by wars of the past few centuries.

Because of their long history of foreign invasion and control, the native Majorcans show definite traces of their mixed descent. Although their culture is essentially Spanish, long Moorish rule has left its mark on physical types and customs. As for language, Castilian is spoken by the upper and commercial classes, while the peasants speak a Catalan dialect very similar to that of Catalonia in northern Spain. (Both of them resemble old French Provençal.) In Soller, a village north of Palma, there is a large French-speaking colony.

Majorcans are a dignified, good-humored people, secure in their centuries-old traditions and not addicted to change for change's sake. Somehow they manage to remain aloof from the pressures that drive the world-weary to their shores, and somehow they maintain their own character and way of life. Not yet truly of the machine age, their artisans have a pride in craftsmanship and a patience that elsewhere vanished with the coming of the industrial revolution. Imaginative ironwork, hand-blown glass, excellent pottery, embroidery and a myriad other handicrafts testify to the traditional nature of most of their industry, although, strangely enough, the city of Manacor has a bustling artificial-pearl factory. In some places water is still carried in *amphorae* made in the same manner as long before the Christian era, and the *majolica* ware for which Italy became so famous is said to have originated in Majorca, which gave it its name.

Like most provincial peoples, they cling to their *fiestas*, which

The colorful, odoriferous market of Palma offers low-pressure shopping. Visitors appreciate its charm but are sometimes distressed by the lack of modern sanitation.

Native artisans travel on donkeys from city to city with their handmade ceramics.

are occasions for dressing in the traditional costume (for men — baggy blue trousers, cutaway jacket and wide-brimmed hat; for women — embroidered skirt and lace headdress). Where there is a rural fiesta there is always dancing; the popular native dances are the *jota* and the *bolero*. Majorcan music has overtones of the Moorish minor lilt, and favorite instruments are bagpipes, a flutelike whistle and a small drum. Of course in tourist centers Majorcan youth can dance to jazz; at this precise moment we do not know whether rock 'n' roll has as yet invaded the island.

When approached by sea, the "peaceful isle" is majestically beautiful. The northwestern coast is craggy and precipitous, with high cliffs challenging the sea, all bathed in brilliant colors of sea and spray. Palma, on the southwest shore, is snugly situated at the central point of a magnificent horseshoe bay. All along the coast there are peaceful white fishing villages in the bottlenecked harbors, hills covered with ancient olive trees. Inland, one finds valleys of orchards burgeoning with almond, fig and orange trees, and innumerable checkerboard fields surrounded by ancient stone walls. Vineyards are frequently terraced straight up the sides of mountains and ringed by stone walls with cement water-channels, an irrigation device introduced by the Moors.

Majorcans over the centuries have learned to conserve well the water that falls in the three or four rainy months, and to use it to best advantage during the long season of drought. The landscape is dotted with the Moorish water wheel called the *noria*, a circular stone wall built up like a mound around the top of a well. A blindfolded mule or donkey turns the wheel, filling buckets which pour their contents into irrigation ditches. "Water is gold," says the peasant.

Majorca is rich in other relics of its past: castles, churches, forts. Two outstanding structures dominate the beautiful half-moon bay of Palma. The magnificent fortress on a hill to the left of the city is Bellver Castle; to the right of the quay stands Palma's world-famous Gothic Cathedral, a structure so enormous and imposing as to be almost incongruous on so small a pastoral island. Nearby is the Almudaina, a palace which, over 700 years ago, was the official residence of the Moorish governors.

In the Church of San Francisco, which, with its beautiful cloisters, was originally founded in 1278 as a monastery by King Jaime II, lies the tomb of the greatest of Majorca's native sons — Ramón Lull, author, scholar, philosopher and missionary and one of the most versatile and curious personalities of the Middle Ages.

This almost legendary figure was born in Palma in 1235, son of one of the nobles who helped King Jaime oust the Moors. A libertine in his youth, in his 30s he suddenly developed into a saintly ascetic who, anticipating the 19th century Tolstoy, gave away his family estates and dedicated himself to study. Obsessed with the dream of converting the world of Islam to Christianity, he taught himself Arabic and established a school at Miramar on the Majorcan coast north of Palma where, in crag-topped solitude overlooking the blue sea, he wrote some 436 assorted works and taught Arabic to Franciscan friars he hoped to send on missions to the Arab world. Three times he went to Rome for help in his self-appointed task, and when none was forthcoming he traveled alone through Morocco, Tunis and Algeria. Finally in 1315, at the age of 80, he was stoned to death in North Africa and his body brought home to Majorca. His very real contributions to scholarship and literature are not overlooked by his countrymen, who every year on July 3 celebrate his *fiesta* with religious and civic ceremonies.

Centuries later — in 1867 — the Austrian Archduke Ludwig Salvator, another scholarly recluse, purchased Miramar and thousands of surrounding acres. He built roads and paths, reconstructed the house on the site of Lull's ancient school and became a much-loved island figure. On his death in 1915 his estate was inherited by the children of his Majorcan secretary, so that once more the showplace Miramar belongs to its own.

Another famous native son and Majorca's major contribution to America is Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan missionary who founded the city of San Francisco and established many missions up and down the California coast. His statue dominates the square of the small inland town of Petra (current population about 5000), where he was born in 1713; the citizens of Petra are proud of their link with the New World.

Best-known of Majorca's shrines, of course, is the former Carthusian monastery of Valdemosa, where Chopin, George Sand and her two children lived the winter of 1838. Their apartment, consisting of three cells which Sand rented at a yearly rate of 35 francs, is now a museum, arranged after sketches made by her son Maurice. During most of his stay Chopin worked on a tinkly

By the tiny fishing village of Pollensa, fishermen mend their nets while their boats lie peacefully at anchor. At nearby Formentor is the Hotel Marino, built by the poet Adam Diehl; famed for its "lobster diable" and lemon soufflé, it has been called "the finest hotel in Europe." The contrast of old and new, foreign and native, rich and poor is one that may be found throughout the island. While the Majorcans are friendly to visitors, the conduct of some foreigners in recent years had led to governmental requests that tourists abide by certain Spanish canons of decency: the wearing of bikinis, for example, is frowned on by the populace and its officials. Majorca is well able to depend on its fishing and local industries for income should the fickle tourist wish to go elsewhere.

Majorcan piano, because the new Pleyel he had ordered from Paris did not arrive until three weeks before his departure. He sold it before he left and it now rests on a red-carpeted dais in one of the cells. The books they left behind were burned by the villagers, who feared the spread of Chopin's illness.

George Sand complained bitterly and with justification that the Majorcans were hostile to them, but the reasons were obvious. To a provincial, strait-laced people, theirs was a strange *ménage* – the eccentric Frenchwoman dressed in men's clothes, shepherding two children and the obviously tubercular Chopin. The villagers

The sharp-faced black pigs being tended by this boy are a special breed and are among the earliest inhabitants of the island. They were introduced there many centuries ago by Roman conquerors; some of the old Roman roads also remain in the hills of this district around Soller. In addition to pigs, Churra sheep are a livestock mainstay.

Like the Costa Brava—Spain's Riviera—the coast of Majorca is wildly mountainous in places; precipitous cliffs emblazoned with yellow blooms stand out in bright relief against the blue Mediterranean Sea.

were frightened by Chopin's condition, which they knew to be contagious, and by the obvious immorality of the pair, who not only were not married, but did not even bother to attend Mass. It is ironic that the descendants of those same villagers, who almost stoned the sinners, now place fresh flowers daily on the keyboard of Chopin's piano.

From Palma it is about 35 miles to Puerto Pollensa, a radiant little fishing village on the northeast shore of the island, tucked in the curve of a turquoise bay and fringed, in the words of a visitor, with "hotels, villas and retired English army officers." If you have come from Palma in late January or early February, you passed fragrant, verdant acres of flowering almond trees, one of the most fabulous of Majorcan sights and smells. Long a haven for foreign artists and writers, the chief industry of Puerto Pollensa seems at first sight to be tourists, but the real staff of life is fishing. Boats manned by leather-faced fishermen leave late in the afternoon and return at dawn, long before the first tourist stirs; the catch is then weighed, iced and shipped to Barcelona or some other nearby port.

Close by and connected to the Puerto by an aged fleet of buses which carry small livestock as well as people, is the ancient city of Alcudia. Founded by the Romans, Alcudia still has portions of its Roman walls standing, as well as the ruins of a Roman theater carved out of solid rock; the adjacent caverns are reputed to have been the Roman actors' dressing rooms.

For cave-explorers Majorca offers much riches. Not far from Manacor, second-largest town on the island, are the Drach or Dragon Caves, known to the Moors but never fully explored or

A Moorish legacy, these "milenarios"—1000-year-old olive trees—cover the Majorcan countryside. Though gnarled and twisted, they still bear good fruit. Olive oil, extracted with presses almost as old as the trees themselves, is a staple of both the economy and the cuisine.

Favorite tourist pilgrimage on Majorca is to the Charterhouse of Valdemosa (above), the Carthusian monastery occupied by George Sand and Frédéric Chopin. The record of their sojourn may be found in Sand's "A Winter at Majorca" or in the music of some of Chopin's most inspired preludes, many of which he wrote there. The cell in which they stayed (below) has been furnished with various memorabilia, including the piano which Chopin had ordered from Paris but did not receive (it had been held up in customs) until three weeks before he and Sand left. During the summer the monastery is still occupied by tourists; one of the most notable was Rubén Darío, the Spanish-American poet, who produced pages of brilliant verse there.

mapped until 1896, when a French expert, E. A. Martel, discovered and gave his name to the remarkable underground Lake Martel, the largest known lake of its kind. Lovers of stalactites and stalagmites can also find important groups of *cuevas* at Soller and at Arta. An enterprising Palma sports agency now offers skin-divers daily excursions by boat, providing mask, snorkle, speargun and webfeet. Another strange new breed for Majorca!

Majorcans have inherited the Spanish custom of the *siesta;* most business in Palma is completely suspended from 1 to 4 p.m., a period when groups of Majorcans and visitors gather at sidewalk cafés to drink coffee or wine and listen to the babel of many tongues. Dinner is never before 9. There are several movie houses, but little that resembles the night life of a cosmopolitan city.

It has been said that when good little American cars die, they go to Majorca. Recent visitors have found lined up on Palma's main promenade such half-forgotten makes as the Durant, Marmon, Erskine and Hupmobile – still in working order and proud members of the taxi fleet. They dart among donkeycarts in fine style, nursed by their owners with anxious care, because, what with import duties and taxes and the difficult matter of dollar exchange, a new American car is an undreamed-of luxury, almost impossible to come by. The average age of the Majorcan car may be 25 years, but it can still handle primitive mountain roads and the hairpin curves for which they are famous.

To generalize about a whole people is of course presumptuous. Unquestionably there are some Majorcans who would happily trade their climate of serenity for the hubbub of Paris or New York, just as there are far more Americans and Europeans who chase peace feverishly all over the globe. But it's a rare Majorcan who doesn't return to his island. The town of Soller has a large export trade in fruit and oil with France, so that many of her merchant sons spend much time there, but almost invariably they come back to their neat villas and tidy gardens. If you live in paradise, where is there to wander?

Majorca offers the visitor many delights, and has long been a mecca for the writer with a small income and a book that must be written, or the painter with more vision than world's goods. But there are certain warnings the overromantic might heed: Prices are creeping up and up. The foreign resident must be willing to forego many of the mechanical devices so important to 20th century – and particularly American – standards. There may be a bathroom of sorts, but no one guarantees how long it will work. The wood-burning stove in the kitchen is a torment to the American housewife. The cisterns sometimes leak, the lights are unpredictable and the local tradesman, while unfailingly courteous, is strangely indifferent to time and not too expert with plumbing or electricity.

The sun shines gloriously perhaps nine months of the year, but the three months of rainy weather can be an ordeal. A local fable has it that it never snows in Majorca, but the ground has been known to be covered with inches of slush. Every fireplace, wood-burning stove and decorative brazier can be pressed into service and still not dispel the chill of a Majorcan winter day.

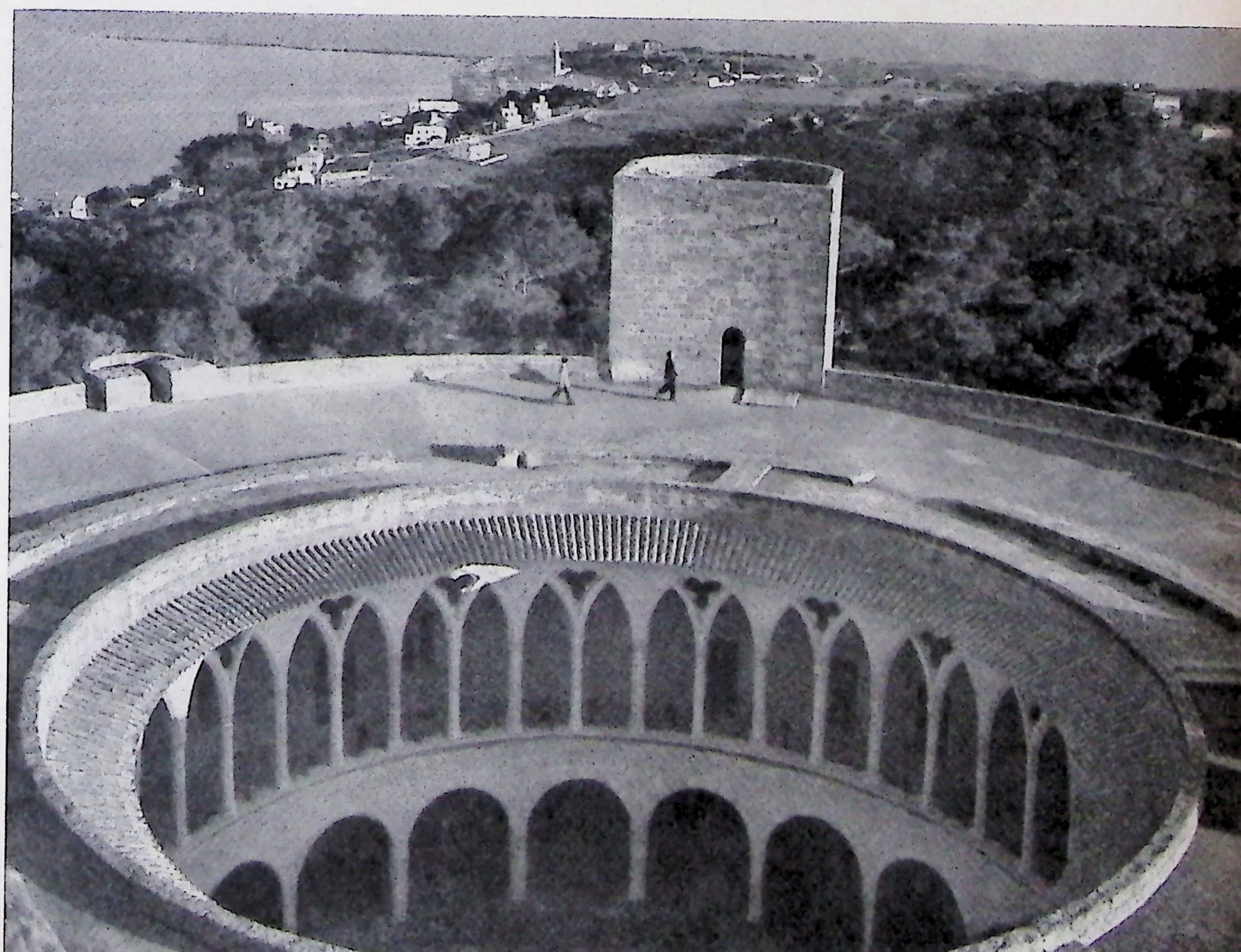
Nevertheless, living in Majorca is gracious and leisurely. The people are genial and overwhelmingly law-abiding. Not only are doors seldom locked, but usually they are left wide-open, and bicycles are hung on trees while their owners go on protracted vacations. Visitors never fail to comment on the islanders' extraordinary cleanliness: The poorest dwelling is spotless as a palace, and the *fondas,* or inns, are immaculate.

Among Majorca's permanent-resident artists and writers, perhaps the most widely known is Robert Graves, gifted British historical novelist, poet and biographer of T. E. Lawrence. In the introduction to a recent volume titled *Occupation: Writer,*

The numerous Spanish fiestas are colorful public affairs. The natives put on traditional costumes and dance "La Chacarera" and "El Gato" to the music of violins, guitars and the ever-present castanets. Local habits and customs are jealously guarded by the Majorcans in the face of waves of invading tourists, and their dances, which seem terribly difficult to perform, are as natural to them as walking.

In fine weather the parks and plazas are filled with Majorcans. The old women, in customary black dresses and shawls, pass the time knitting, lace-making and talking with neighbors.

Bellver Castle, high on a hill above Palma, dates back to the 13th century. Originally a summer palace for the kings of Majorca, it became in turn a defensive fort to combat invasion, a prison for the last royal family of the island and even a refuge for the ill during a cholera epidemic. Today it is a vast museum, its artistic and historical collections gathered from all parts of the island. In the exact center of the courtyard is a well of cold water.



When approached by sea the Cathedral of Palma (see below) seems to appear on the horizon almost before the land itself. It is flanked by the Lonja, an interesting structure in the style of a 15th century Moorish castle. Once a mercantile exchange, it now holds the Provincial Museum.

he describes the events that led to his retiring in 1929 to Doyá, a mountain village in Majorca "where I hoped to avoid the more shocking sights and sounds of plutodemocratic civilizations . . . Majorca had the calming effect on my nerves that I had hoped." In this collection of what he calls "elegant trifles" is one called "Está en su Casa," recording his happy postwar return to Majorca in 1946. Actually a dialogue between Graves and an old Majorcan acquaintance, this story is a perceptive account of the character of a people for whose flavor and traditions Graves has both understanding and respect.

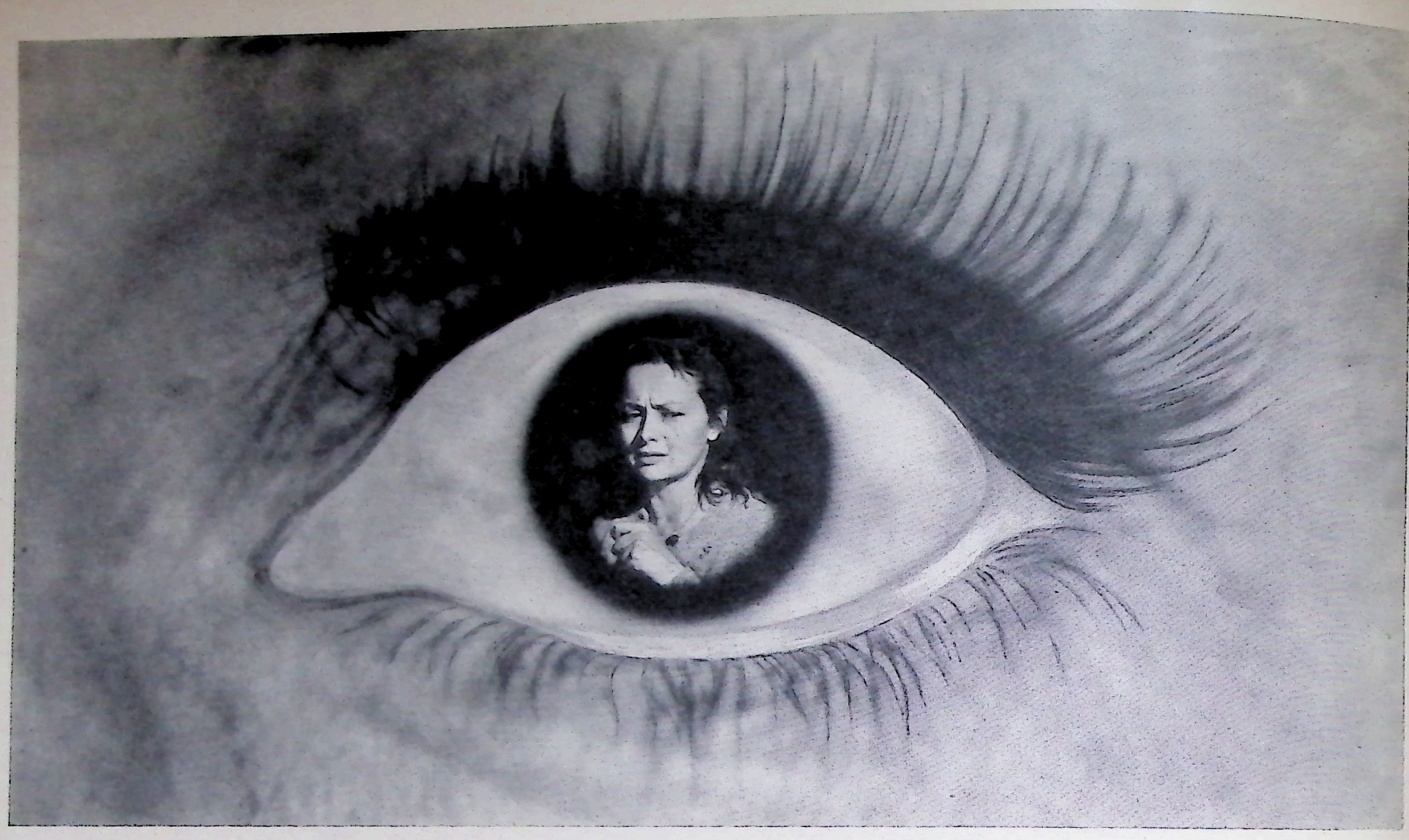
Graves is far from alone in his affection for Majorca and Majorcans; the constant influx of year-round artist residents, retired diplomats and army and navy couples who have chosen Majorca as their place in the sun testifies to its quiet delights. ♦

Palma can boast one of the greatest Gothic cathedrals in the world. Begun in the 13th century by King Jaime I to celebrate his victory over the Moors, it was finished 350 years later.

Old World Majorca and the United States are directly linked by Fray Junipero Serra, the California pioneer. A professor of theology at Majorca, he left for Mexico in 1749, and founded numerous missions in California.

The Church of San Francisco, once the home of Fray Serra, contains the tomb of Ramón Lull, one of Majorca's most famous native sons. In the 13th century he wrote on physics as well as metaphysics, foresaw modern chemistry, was a great theologian.

Through the rigging of the boats that are Majorca's livelihood can be seen her glory—the magnificent Cathedral.



SEEING YOURSELF AS YOU ARE

by Philip Eisenberg

EXPERIENCE with neurosis has demonstrated dramatically that we do not know as much about ourselves as we may think. For example, some neurotic patients complain that they can no longer feel pain in a part of the body, such as a hand. Skilled physicians, using all the techniques known to modern medicine, can find no physical cause for the patient's insensitivity. Yet the man does not feel pain when his hand is pricked with a pin. The neurotic person represses his conflict and is no longer consciously aware of it. But repression does not remove the conflict; it persists and influences his behavior.

Being normal does not mean that we know everything about ourselves, or that we are free from conflicts. We have conflicts, and often we do not know why we act as we do. We differ from neurotics in that most of our conflicts are at a conscious level. But when we *do* have unconscious conflicts, we do not have control over our actions and we cannot deal with our problems as rationally as we might.

Sometimes we are just not aware of our actions. The person who has nervous habits, such as twiddling with a watch chain or rubbing his nose, may be entirely unaware of what he is doing, even though his actions may irritate others. Or a person who is very much wrapped up in himself, and whose self-absorption is obvious to others, may go from situation to situation blind to the impression he makes.

Self-ignorance is perhaps most impressive when a major life-situation changes and we are caught unprepared to meet it because we do not understand ourselves. For example, Walter was bereaved when his father died. And for a while he was completely lost. At first he did not understand what had happened to him. But when he examined himself carefully, he realized for the first time how much he had depended on his father. Such cases of unsuspected dependence on another are very frequent.

Dependence may be on a situation rather than on a person. A man who may feel very capable on a job which he has held for 20 years is fired and he loses his feeling of capability. When the Army officer becomes a civilian, he may discover that the power and masterfulness which he thought were characteristic of him came only from his position.

We often hide our true feelings from ourselves, sometimes by acting out their opposite cleverly enough to fool even ourselves. A man may disguise a desire for power as altruism. Because he does not want to admit that he wants power, he seeks a more acceptable form of attaining it. By helping others, he gains the feeling that others need him and that he is a superior person. A man can hide a sentimentality of which he is consciously ashamed, but which he unconsciously desires, by a cloak of cynicism. Or sometimes people who have been frustrated in love convince themselves that they do not need the affection of others.

This technique of self-deception is called by psychologists "rationalization." A man may assert that he wants to marry but cannot afford it. He may convince himself as well as others that that is the real reason. The proof that he is only rationalizing

is that, if he did not fear marriage, he could probably manage with his present income.

Or, to take another example, some businessmen who avoided combat during the war by maintaining their posts in offices could rationalize their fear and could still maintain their self-respect by convincing themselves that they were needed more at the home front.

What can we do to break through our self-guard? We do not make the crude error of considering ourselves jolly because we are fat. Yet many of us believe that some of our tendencies, such as an inclination to be pugnacious or a desire to make a lot of money, are instinctive, and that, because they are instinctive, we cannot control them. Many also believe that personality traits, such as cautiousness or honesty, are inherited rather than developed.

Another error we sometimes fall into is a failure to recognize the difference between circumstance and personal ability. At one extreme, many unemployed people during the Depression did not understand that their unemployment was caused by the economic condition of the country; they felt that they were out of work because they lacked ability. At the other extreme, those who have been born rich may develop the feeling that they are naturally superior people.

The origins of many of our fundamental notions are also mysteries to us. Prejudices usually develop in childhood and become so thoroughly a part of our way of thinking that we rarely question their correctness. We are also unaware of the roots of our notions about crime, sex, religion, the fundamental differences between men and women and many convictions about what is right and wrong. And so we find it difficult to be critical of these ideas. Basic personality trends, such as are present in overprotected or rejected children, we accept as essential aspects of ourselves, but have only the vaguest idea how they grew. Nor do we have any clearer idea of why we like a certain type of person and dislike another.

The only corrective to misconceptions about ourselves is the study of psychology. As we learn more about human behavior we can replace false notions about ourselves with correct ones.

Another approach to breaking down self-guard is to see ourselves in new situations. While we have seen ourselves in many more situations than we view others, our self-observation may still be limited. Most of us live in the same places all our lives. Even if we travel we tend to keep up the same circles of friends and acquaintances. We literally do not know how the other half lives. Against the entire range of human experience, our individual experience is very narrow.

You may recall the old joke about the man who was asked, "Can you play the violin?" He answered, "I don't know; I never tried." Ridiculous as it may sound, the joke contains an element of truth. Many people discover, sometimes through necessity or sometimes through a spirit of adventure or curiosity, that they have talents they never knew they possessed.

New experience will also reveal to us weaknesses of which we were previously unaware. Though we prefer to discover strengths rather than weaknesses, the knowledge of our limitations is also important for self-understanding and for our own improvement. A man may have complete poise in his home town, only to discover that he is awkward and ignorant of social ways when he gets to a big city or to a foreign country. Or the high school athlete, who is highly lauded at school, is cut down to more nearly his right size when he enters college where the competition is keener. This experience may be discouraging, but if he can take it in his stride it will give him a more accurate picture of his abilities.

New experiences have to be genuine to be revealing or meaningful. If we take new jobs when our income depends on it, establish our homes in new places and develop new friends we are getting new experiences that are real. We must spend enough time in new situations and give enough of ourselves before these events can be truly meaningful.

Knowledge of human beings and new experiences will give us important insights into ourselves, but we must also study ourselves more directly to break down self-guard. To dispel rationalizations, we should secure the aid of an outsider, who can be more objective than we because he does not need to be deceived. Since he is not emotionally involved in our problem he may be able to see aspects of ourselves to which we are blind.

Despite the barrier of rationalization we can learn something by self-examination if we are serious about it. In any self-searching, however, we have to know what to look for or else we will wander in circles. One approach that will guide our analysis is the examination of our life history.

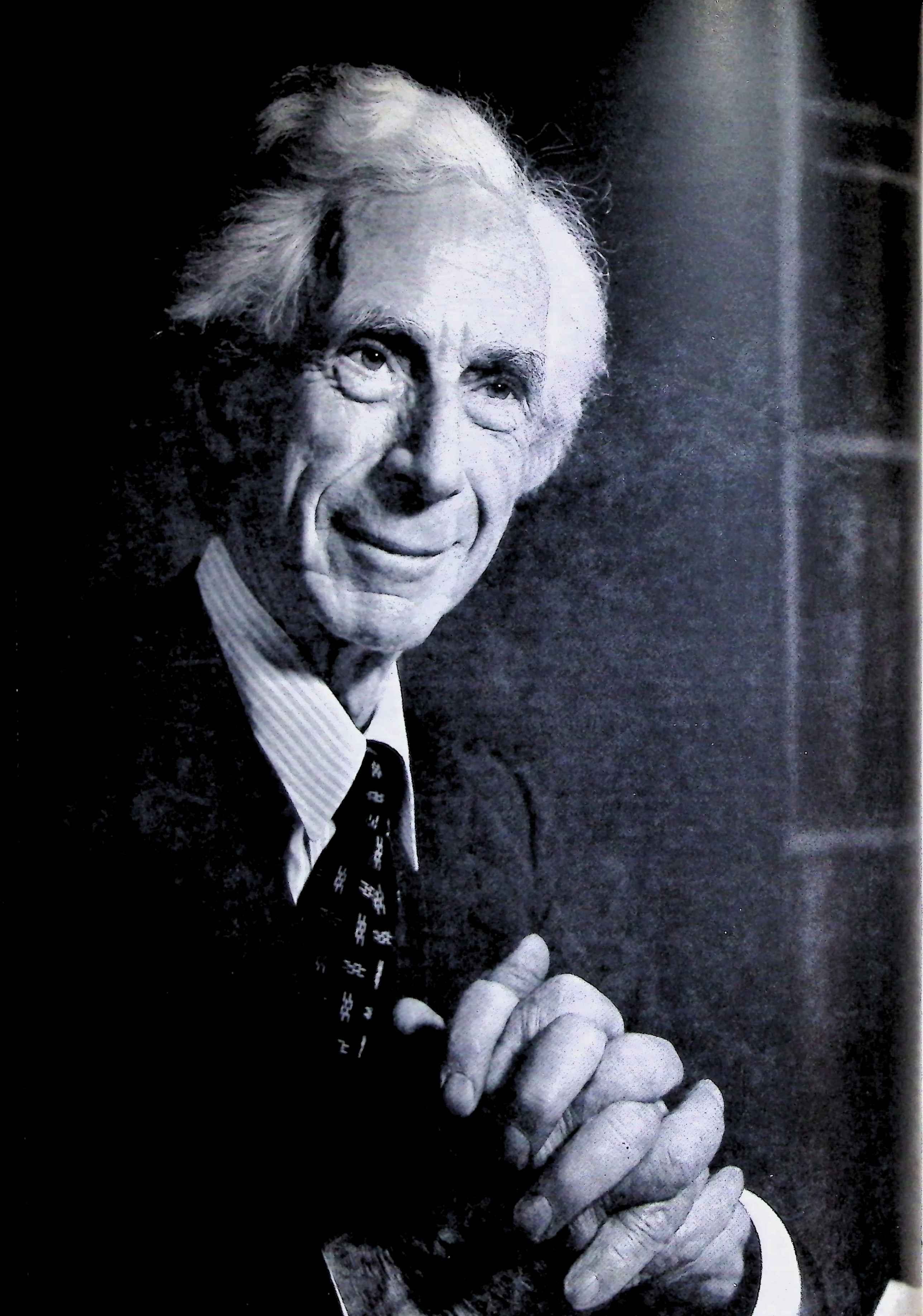
If we approach this task conscientiously we will be astonished at how much is revealed, usually because we have never tried to review our past systematically before. The very act of consciously trying to explore the past will recall to mind forgotten episodes which will help us understand ourselves. In a sense it will be like fitting together pieces in a jigsaw puzzle in which seemingly minor events or attitudes may prove just as important as major occurrences. The mere fact of putting our life story together may uncover significance in events which previously seemed trivial. For example, petty but continual quarreling between sisters may involve a deep-seated hostility between them which was overlooked because such feelings are socially disapproved.

We should concentrate not so much on the events as on their meaning and on the understanding of our relationships with the people who influenced our lives most: our parents, brothers and sisters, close friends, sweethearts and husbands and wives. If we can trace the course of a relationship over a long period of time we will deepen our insight into the relationship and we will obtain a fuller picture of its meaning to ourselves. But most important, we should trace the relationship down to the present, and then we can see more clearly how the past has influenced our present behavior and attitudes.

We should also try to broaden our point of view to see ourselves in our social setting. What effect did the social position of our parents have on our upbringing, on the attitudes we developed, on the goals we set ourselves? How did the kind of schools, churches and other institutions we attended affect us? How does our present social status influence our thinking and our actions? This broader view is essential to deeper understanding.

Either relating the story to another person or writing it down is better than thinking it through, because relating or writing forces us to consider each detail carefully and prevents us from skipping over important parts of our lives—sometimes the most important. If, in addition to recounting our life story, we were to examine diaries or old letters, and we were to interview our parents and others who have known us for a long period of time, we might gather information that we have either forgotten or never known. For the first time, we might see ourselves objectively.

We must, however, avoid the mistake of viewing ourselves simply as a product of the past. Though these early influences are important for self-knowledge, our problems are still in the present and we must view them and ourselves directly. For the understanding of our present selves, as well as of the past, the study of psychology is almost indispensable. As we obtain new information about human beings, we apply it to ourselves. ♦



BERTRAND RUSSELL

Versatile Philosopher of our Age

by Lester E. Denonn

BERTRAND ARTHUR WILLIAM RUSSELL — Earl Russell, as he is now titled by heredity and chance rather than choice — was born in Trelleck on May 18, 1872, the son of Lord and Lady Amberley and grandson of the famous Liberal Prime Minister, Lord John Russell. He was completely orphaned at the age of 3, having lost his mother during his second year.

And it was at this early age of 3 that he first displayed his faculty of being, voluntarily or involuntarily, the subject of litigation. By the will of his father, two freethinkers were designated as his guardians — much to the dismay of his grandparents, who succeeded in having the will set aside.

It was, accordingly, in 1876 that young Bertrand found himself in the staid home of his paternal grandfather, where his private education commenced largely under the influence of his grandmother. He was brought up by German and Swiss governesses and English tutors, who lasted if they displayed no agnosticism.

Russell read surreptitiously in his grandfather's library, which served as his schoolroom. The event of most significance was his introduction to Euclid at the age of 11. He tells revealingly, as a presage to the mathematical genius of later years, of his initial disappointment in finding that Euclid began with axioms; even at the age of 11, young Bertrand was disposed to leave nothing unquestioned — not even axioms caked with centuries of hoary tradition. Mathematics became for him a ruling passion, but not to the exclusion of other subjects. He continued to read widely, study profoundly and choose his intellectual friends carefully from his readings — for he had but few actual boyhood friends. In those days it was Shelley, whom he discovered at the age of 17, and John Stuart Mill who exercised the greatest influence upon him.

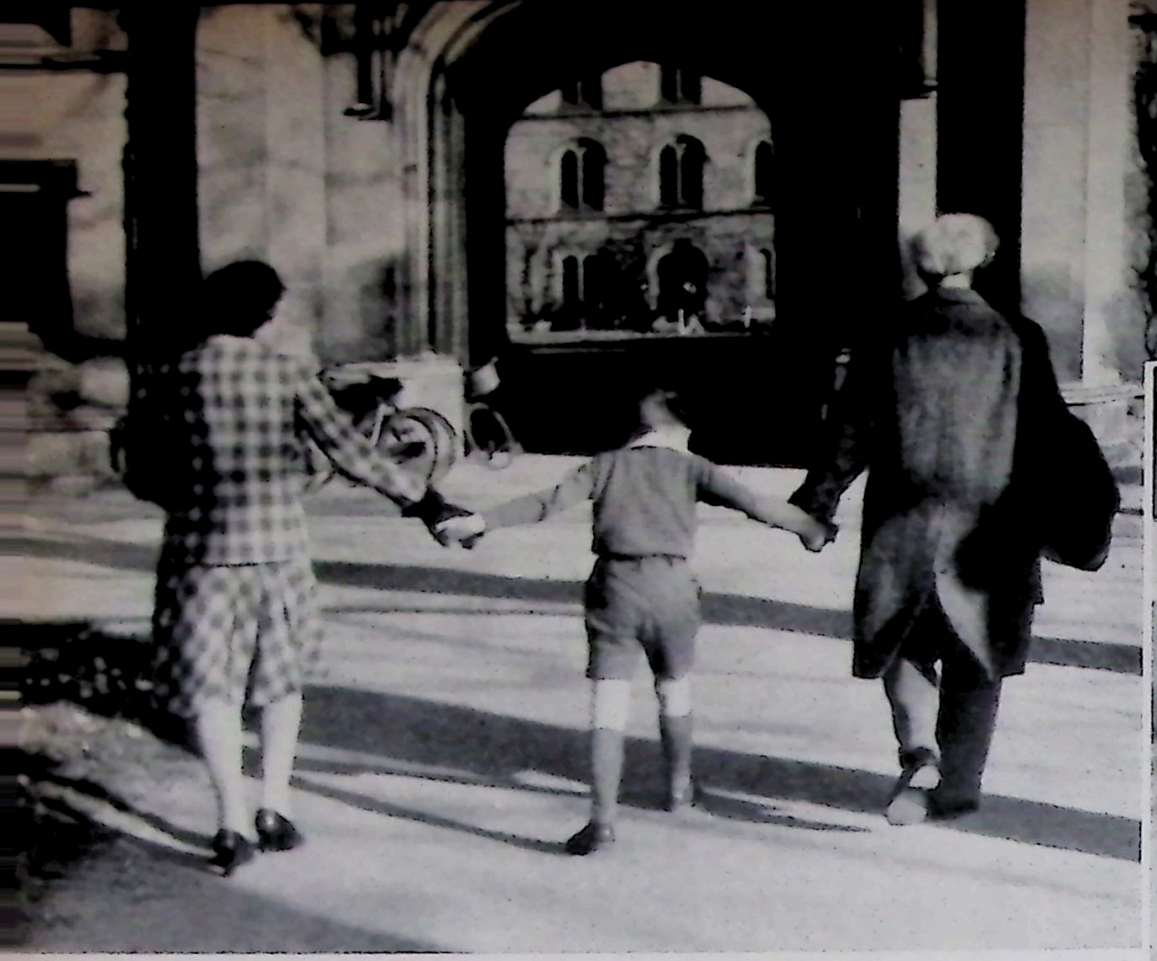
At the age of 18, he entered Cambridge, where, as he says, a new world opened up for him. He soon made lasting and important friendships among earnest contemporaries who shared his interests in poetry, philosophy, politics and ethics. During his first three years at Cambridge, Russell specialized principally in mathematics, and in his final year, in philosophy.

Upon attaining his degree, he turned to foreign travel. In 1894 he became honorary attaché in Paris, but he did not relish copying long documents endeavoring to persuade the French government that a lobster was not a fish. He then went to Germany, where he studied, mainly at the University of Berlin. Here his interest in economics and politics was aroused. In 1896 he returned to England with his American bride of one year and gave a series of lectures at the London School of Economics and Political Science on the subject of German social democracy. These lectures, published in that year, comprised the first of his many books. He then paid his initial visit to America with his wife and spent three months here.

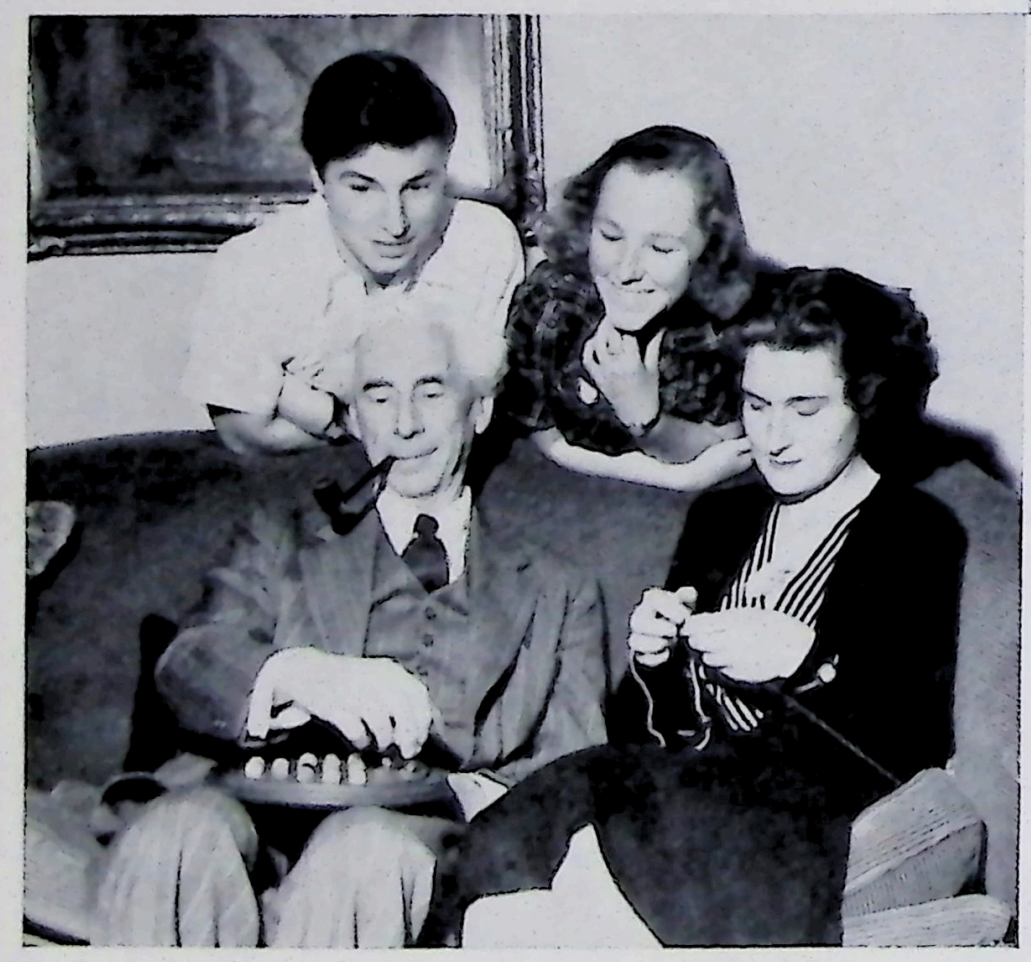
Upon his return to England, with income sufficient to live simply, he devoted his days to furthering his studies in mathematics and philosophy, and his evenings to reading history aloud to his wife. By 1898, largely under the influence of G. E. Moore, he abandoned Kant and Hegel as mentors. In that year Russell was asked to give a course on the philosophy of Leibniz. He welcomed this opportunity, as it enabled him to prepare for publication in 1900 his definitive work on Leibniz. In it he gave evidence of his new views and his emancipation from the metaphysical premises of Kant and Hegel.

In 1900 Russell attended the Paris meeting of the International Congress of Philosophy. He recalls this event as a turning point in his career, because it emphasized for him the work of Peano and his pupils and turned his attention to the possibilities involved in non-Euclidean geometries. Russell worked out a symbolic notation for relations based upon this introduction to Peano and started the long train of close collaboration with Alfred North Whitehead which was to extend over the next decade and culminate in their three-volume classic, *Principia Mathematica.*

◀ Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa



Bertrand Russell has never secluded himself in an ivory tower like many philosophers, and further, he has believed in saying what he thinks and doing what he says. His modern views on the dissolubility of marriage have been reflected in his own matrimonial ventures, three of which ended in divorce. He is shown here with his third wife, Patricia Spence Russell, whom he married in 1936, and (below) with John and Katherine, children by his second wife. Marriage number three broke up in 1952.



During all these years, Russell's interest in economic, social and political problems continued unabated. He found himself embroiled in frequent pamphleteering polemics on such topics as imperialism, free trade, women's suffrage and the like. But it was World War I which intensified his study of these problems and caused him to turn away from his work in mathematics, mathematical philosophy, epistemology and the philosophy of science. Early in 1914, he had given the Lowell Lectures in Boston, then published under the title of *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy*. But he soon left this field for publications in the social, political and economic spheres with ideas prompted and awakened by the European conflict. Works such as *War – The Offspring of Fear*, *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, *Justice in War-Time*, *Political Ideals* and *Roads to Freedom* followed in relatively close succession.

In these books he displayed fearlessly his fundamental views, however much they differed from the prevailing wartime opinions. Some published thoughts in opposition to conscription led to the imposition of a fine, which was paid by friends, and a later article critical of American participation in the war led to his imprisonment for a short period. He lost his fellowship at the same time. (The fellowship was later restored to him, but he did not then return to teach at Cambridge, largely because of opportunities for foreign travel, particularly in Russia and China.) He received further vindication at the hands of his college when, in 1925, he was invited to give the Tarner Lectures, later published as *The Analysis of Matter*.

There is an interesting sidelight about his imprisonment. His jailers were kind to him and permitted him to continue his studies. It was in prison that he wrote a good part of his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*.

It is also interesting to note that he did not continue to hold his World War I pacifist views when later totalitarianism raised its ugly head; Russell was among the first to decry its aims and urge force to combat it.

In 1920 Russell visited Russia, and returned completely disillusioned by what he had seen. He was among the first of outstanding thinkers who sensed what was taking place and who were not content with what Russians felt sufficient for them to see. His *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism* expresses a searching and convincing criticism of theoretical Marxism, as well as utter dismay at what he saw and what he predicted would be carried on in Russia in its name.

The next year he was invited to lecture in China at the Peking

Government University. His study and sense of history stood him in good stead here, and he was much impressed by the Chinese historical and philosophic perspectives, largely expressive of "the long view." His *The Problem of China* is well worth reading today, although more than 30 years have passed since its appearance, because it anticipates with marked acumen the turn of many subsequent events.

Russell's first marriage ended in divorce. Following his second marriage and the birth of two children, he turned to a new field, that of education in theory and practice. *On Education Especially in Early Childhood* and *Education and the Social Order* were the outgrowths of his experimentation and theorizing in this field. But mathematical philosophy, the philosophy of science, epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, politics, psychology, sociology, semantics, religion and history also claimed his attention during this period, as a glance at his list of publications will reveal. He lectured widely in England and America, wrote extensively for magazines and technical journals and finished books that have been both controversial and authoritative. The keen logic of his facile mind has enabled him lucidly to present his thoughts on an astoundingly wide variety of subjects.

Once more litigation trailed him: A divorce suit that engaged wide public notice ended his second marriage. This was followed by a third marriage – also ending in divorce – and recently by a fourth.

During the academic year of 1938-9 he was visiting professor at the University of Chicago; in 1939-40 he taught at the University of California at Los Angeles; and in the latter part of 1940 he gave the William James Lectures at Harvard University. These lectures were later published as a significant work on his favorite technical subject, the meaning of meaning, under the title of *An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth.*

In 1940, Russell received an appointment to teach at the College of the City of New York. Litigation followed, culminating in the affirmance of Justice McGeehan's decision voiding the appointment. It was hard for many to see how the teaching of the far reaches of non-Euclidean mathematical philosophy and postulational thinking could possibly corrupt the youth of the City of New York, but Russell had to bow to the decision and to Mayor La Guardia's elimination of the position from the city budget. Russell then entered into a contract with Albert C. Barnes to lecture at the Barnes Foundation. He did so for two years, until December 1942, when he was dismissed because of a disagreement about his lecturing elsewhere.

After this experience, Russell returned to England, where he has since taught, lectured and written much that continues to sustain his deserved reputation as one of the world's leading thinkers, one of the 20th century's most lucid and productive minds. Here he has crowned his days and received fitting tribute to his position in the world of thought. In 1949 the Order of Merit was bestowed upon him by the King of England. In 1950 he received the Nobel prize for literature, not for one of his works but for their general excellence – a tribute, among other things, to the merit of his style.

Such, in brief, is the story of Bertrand Russell, the story of a scholar who has never permitted any cloistered academic atmosphere to shelter him from the complex events of the day. Ever sensitive to the currents of world events, he has been a keen

In 1952, at 80, Bertrand Russell married Miss Edith Finch, a 52-year-old Pennsylvanian. She was his fourth wife.

analyst of international affairs. His continuing popularity was attested to by the thousands of enthusiastic listeners – young and old – who crowded to hear him speak during his visit to the United States in 1950.

For all of Russell's years, he is still young and vigorous in body and mind. In October 1948, he saved himself after an airplane accident by swimming to shore in an overcoat. In the many fields covered in the Aristotelian scope of his work, he gives every evidence of continued speculation. No one who purports to speak authoritatively in these fields can afford to do so without attention to the position taken by Russell, and anyone who presumes to differ must be prepared to tilt with Russell in the central arena before the leading thinkers of our day. Such controversy has ever been the spur to Russell's achievements. He has been called "one of the world's very few really great and seminal thinkers, and at the same time one of the most widely read and critically discussed of our contemporaries."

Hans Reichenbach, himself an eminent philosopher, noted that "the logic and epistemology of today are unthinkable without Russell's contributions; his work has been assimilated even by those who in part contradict his views and look for other solutions." Albert Einstein declared that he owed "innumerable happy hours to the reading of Russell's works, something which I cannot say of any other contemporary scientific writer, with the exception of Thorstein Veblen."

There is scarcely a volume that purports to speak authoritatively upon contemporary problems in the field of philosophy or any allied subject in which the name of Bertrand Russell does not appear. As one writer aptly says, if it were ". . . meaningful to select some thinker as more representative of the century than others, and if a single choice had to be made, it could hardly be a better one than Russell." ♦

When he was visiting professor of philosophy at UCLA (1939-40) Russell drew many student visitors during his office hours. He also lectured at the University of Chicago and Harvard during those years; in 1940 a court annulled his appointment to CCNY.

Once a sympathizer with the Bolsheviks (until he visited Russia, which he described as leaving "no room for envy except of the fortunate victims of injustice in other countries"), a pacifist until 1940 (when he realized that force might be necessary to prevent greater evils), Russell in 1948 advocated a strong, united Europe against Russia. He is shown here at the Hague Congress of Europe.

"Der Monat" ("The Month"), an American-licensed journal in Berlin, featured an article by Russell on world government in its inaugural issue of October 1948. At left is Melvin Lasky, the magazine's publisher; at right, Berlin's acting mayor, Dr. F. Friedenburg.

Russell, who claims that when curiosity dies the active intelligence dies along with it, would probably feel that a foolish consistency of thought in a changing world would indicate the same mental atrophy. In 1955 he dropped his advocacy of force-if-necessary, stating that nuclear weapons had made the atomic bomb "like bows and arrows." In a press meeting (right) he delivered a statement signed by nine scientists (seven Nobel prize winners, including Einstein) urging the abolition of war, which might easily wipe out the human race.

The World's Need for *Wisdom*

by Bertrand Russell

MOST PEOPLE WOULD AGREE that, although our age far surpasses all previous ages in knowledge, there has been no correlative increase in wisdom. But agreement ceases as soon as we attempt to define *wisdom* and consider means of promoting it. I want to ask first what wisdom is, and then what can be done to teach it.

There are, I think, several factors that contribute to wisdom. Of these I should put first a sense of proportion: the capacity to take account of all the important factors in a problem and to attach to each its due weight. This has become more difficult than it used to be because of the extent and complexity of the specialized knowledge required of various kinds of technicians. Suppose, for example, that you are engaged in research in scientific medicine. The work is difficult and is likely to absorb the whole of your intellectual energy. You have not time to consider the effect which your discoveries or inventions may have outside the field of medicine. You succeed (let us say), as modern medicine has succeeded, in enormously lowering the infant death rate, not only in Europe and America, but also in Asia and Africa. This has the entirely unintended result of making the food supply inadequate and lowering the standard of life in the most populous parts of the world.

To take an even more spectacular example, which is in everybody's mind at the present time: You study the composition of the atom from a disinterested desire for knowledge, and incidentally place in the hands of powerful lunatics the means of destroying the human race. In such ways the pursuit of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom, and wisdom, in the sense of comprehensive vision, is not necessarily present in specialists in the pursuit of knowledge.

Comprehensiveness alone, however, is not enough to constitute wisdom. There must be, also, a certain awareness of the ends of human life. This may be illustrated by the study of history. Many eminent historians have done more harm than good because they viewed facts through the distorting medium of their own passions. Hegel had a philosophy of history which did not suffer from any lack of comprehensiveness, since it started from the earliest times and continued into an indefinite future. But the chief lesson of history which he sought to inculcate was that from A.D. 400 down to his own time Germany had been the most important nation and the standard-bearer of progress in the world. Perhaps one could stretch the comprehensiveness that constitutes wisdom to include not only intellect but also feeling. It is by no means uncommon to find men whose knowledge is wide but whose feelings are narrow. Such men lack what I am calling wisdom.

It is not only in public ways but in private life equally that wisdom is needed. It is needed in the choice of ends to be pursued and in emancipation from personal prejudice. Even an end which it would be noble to pursue if it were attainable may be pursued unwisely if it is inherently impossible of achievement. Many men in past ages devoted their lives to a search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. No doubt, if they could have found them, they would have conferred great benefits upon mankind, but, as it was, their lives were wasted.

I think the essence of wisdom is emancipation, as far as possible, from the tyranny of the *here* and the *now*. We cannot help the egoism of our senses. Sight and sound and touch are bound up with our own bodies and cannot be made impersonal. Our emotions start similarly from ourselves. An infant feels hunger or discomfort, and is unaffected except by his own physical condition. Gradually, with the years, his horizon widens and, as his thoughts and feelings become less personal and less concerned with his own physical states, he achieves growing wisdom.

This is, of course, a matter of degree. No one can view the world with complete impartiality, and if anyone could, he would hardly be able to remain alive. But it is possible to make a continual approach toward impartiality, on the one hand, by knowing things somewhat remote in time or space, and, on the other hand, by giving to such things their due weight in our feelings. It is this approach toward impartiality that constitutes growth in wisdom.

In some degree wisdom can be taught. I think that this teaching should have a larger intellectual element than has been customary in what has been thought of as moral instruction. I think that the disastrous results of hatred and narrow-mindedness to those who feel them can be pointed out incidentally in the course of giving knowledge. I do not think that knowledge and morals ought to be too much separated. It is true that the kind of specialized knowledge which is required for various kinds of skill has very little to do with wisdom. But it should be supplemented in education by wider surveys calculated to put it in its place in the total of human activities.

Even the best technicians should also be good citizens, and when I say "citizens," I mean citizens of the world and not of this or that sect or nation. With every increase of knowledge and skill, wisdom becomes more necessary, for every such increase augments our capacity for realizing our purposes, and therefore augments our capacity for evil if our purposes are unwise. The world needs wisdom as it has never needed it before, and if knowledge continues to increase, the world will need wisdom in the future even more than it does now. ♦

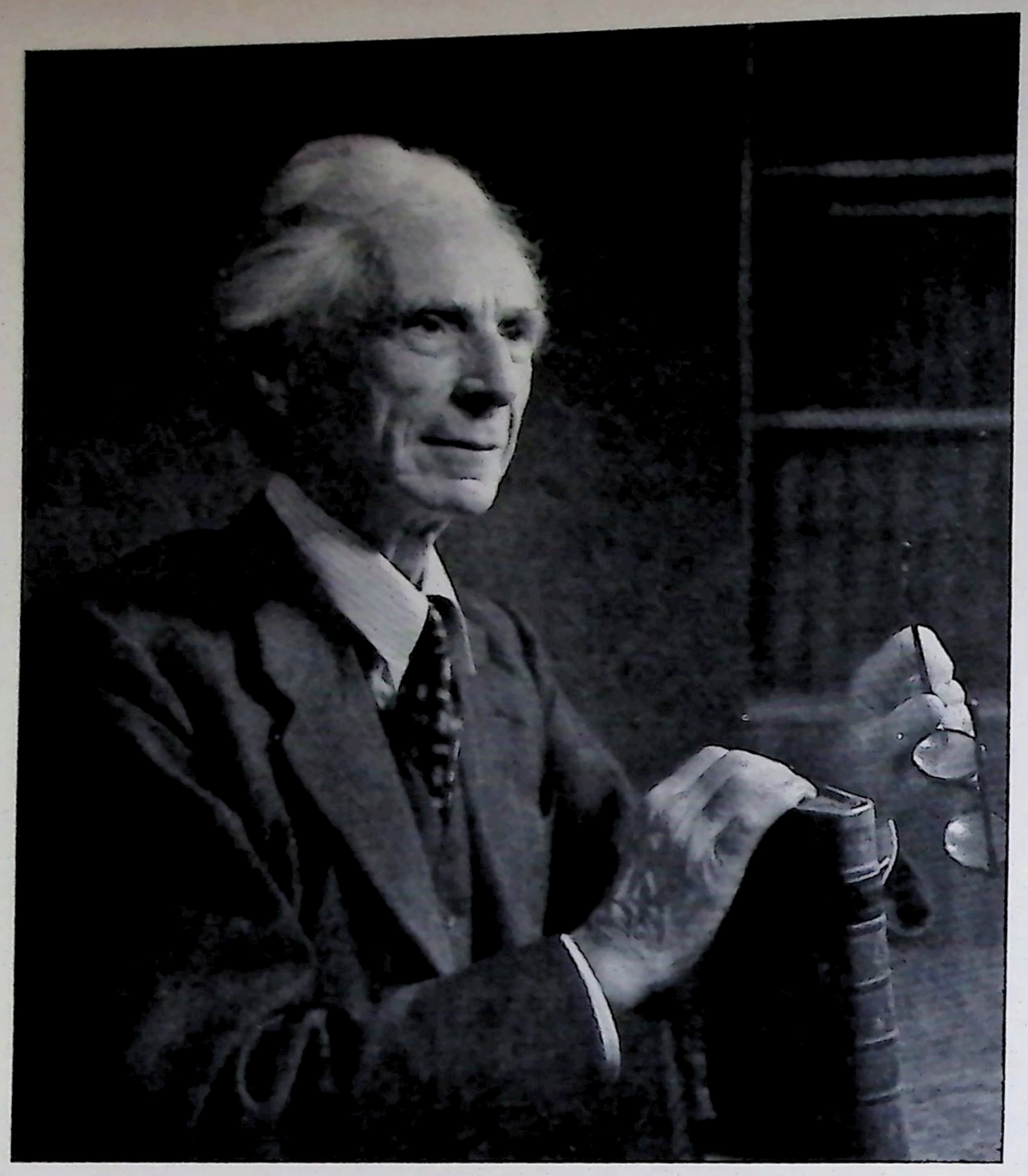


PHOTO BY KARSH, OTTAWA

from the Wisdom of BERTRAND RUSSELL

There is one aspect of American life which I think wholly undesirable — I mean, the tyranny of the herd. Eccentricity is frowned upon, and unusual opinions bring social penalties upon those who hold them. It is, I think, the worst feature of America.

Although this may seem a paradox, all exact science is dominated by the idea of approximation. When a man tells you that he knows the exact truth about anything, you are safe in inferring that he is an *in*exact man.

All great art and all great science spring from the passionate desire to embody what was at first an unsubstantial phantom, a beckoning beauty luring men away from safety and ease to a glorious torment. The men in whom this passion exists must not be fettered by the shackles of a utilitarian philosophy, for to their ardor we owe all that makes man great.

The fact that an opinion has been widely held is no evidence whatever that it is not utterly absurd; indeed, in view of the silliness of the majority of mankind, a widespread belief is more likely to be foolish than sensible.

Change is one thing, progress is another. "Change" is scientific, "progress" is ethical; change is indubitable, whereas progress is a matter of controversy.

Courage in fighting is by no means its only form, or perhaps even the most important. There is courage in facing poverty, courage in facing derision, courage in facing the hostility of one's own herd. In these, the bravest soldiers are often lamentably deficient.

The life of the spirit centers round impersonal feeling, as the life of the mind centers round impersonal thought. In this sense, all art belongs to the life of the spirit, though its greatness is derived from its being also intimately bound up with the life of instinct.

Success can be only one ingredient in happiness, and is too dearly purchased if all the other ingredients have been sacrificed to obtain it.

No man is fit to educate unless he feels each pupil an end in himself, with his own rights and his own personality, not merely a piece in a jigsaw puzzle, or a soldier in a regiment or a citizen in a state. Reverence for human personality is the beginning of wisdom in every social question, but above all in education.

I mean by wisdom a right conception of the ends of life. This is something which science in itself does not provide. Increase of science by itself, therefore, is not enough to guarantee any genuine progress, though it provides one of the ingredients which progress requires.

It is this happy contemplation of what is eternal that Spinoza calls the intellectual love of God. To those who have once known it, it is the key to wisdom.

The habit of viewing life as a whole is an essential part both of wisdom and of true morality, and is one of the things which ought to be encouraged in education. Consistent purpose is not enough to make life happy, but it is an almost indispensable condition of a happy life. And consistent purpose embodies itself mainly in work.

> Genuine culture consists in being a citizen of the universe, not of only one or two arbitrary fragments of space-time; it helps men to understand human society as a whole, to estimate wisely the ends that communities should pursue and to see the present in its relation to the past and future. Genuine culture is therefore of great value to those who are to wield power, to whom it is at least as useful as detailed information. The way to make men useful is to make them wise, and an essential part of wisdom is a comprehensive mind.

A good way of ridding yourself of certain kinds of dogmatism is to become aware of opinions held in social circles different from your own. If you cannot travel, seek out people with whom you disagree, and read a newspaper belonging to a party that is not yours.

> This is the task of a liberal education: to give a sense of the value of things other than domination, to help to create wise citizens of a free community and through the combination of citizenship with liberty in individual creativeness to enable men to give to human life that splendor which some few have shown that it can achieve.

The main things which seem to me important on their own account, and not merely as means to other things, are knowledge, art, instinctive happiness and relations of friendship or affection.

> Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticize, to know and, in imagination, to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs, and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

Our motives in doing good are seldom as pure as we imagine them to be. Love of power is insidious; it has many disguises, and is often the source of the pleasure we derive from doing what we believe to be good to other people.

> The good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge.

The widespread interest in gossip is inspired, not by a love of knowledge, but by malice; no one gossips about other people's secret virtues, but only about their secret vices.

> Healthy, outward-looking men and women are not to be produced by the thwarting of natural impulse but by the equal and balanced development of all the impulses essential to a happy life.

Man's true life does not consist in the business of filling his belly and clothing his body, but in art and thought and love, in the creation and contemplation of beauty and in the scientific understanding of the world.

> Love cannot exist as a duty; to tell a child that it *ought* to love its parents and its brothers and sisters is utterly useless, if not worse. Parents who wish to be loved must behave so as to elicit love, and must try to give their children those physical and mental characteristics which produce expansive affections.

The essence of a good marriage is respect for each other's personality, combined with that deep intimacy, physical, mental and spiritual, which makes a serious love between man and woman the most fructifying of all human experiences.

> Men who boast of being what is called "practical" are for the most part exclusively preoccupied with means. But theirs is only one-half of wisdom. When we take account of the other half, which is concerned with ends, the economic process and the whole of human life take on an entirely new aspect.

> A life without adventure is likely to be unsatisfying, but a life in which adventure is allowed to take whatever form it will is sure to be short.

If mankind succeeds in abolishing war, it should not be difficult to find other outlets for the love of adventure and risk. The old outlets, which at one time served a biological purpose, do so no longer, and therefore new outlets are necessary. But there is nothing in human nature that compels us to acquiesce in continued savagery.

> Affection in the sense of a genuine reciprocal interest of two persons in each other, not solely as means to each other's good but rather as a combination having a common good, is one of the most important elements of real happiness, and the man whose ego is so enclosed within steel walls that this enlargement of it is impossible misses the best that life has to offer, however successful he may be in his career.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about American so-called "materialism" and what its detractors call "bathroom civilization." I do not think Americans are in any degree more "materialistic," in the popular sense of that word, than people of other nations. We think they worship the "almighty dollar" because they succeed in getting it. But a needy aristocrat or a French peasant will do things for the sake of money that shock every decent American. Very few Americans marry for mercenary motives.

> The life of the mind is the life of pursuit of knowledge, from mere childish curiosity up to the greatest efforts of thought. Curiosity exists in animals, and serves an obvious biological purpose, but it is only in men that it passes beyond the investigation of particular objects which may be edible or poisonous, friendly or hostile. Curiosity is the primary impulse out of which the whole edifice of scientific knowledge has grown.

There are two motives for reading a book: one, that you enjoy it; the other, that you can boast about it.

> Rivalry is, with most well-to-do, energetic people, a stronger motive than love of money.

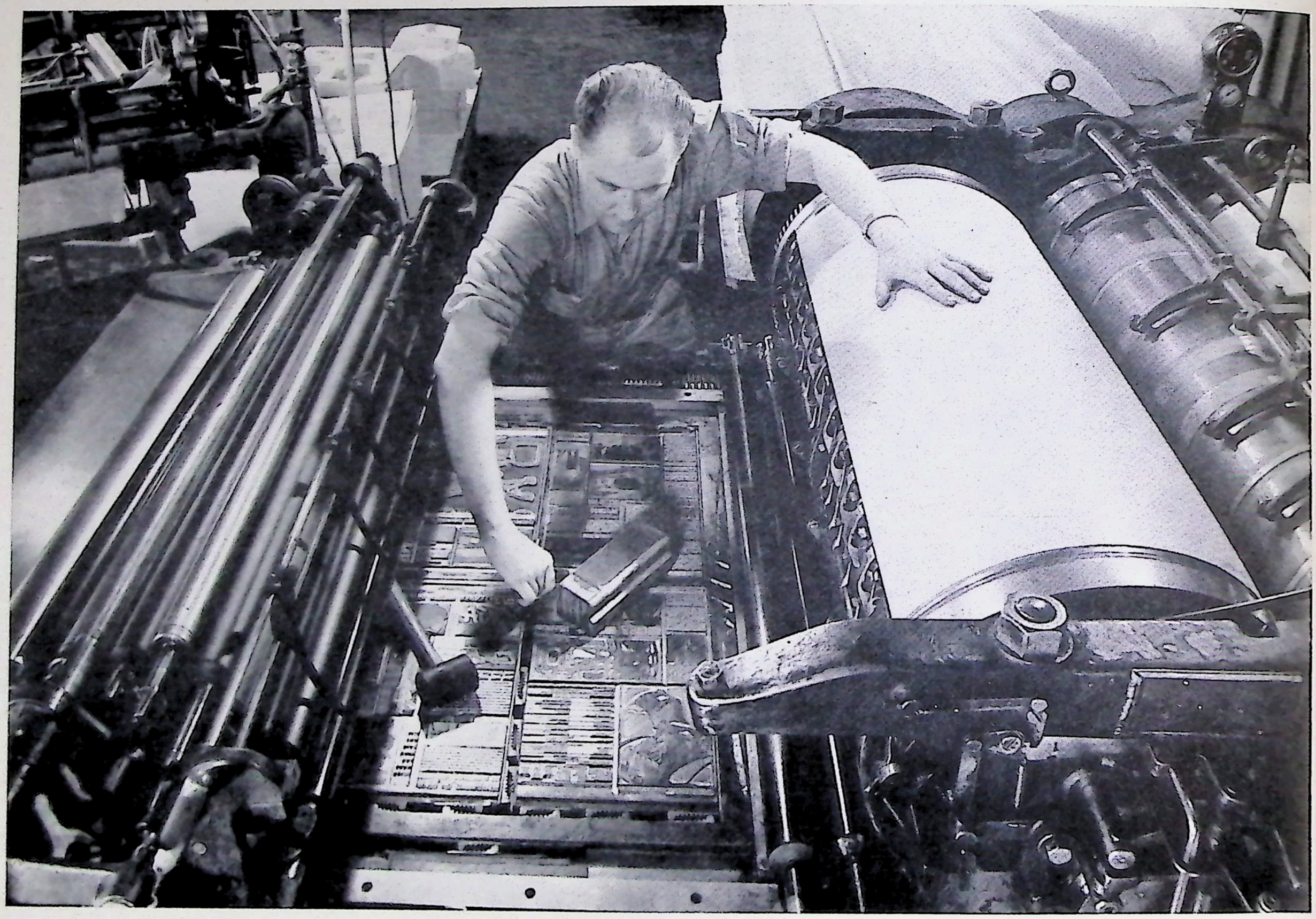
Sexual morality, freed from superstition, is a simple matter. Fraud and deceit, assault, seduction of persons under age are proper matters for the criminal law. Relations between adults who are free agents are a private matter, and should not be interfered with either by the law or by public opinion, because no outsider can know whether they are good or bad.

> From a scientific point of view, optimism and pessimism are alike objectionable; optimism assumes, or attempts to prove, that the universe exists to please us, and pessimism that it exists to displease us. Scientifically, there is no evidence that it is concerned with us either one way or the other. The belief in either pessimism or optimism is a matter of temperament, not of reason.

Any man who can obviously afford a car but genuinely prefers travel or a good library will, in the end, be much more respected than if he behaved exactly like everyone else. There is, of course, no point in deliberately flouting public opinion; this is still to be under its domination, though in a topsy-turvy way. But to be genuinely indifferent to it is both a strength and a source of happiness.

> A completely open mind is either a disease or a pretense; a completely closed mind is a useless assemblage of indefensible prejudices.

THE PRINTED WORD



A Footnote to Its History; A Glimpse into Its Future

by Lester Markel

I DO NOT WONDER, what with television, with color to come, with Cineramic-telescopic-three-D-and-four-F movies, with pictures beckoning and bemusing us from all sides and in all shapes, I do not wonder that the question is raised: Has the printed word a future?

I firmly believe that it has.

Let us start with an examination of what is, to me, a basic fallacy. It is said, repeatedly, that "one picture is worth 10,000 words"— and this is surely an age of cameras. But I ask: What pictures and what words? There are pictures that do speak eloquently — pictures like Michelangelo's or El Greco's or, at times, photographs, like Brady's of Lincoln. But they are rare indeed; most pictures are only snapshots, as momentary as a flicker of the eye or of the lens.

And then I ask: What words? What pictures can speak as eloquently as certain phrases, well known but still echoing—phrases such as these:

Churchill, addressing the House of Commons in 1940: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

Or Benjamin Franklin: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Or Franklin Roosevelt: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Or Socrates: "I am a citizen not of Athens or Greece, but of the world."

Or Lincoln: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom . . ."

Or finally, Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

As you read or hear passages such as these, you become certain that the word has more impact, much more impact, than the picture. But there then arises the question as to whether the spoken word makes a deeper impress than the printed one. I do not deny that, on state occasions, at great moments in history, the spoken word can be an atomic force. And it can doubtless weave a hypnotic spell, especially in presidential election years. But, in the long run, the printed word has an authority that the spoken word can never have, because it reaches beyond the limited audience for the spoken word—an audience limited if not in size then surely in time and in depth—and because it is set down definitively in black and white.

A study of the evolution of the printed word reinforces this conviction that it is here to stay. The story runs this way: at the beginning, pictures; then, written words; then, printed words; then, back to pictures; now, back to the printed word.

First, there were hieroglyphs, the tabloids of the Stone Age; then came manuscripts, printed laboriously by hand; then there was Gutenberg—and here we must pause a while.

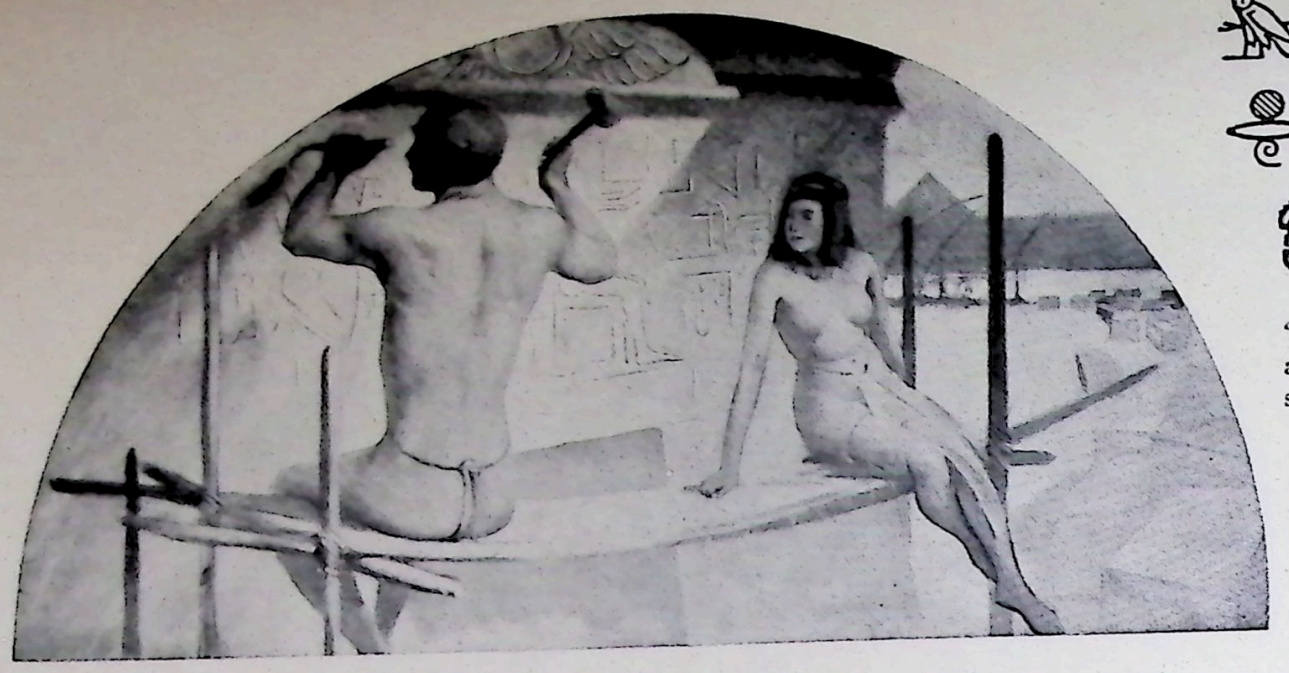
For we are now in 1456, the great year for the printed word—the year when the Gutenberg Bible was completed. Gutenberg's press, it is said, could turn out 300 impressions a day. This is tortoise work by today's standards—today's presses can produce 300,000 48-page newspapers in an hour—yet when Gutenberg's press is compared with the speed of a man copying, the extent of the advance can be realized.

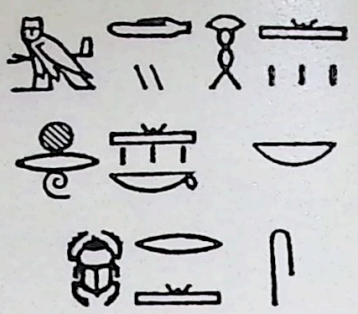
But another invention was needed to make the Gutenberg press really effective: namely, a paper-making machine. That came in 1798. And still another impetus to literacy was required—broader education. Reading did not become common until the rise of the public school well along in the 19th century. After that it assumed megaton proportions.

Up until the 1920s the printed word was law and literature and without real challenge. Then radio blared forth, and then in 1951 came coast-to-coast television to move in upon leisure time and to compete with the printed word for impact.

Well, what has been the result? Let us look at the record for two important carriers of the printed word—books and newspapers.

(text continued on page 37)

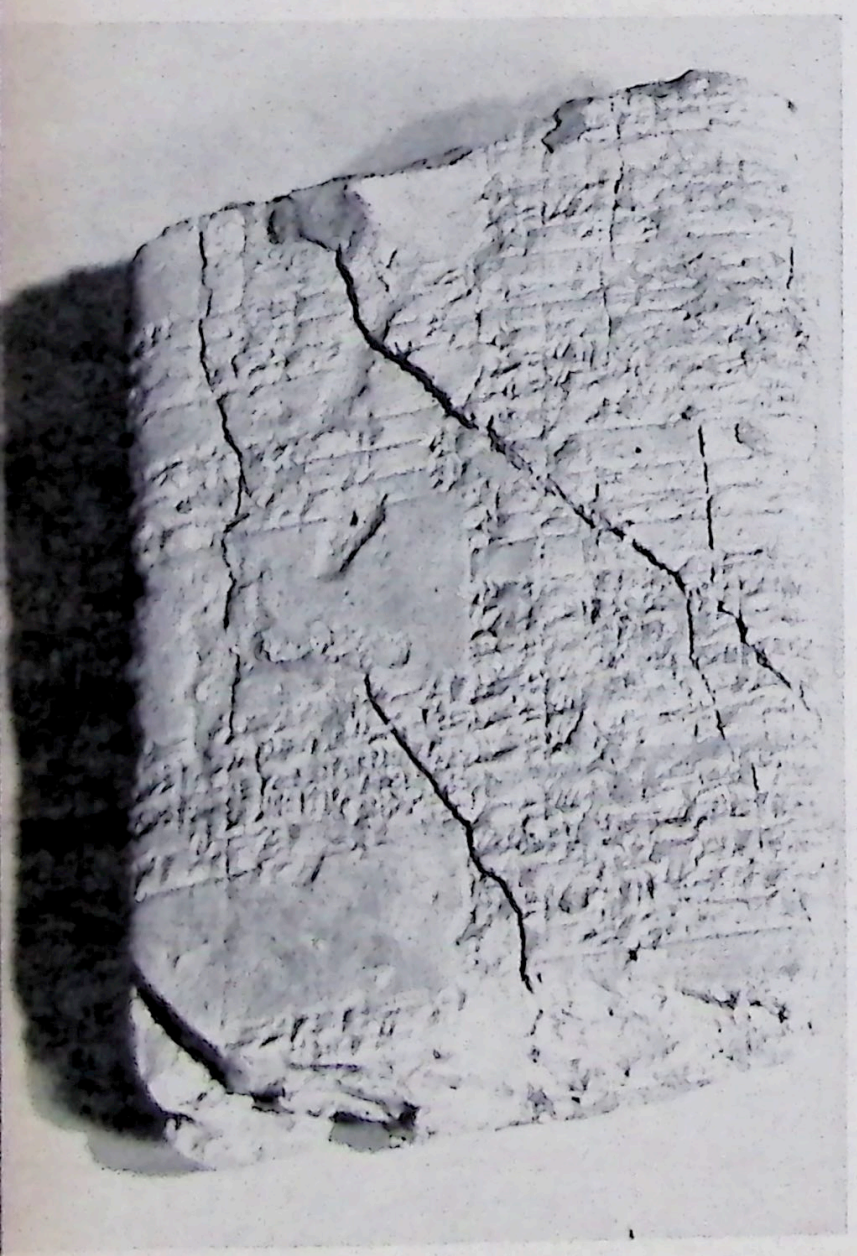




"Let all thy plans and behavior have a sound foundation."

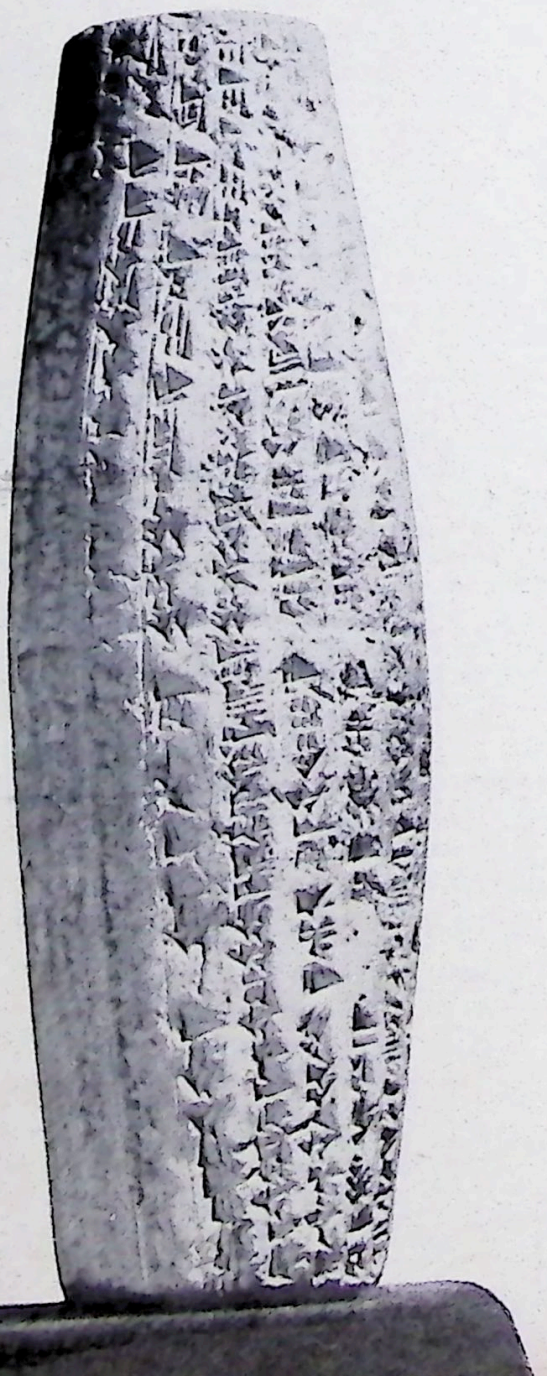
Man's first efforts at communication, eons ago, probably began with gestures, expanded to speech, later utilized pictures; the hieroglyph was an outgrowth of pictography. A written language developed, which, with several words placed together, could express an idea. These signs rapidly became formalized until they could represent a different word of similar sound or a phonetic combination. Egyptian hieroglyphics possibly led to the development of the first alphabet — the Phoenician.

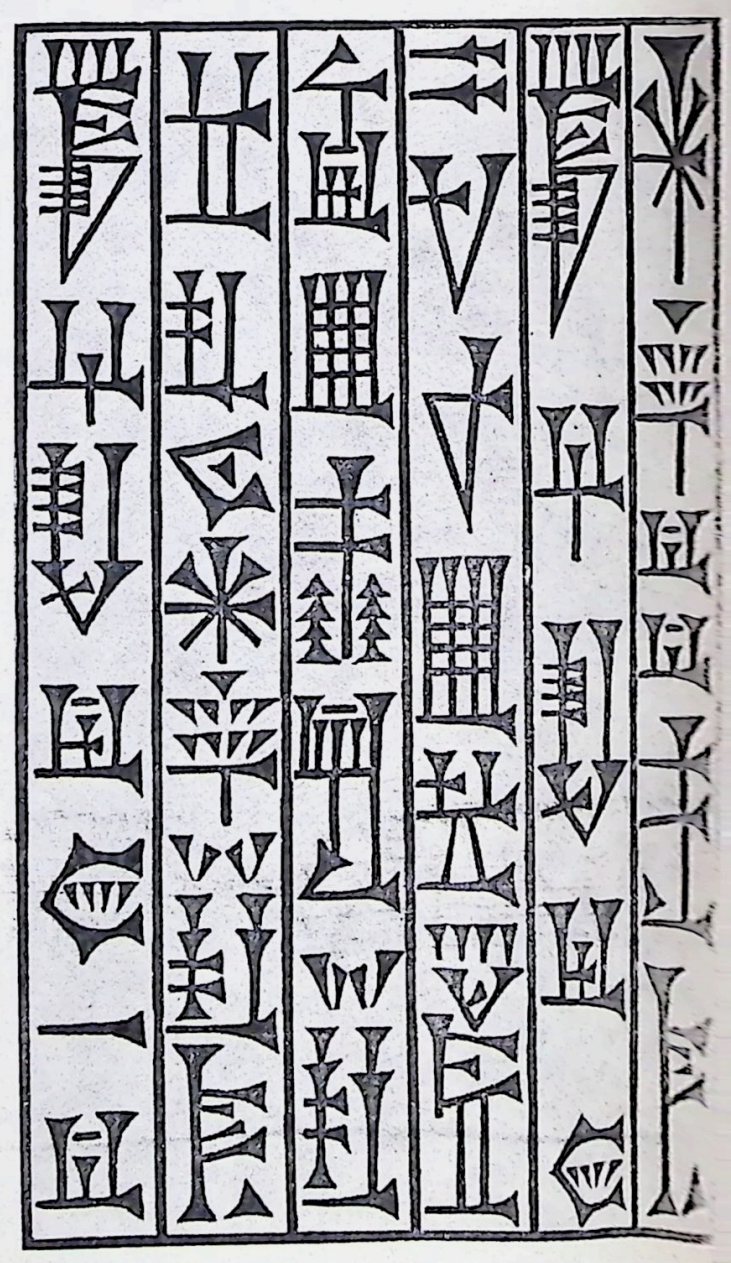
Hieroglyphics carved in a limestone Egyptian door-lintel



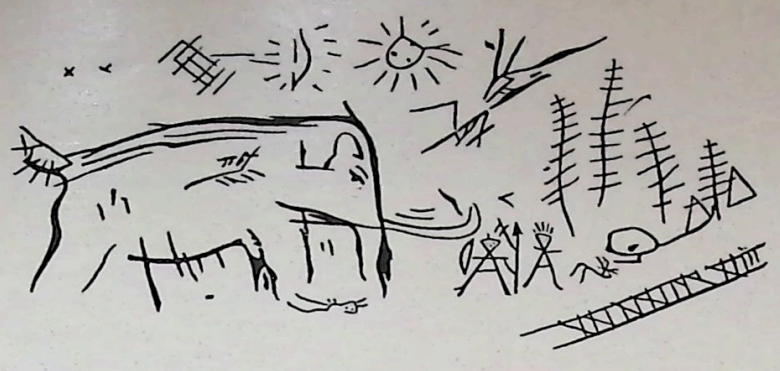
The origins of written language are shrouded in obscurity, but it seems to have developed independently in Minoan, Hittite, Mayan and Chinese societies. Probably the first writing was in Egypt and Mesopotamia, around 4000 B.C. The fragment of a hymn (above) is Mesopotamian, c. 2100 B.C.

The Assyrians, who had no ink or paper, preserved their public documents on durable, convenient clay cylinders. Some of the characters are so small they must be read with a glass. The rare cone below contains a cuneiform inscription by King Nebuchadnezzar, 604 B.C.



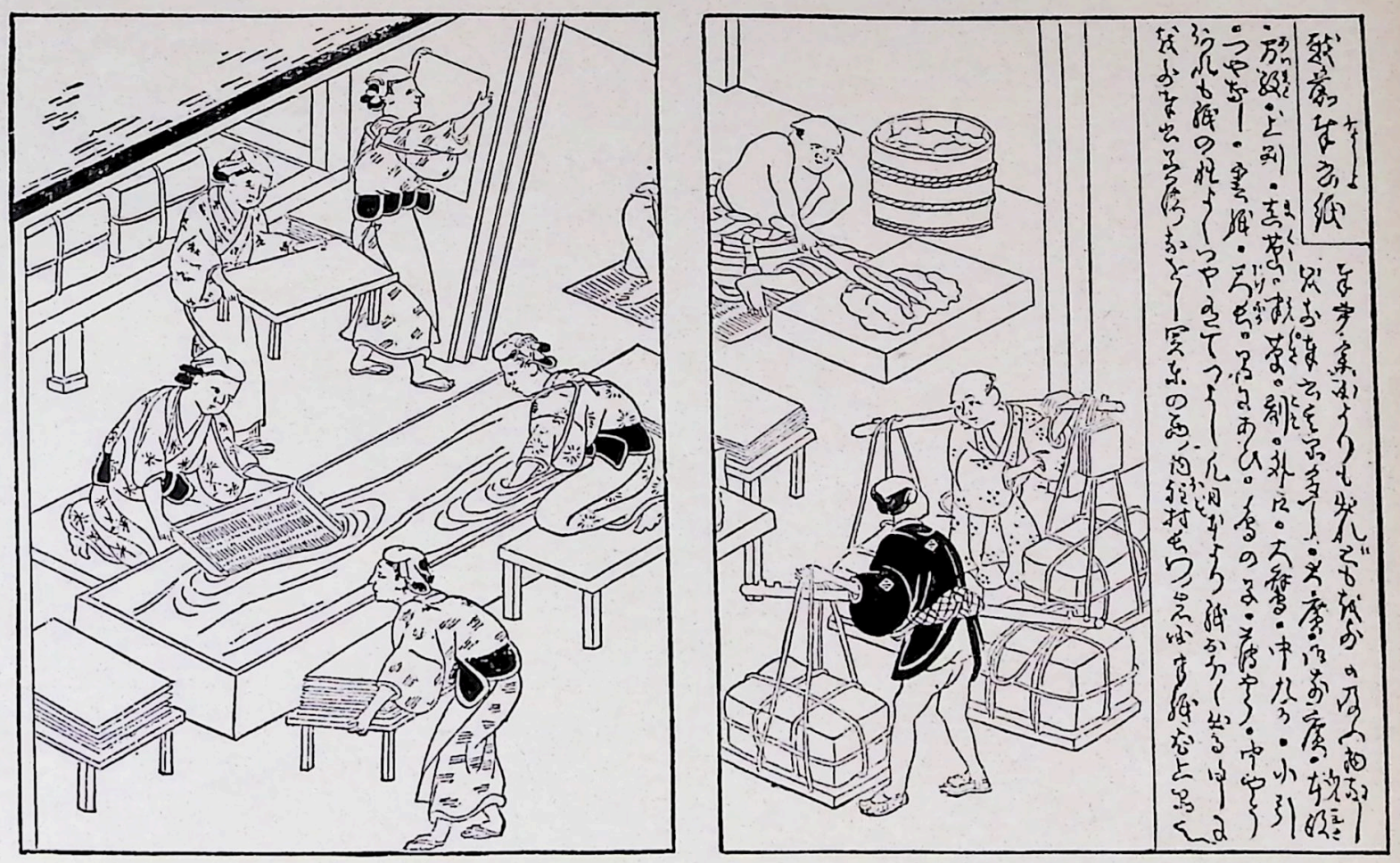


A brick taken from a Babylonian ruin bore the inscriptions above. They were stamped into the clay — printing in its most elementary form — the wedge shape probably follows the early style of chiseling. Such "engraving" was used for documents to be given wide distribution.

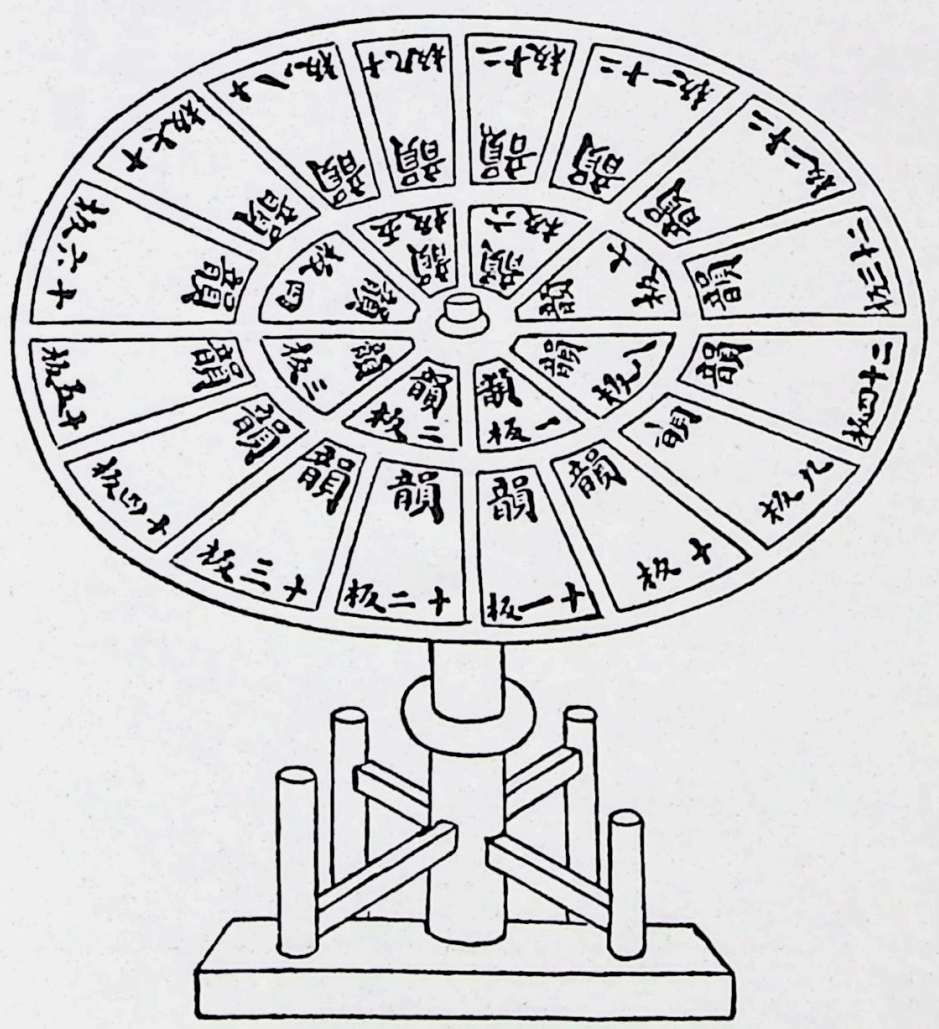


Pictography, extensively developed in this hemisphere, was used here widely until 200 years ago. Simple pictures illustrated legends or business deals; sorrow was shown by a tearful eye. In higher civilizations pictographs evolved into complex hieroglyphics and became conventionalized — phonetics and alphabets.

Chinese paper-making

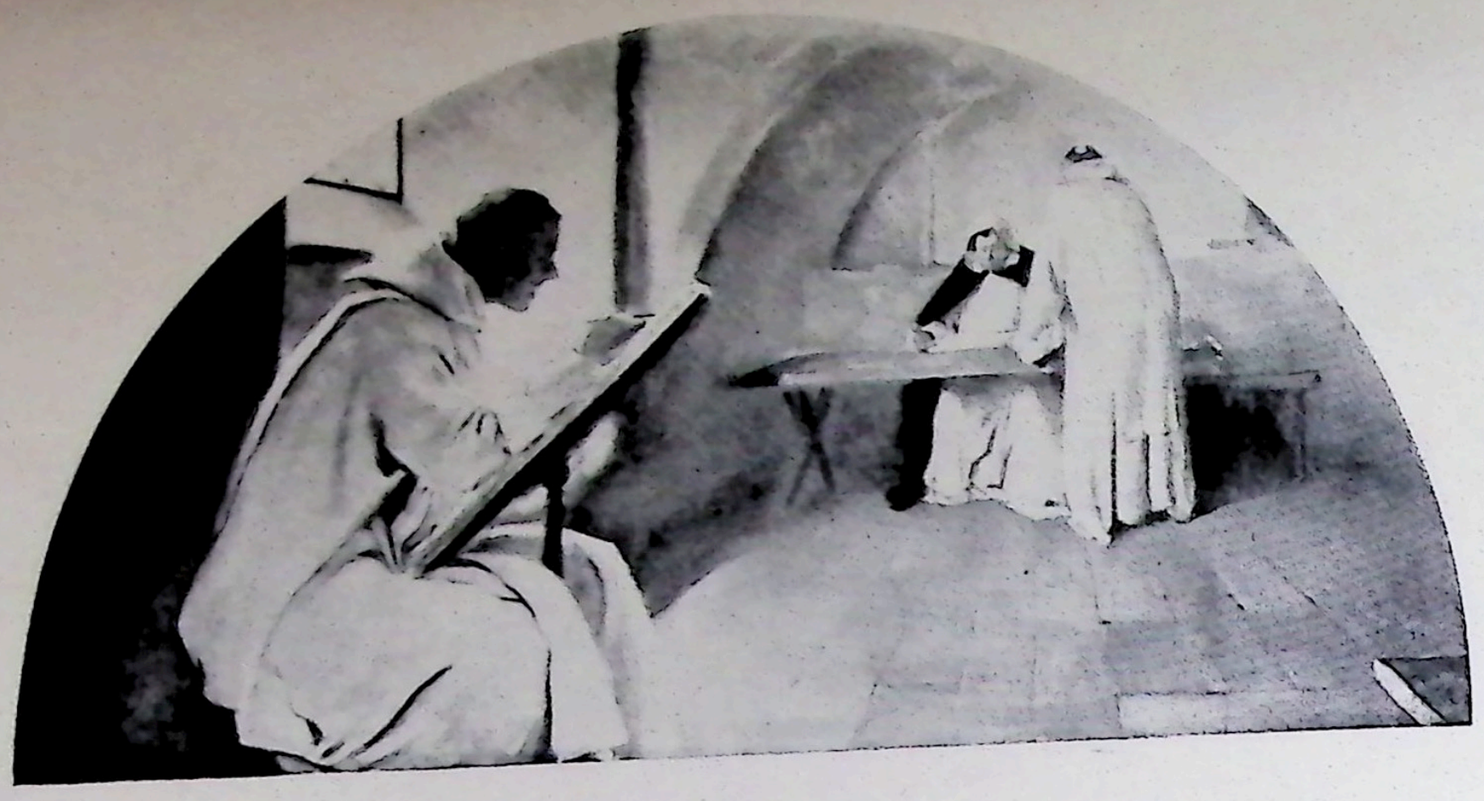


Paper-making in Japan



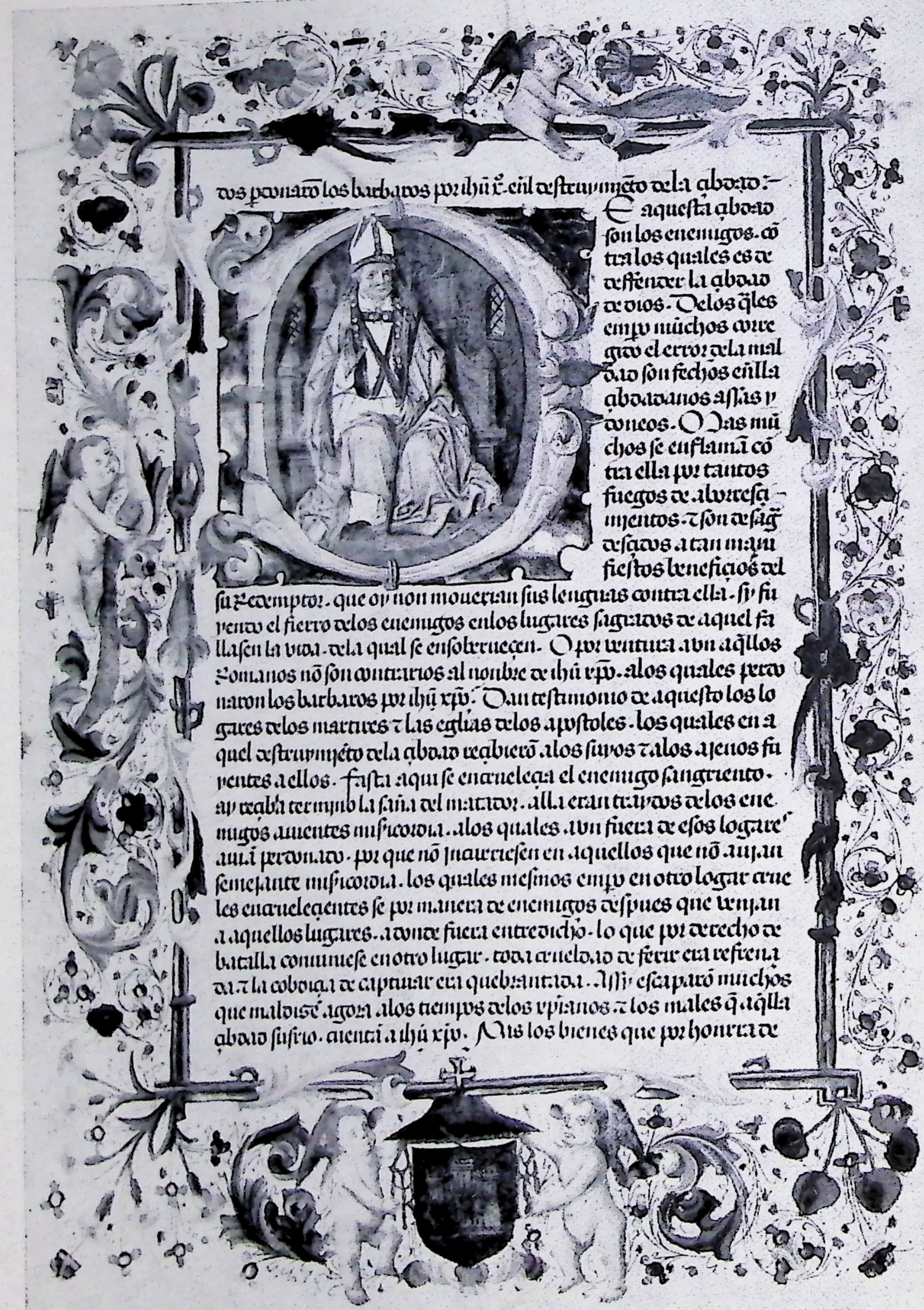
Chinese type container

Printing developed earlier and more completely in the Orient than in the West. In A.D. 105, Ts'ai Lun invented a paper made from "tree bark, hemp, rags and fish nets" – superior to the primitive sand, bark and stone, cheaper than papyrus or parchment, longer-lasting than wax-coated iron. The mass was reduced to a pulp – the principle still used today – after the bark was peeled (above, left). The Japanese (above, right) made exquisite papers, burnishing the back with a shell for extra polish. From China, the art of paper-making spread west with the Saracens, and was introduced into France in 1157. Meanwhile the Chinese, utilizing their previous invention of "India ink" of sufficient viscosity, were stamping personal seals or Taoist charms in ink on paper. The classics were carved in stone and transferred to paper. By 593 the Emperor had Chinese scriptures carved and printed from wood blocks; other books followed. The earliest prints extant come from Japan; in 764-79 the Empress had a million charms printed. The work was not crude; Japanese color prints made by the wood block method are works of art even by our standards. In 953 all the Confucian classics were in print. Movable type – originally correction plugs to be stuck into wood blocks – developed in the 11th century to individual characters in wood or clay, which were stuck in a paste-lined frame and leveled with a board; tin was also used for type. In 1313 a Lazy Susan type container (left), its surface divided into compartments, was invented by Pi Shêng; type, which could be fitted together in rigid, even blocks, could also be set systematically. Nothing was lacking but a press and the ability to cast metal type; the latter was invented in Korea some 50 years before Gutenberg! There is no evidence that type-casting spread to the West, however; it died out in Asia – perhaps because Chinese characters are more beautiful handmade, perhaps because of the large number needed – and was reintroduced from the West many years later.



The clay tablets of Mesopotamia, Egyptian papyrus scrolls and the parchment volumes that began replacing them about the time of Christ were the earliest books. In the Middle Ages, monastic orders preserved learning and literature against engulfing barbarism. Sacred writings, copied slowly by hand in scriptoria, were simple at first, then "illuminated" with enlarged initials and calligraphic decorations — the product of scribes, not painters. From Ireland to Spain the work progressed – rich title pages, "drolleries" in the margin and full-page illustrations — showing clearly the influence of first antique then contemporary art on manuscripts. This hand-copying survived for a century after the invention of printing.

A page from St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei,* a 14th century illuminated manuscript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emp muchos auie
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daa son fechos enlla
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su Redemptor. que oy non mouerian sus lenguas contra ella. si fu
yendo el fierro delos enemigos enlos lugares sagrados de aquel fa
llasen la vida. dela qual se ensoberuecen. O por ventura aun aqllos
Romanos nō son contrarios al nombre de ihū xp̄o. alos quales pder
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gares delos martires t las eglias delos apostoles. los quales en a
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yentes a ellos. Fasta aqui se enarneleçia el enemigo sangriento.
ap rcabā termynb la saña del matador. alla eran traydos delos ene
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aulā perdonaro. por que nō finaurriesen en aquellos que nō auian
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que maldisē agora alos tiempos delos xpianos t los males q̄ aqlla
abaia sufrio. acerca a ihū xp̄o. Mas los bienes que por honrra de

As for books, the industry is booming. In 1955 more books were published in the United States than ever before—a total of 12,589. And certainly the multiplying number of book clubs indicates that literature or what passes for literature is still big business.

As for newspaper reading, the circulation of daily newspapers in the United States for the year 1955 was approximately 56,000,000, an increase of 4.3 percent over 1950. So there is hope for reading of all sorts—books, magazines and newspapers.

As a case history, let us consider the newspaper and television. I select these because I happen to know something about them, and because what applies to the newspaper applies also, in important respects, to all printed matter.

Many newspapers are having what might be called a case of DTs. I do not think this acute ague is warranted. This is why: There are two areas in which the mass media compete for attention —the entertainment field and the information field.

As for the entertainment field, printed words can supply a good deal else, but they cannot furnish pictured motion and action drama. Therefore, TV now has the edge in the entertainment category and will increasingly add to that edge, especially with color on the horizon.

Television is also making an effort in the nonentertainment, the information area. You meet the press on television, you meet your Congress there, your authors meet their critics there. The commentators and the columnists appear not infrequently on the not-so-silver screen. And there is no doubt that TV has done an important job in covering some spot news.

Yet, on the whole, it has not done a good news job. Moreover, even if it were doing that job well, I do not believe it could take the place of the newspaper, for these, among other, reasons:

First, the newspaper (and the book and the magazine) is there when you want it, for reading at a time and at a speed at which you want to read it. You are not required to tune in at a certain hour when there may be other becks or calls. You are not required to proceed at the pace set by the broadcaster, who may be either too breath-taking or too snore-inducing for you.

Second, the newspaper (again, like the book and the magazine) supplies perspective—which TV cannot supply. On television every page is the front page. Each item gets the same emphasis from the commentator. News on TV is basically a bulletin business supplemented by newsreel film. In contrast with this kind of treatment, there is the first page of the newspaper, which gives the reader—or should give him—a bird's-eye view and evaluation of the news.

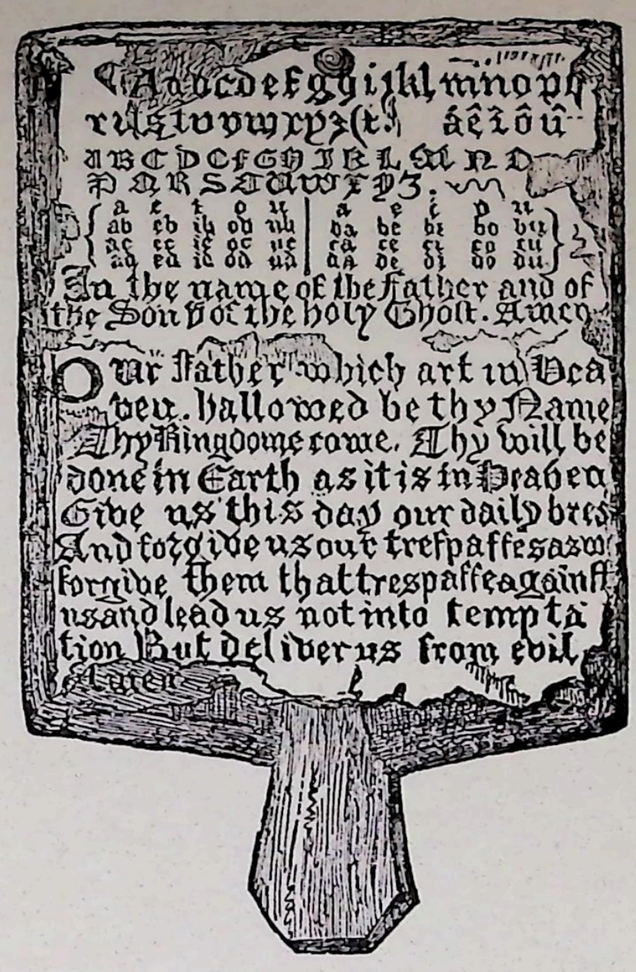
Third, the newspaper—and books and magazines—can supply the kind of background which television can never supply, both because of TV's time limitations and its demand for "hot copy." In these complicated days explanation is needed—and that requires research and space.

Fourth, the news in the newspaper is complete—or should be. On television it is limited.

Finally, the newspaper, like the other printed media, supplies the written word—in contrast with the spoken word. And the written word still carries more potential authority because it is set down with deliberation and it is there to be seen and pondered upon rather than snatched from the air waves.

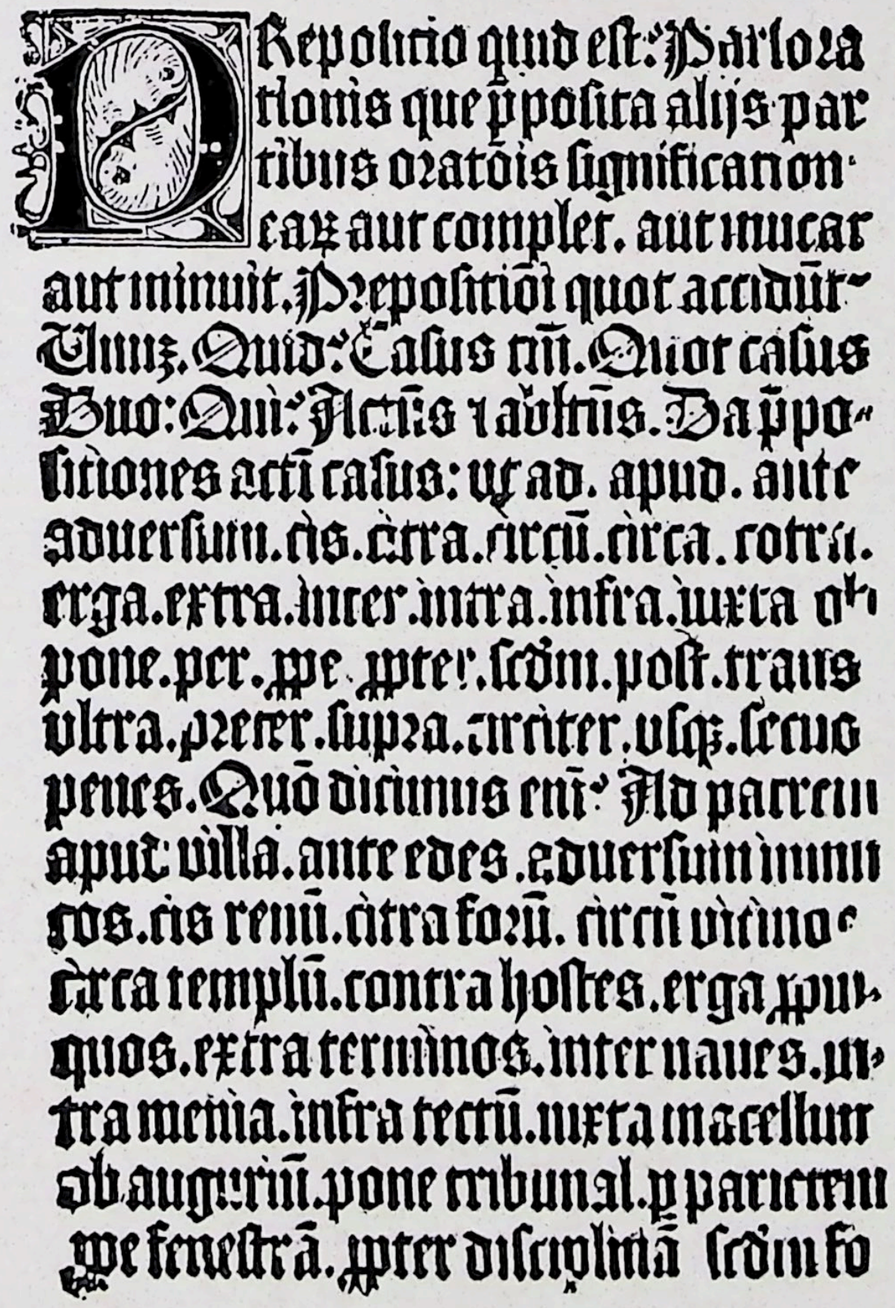
All this explains why TV, which is basically an entertainment medium, cannot take the place of the newspaper, which is—or should be—an information medium. It indicates that the newspaper must stick to its last, which is to provide the news comprehensively and comprehensibly.

Yet I am disturbed about the trend in newspapers. Too many of them have become primarily media of entertainment rather


In the name of the Father and of
the Son & of the holy Ghost. Amen
Our Father which art in Hea
ven. hallowed be thy Name
Thy Kingdome come. Thy will be
done in Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day our daily bred
And forgive us our trespasses as w
forgive them that trespasse against
us and lead us not into tempta
tion But deliver us from evil.
Amen

Horn-books like the one above were still used in England in the 19th century. Containing a single leaf of first parchment then paper bearing the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer and some monosyllables, they were the primers of our ancestors. The leaf was usually set in a frame of wood and covered with a slice of diaphanous horn.

Block printing (xylography) was a competitor rather than a forerunner of typography; although religious prints were common in southern Germany by 1450, and one (dated 1423) bears two lines of print, it is conjectural whether or not actual books appeared before Gutenberg. The xylograph book below, however, called the "Donatus" for its author, a 4th century Roman grammarian, had been through 50 editions before 1500.

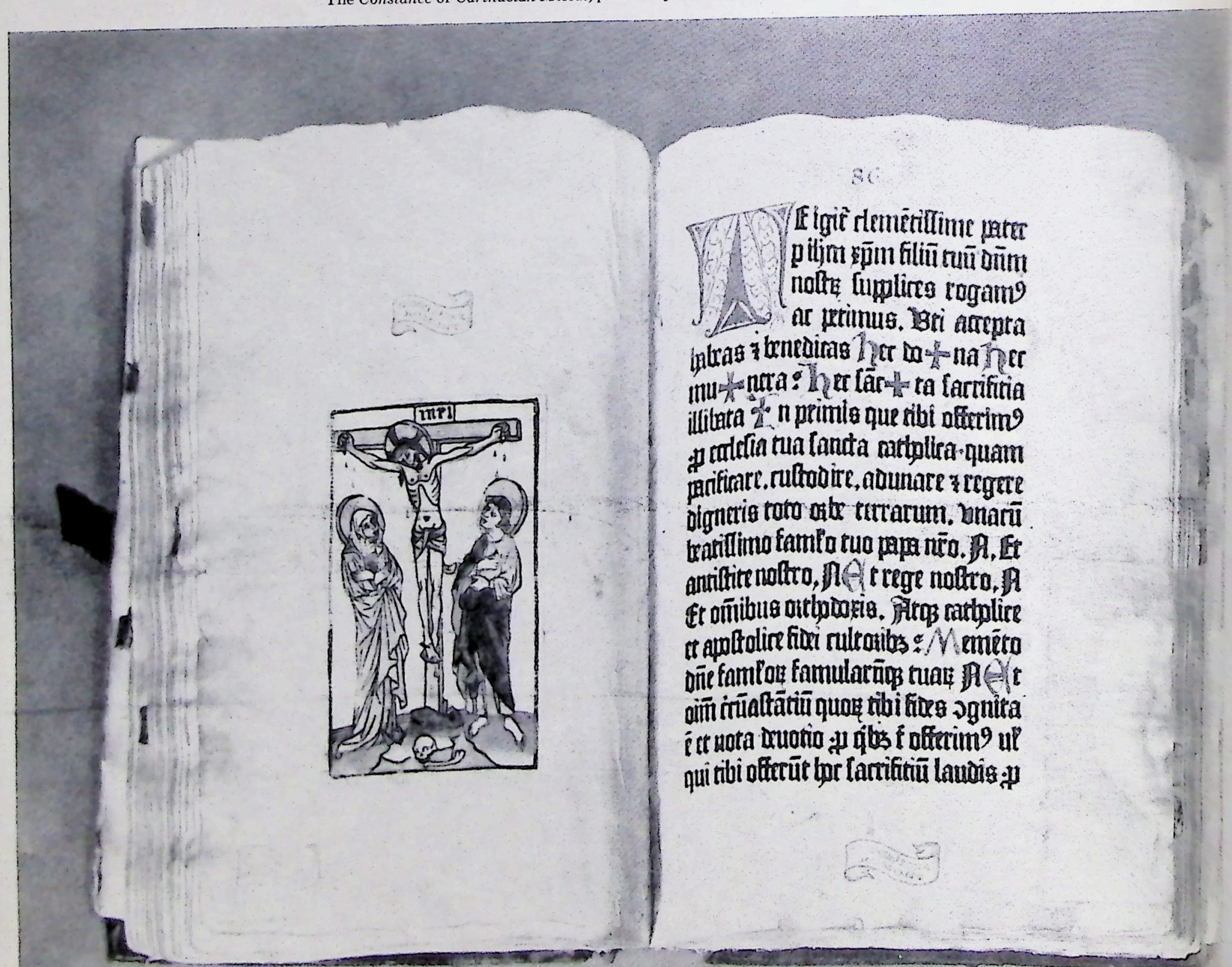


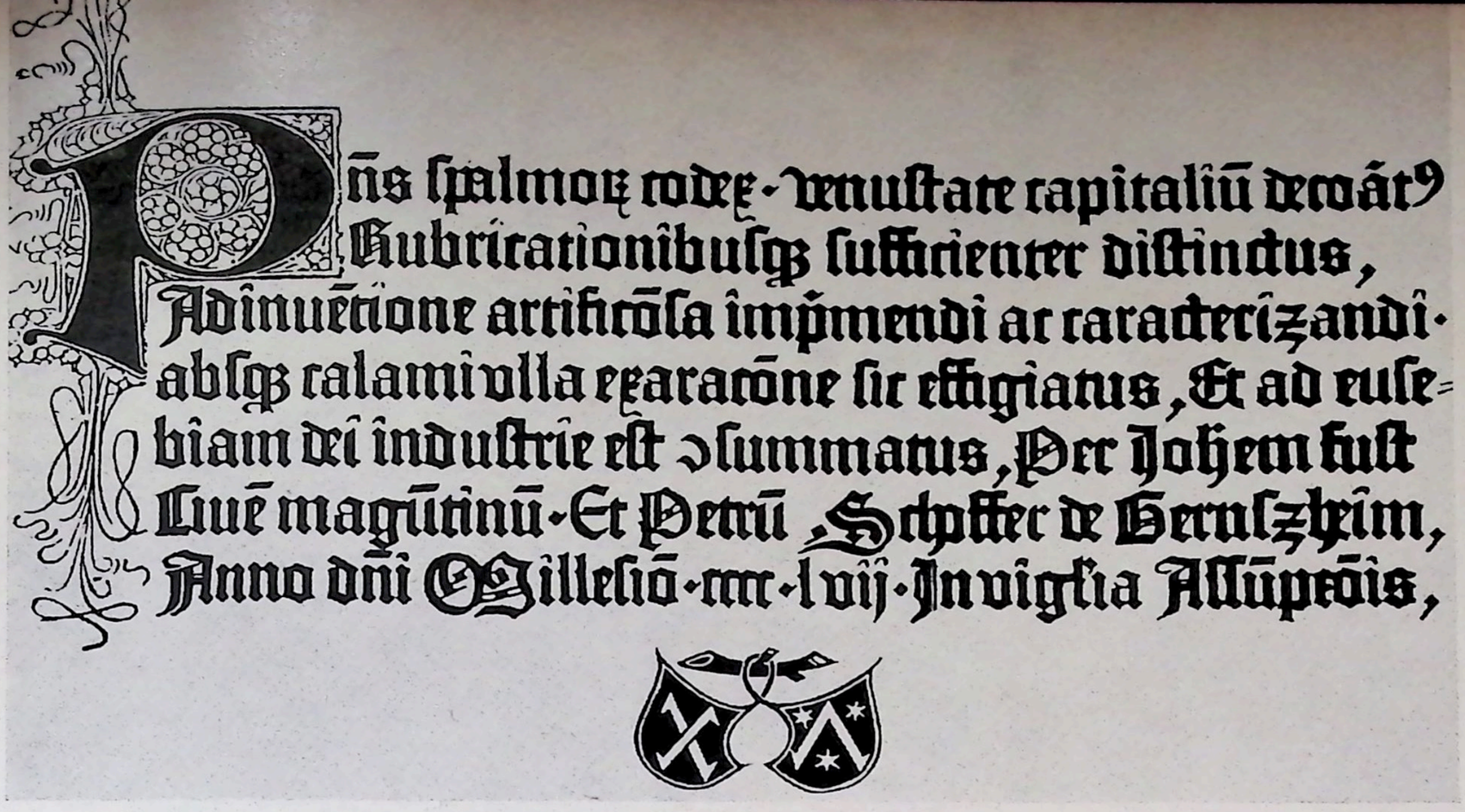
De positio quid est: Partis
tionis que ꝑposita aliis par
tibus oratois significationem
cat aut complet. aut mucat
aut minuit. Prepositioi quot accidūt
Vnus. Quid: Casus nīi. Quot casus
Duo: Qui: Fletis ī aduīs. Da ꝑpo-
sitiones acti casus: vt ad. apud. ante
aduersum. cis. cirra. circū. circa. contra.
erga. extra. inter. intra. infra. iuxta. ob
pone. per. ꝑpe. ꝑter. scōm. post. trans
vltra. preter. supra. circiter. vsq;. secus
penes. Quō dicimus enī: Ad patrem
apud villa. ante edes. aduersum immi
cos. cis renū. citra forū. circū vicinos
circa templū. contra hostes. erga ꝑpu-
quos. extra terminos. inter uaues. in-
tra menia. infra tectū. iuxta macellum
ob augurīū. pone tribunal. ꝑ parietem
ꝑ fenestrā. ꝑter disciplinā scōm fo

The Romans had stamps, obviously made for printing with ink, at the dawn of the Christian era; the Egyptians printed on textiles in the 6th century, Europeans by the 12th; playing cards — made first by hand, then stenciled, then stamped — were block-printed; religious "images" — influenced, like the cards, by Oriental examples — were next to appear. Wood blocks were suited to China: the characters, each a word, did not need exact alignment and the intent was accurate preservation of classics, not dissemination of culture; Western needs were different — Arabs, whose script was too difficult to carve, used stencils. This was the state of printing when Johann Gutenberg was born about 1398 in Mainz. He moved to Strassburg; records there indicate that he was working on printing devices by 1439. In 1455 Johann Fust sued him for a debt and won such devices as Gutenberg had, but the Bible printed in 1456 remains the work of Gutenberg; it is considered the first complete printed book, although the "Constance" or "Carthusian Missal" (below), printed in Switzerland, has been dated at 1450 by some experts. Gutenberg's contribution — type cast from adjustable metal molds which formed exact dimensions for close spacing and alignment, the use of the press and of oil and varnish ink — is the basis for European printing.

Johann Gutenberg showing a proof from his new invention

The *Constance* or *Carthusian Missal,* printed by Gutenberg (?) circa 1450 (?)


SC
Te igit clementissime pater
per eundem filium tuum dominum
nostrum supplices rogamus
ac petimus. Uti accepta
habeas et benedicas hec do+na hec
mu+nera hec sa+cra sacrificia
illibata In primis que tibi offerimus
pro ecclesia tua sancta catholica quam
pacificare. custodire, adunare et regere
digneris toto orbe terrarum. una cum
famulo tuo papa nostro. N. Et
antistite nostro, N. et rege nostro, N.
Et omnibus orthodoxis. atque catholice
et apostolice fidei cultoribus. Memento
domine famulorum famularumque tuarum N. et
omnium circumastantium quorum tibi fides cognita
est et nota devotio pro quibus tibi offerimus vel
qui tibi offerunt hoc sacrificium laudis pro


Pſalmoꝝ codex · venustate capitaliū decorāt⁹
Rubricationibusq; sufficienter distinctus,
Adinuētione artificiosa īpressionis ac caracterizandi·
absq; calami ulla exaratione sic effigiatus, Et ad eccle=
biam dei industrie est ꝯsummatus, Per Johem fust
Ciuē magūtinū · Et Petrū Schoffer de Gernszheim,
Anno dñi Millesimo · cccc · lvij · In vigilia Assūpcōis,

Some illustrated books — Egyptian and Greek — date back to the 5th century; early Christians produced a few manuscripts. Surpassing these, and almost rivaling in beauty many medieval "illuminated" manuscripts, was the Psalter of 1457, printed by Gutenberg's ex-assistant and Fust, his ex-partner. The colophon (left) — predecessor of the title page — is a rare beauty; the ornamental P in blue, the shield in red; it is also the first printed book bearing a date. The first dated printing matter was a Letter of Indulgence printed by Gutenberg and Fust in 1454. Bibliophiles and patriots from many countries disagree as to time, place and identity of the first man to cast type from a metal mold; whoever was responsible—and evidence seems to favor Gutenberg — it spread quickly: Coster in Holland, Aldus in Italy and Caxton in England. The first book printed in the New World was done in Mexico City in 1540.

than of information. They play up the sensational rather than the responsible news and they devote themselves to pseudo— rather than real—journalism.

Now the editors of these papers will tell you that their function is to sell newspapers regardless. But I shall never concede that. I shall never agree that the newspaper business is like the plumbing business or the grocery business or even the Hollywood business. I insist that there is about every newspaper a public responsibility that must be fulfilled.

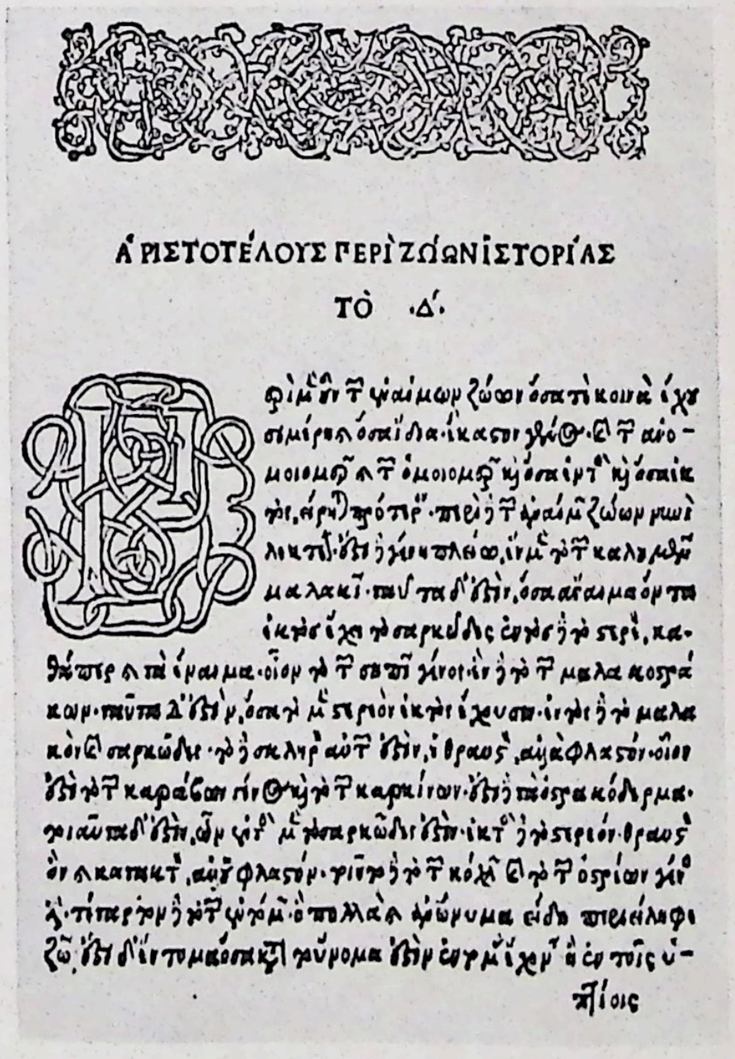
I think that, from this particular survey, it is justifiable to generalize and to conclude that reading is here to stay. For the basic elements I have tried to describe operate in the case of all reading media.

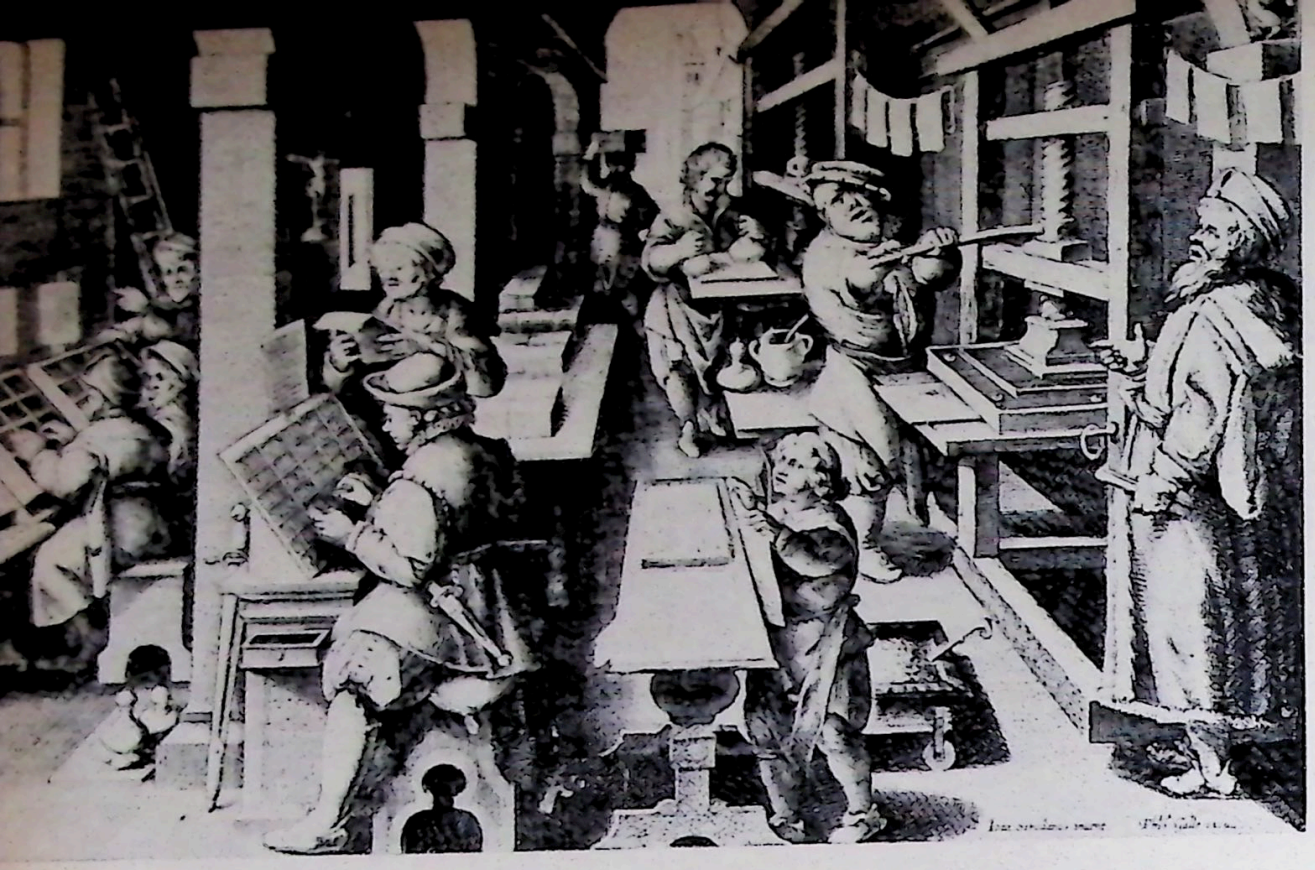
Formidable bids are being made for our nonworking time. There is no doubt about the impact of TV and no doubt that, as TV improves (and there is vast opportunity for improvement), its impact will grow. The arts are being cultivated more assiduously. Many more folks are doing it themselves. And the rush to the highways increases weekly and dangerously. So the lures are growing by leaps and without bounds. But there are other factors: *First*, the total of our leisure time has greatly increased; sometimes I think we are moving, what with unions, automation, lost weekends and ragged individualism, toward the no-hour week. *Second*, reading, whether it be of books, magazines or good newspapers, provides the qualities already indicated: availability, perspective, background, completeness.

For example, television is a stimulus rather than a substitute for the good newspaper. A great national event, such as an inauguration, or a dramatic happening, such as a devastating wreck or fire, or a sports spectacle, such as a championship fight, are done graphically on television. But people want to read about these events, to check their impressions against those of the reporters, and their opinions against those of the experts.

Likewise with the other media of the printed word. Television excites primary curiosity about the potentates and the planets, the birds and the bees. The listener turns increasingly to books

Aldus Manutius (the portrait at left is from a 16th century woodcut) went to Venice in 1448 to teach Latin and Greek. Hoping to make the classics more readily available, he undertook printing with the first Greek types; the Aristotle at right is a lovely example. In addition to his de luxe works, worthy of bindings by Grolier, Aldus (as he was called) issued cheap, pocket-size volumes for scholars. Perhaps his most important achievements, however, were in the field of type reform. The first type (called "black-letter" or "Gothic") followed the heavy, debased calligraphy of the day. Rusch and Jenson, in 1463 and '70, returned to a rounder, lighter face (like the Carolingian hand) easier to read: "roman" type. Aldus, turning from Greek to Latin, developed a more compact and legible roman than the "Venetian"—"old style," which was the model for 250 years, until "modern" roman faces, in a more vertical style (more engraving than calligraphy) were developed. He also developed the third major kind of type, "italics," supposedly modeled after Petrarch's hand, and small capital letters.


ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥΣ ΠΕΡΙ ΖΩΩΝ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑΣ
ΤΟ ·Δ·



A medieval print shop

The print shop remained basically the same for many years, until the industrial revolution. The picture at left gives a clear idea of a medieval shop's operation: The master in the right foreground is giving directions to his pressman; behind the laboring pressman is another worker inking a press; over their heads sheets of paper hang to dry; in center foreground an apprentice is stacking the dried sheets; to the left of him is a compositor setting type and behind the compositor is a proofreader. Medieval presses turned out about one sheet every three minutes, although it is claimed a press in Frankfurt could do six a minute in 1573. The first press in the U.S., brought from England by the Rev. J. Glover, who died en route, was set up in Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Day (below) and his son Matthew. It could produce about four sheets a minute, not much better than Gutenberg's; some presses of this type were sold even in the 20th century. They were wooden, and normally required two men for their operation: A form of type was put in the frame, inked, covered with a cloth padding to cushion the type; attached to it was a sheet of paper, the whole run under the platen, which was forced down on it, released, pushed a little farther until the platen could be pressed down on the second half, then moved back and the procedure repeated. It was extremely tiring work.

Stephen Day and his press

and magazines to pursue these matters further. Seeing and listening inevitably lead into perusing and pondering. Even when better TV is evolved, Cineramic and Technicolored, it cannot do the job that reading does.

There rests a grave obligation on those who are responsible for the writing and the reading of the printed word. For these are days of vast complexity. We live in a mine-trapped and fogbound world, a world in which facts are few and hunches difficult. Yet, despite the doubts and the fears and the suspicions, the West must make policy—and that policy must be made largely by the United States. Men everywhere in the world look to us for leadership. Our actions are the most watched, the most awaited actions in history. This is true of Moscow as well as London, of Peiping as well as Paris. Ours is indeed a rendezvous with destiny.

We shall not be able to reach the sound judgments that are so urgent unless we have an informed and alert public opinion, unless our information is good. There are disturbing reports that three out of 10 voters are unaware of almost every major problem in foreign affairs and that only 25 out of every 100 voters can be considered even reasonably well informed.

That is a measure of the task that we confront—we, the custodians of the printed word. For an informed opinion is a weapon without which we cannot be truly armed, a torch without which we cannot find our way through the darkness.

There are, as I see it, three responsibilities involved in this task—the responsibility of national leadership, the responsibility of education and the responsibility of the press.

As for leadership, it is essential that the leader shall not follow

MATTHEVV.

CHAP. I.

Ppometuongane *a* book Jesus Christ, wunnaumonuh David, wunnaumonuh Abraham.

2 *b* Abraham wunnaumonieu Isaakoh, kah Isaak wunnaumonieu Jakobuh, kah *d* Jakob wunnaumonieu Judasoh, kah weematoh.

3 Kah *e* Judas wunnaumonieu Pharesoh kah Zarahoh wutch Tamarhut, kah *f* Phares wunnaumonieu Ezromoh, kah Ezrom wunnaumonieu Aramoh.

4 Kah Aram wunnaumonieu Aminadaboh, kah Aminadab wunnaumonieu Naassonoh, kah Naasson wunnaumonieu Salmonoh.

5 Kah Salmon wunnaumonieu Boazoh wutch Rachab, kah Boaz wunnaumonieu Obeduh wutch Ruth, kah Obed wunnaumonieu Jesseoh.

6 Kah *g* Jesse wunnaumonieu David ketassoroh, kah *h* David ketassoot wunnaumonieu Solomonoh wutch ummittamwusuh

a Luke 3.23. *b* Gen. 21.3. *c* Gen. 25.26. *d* Gen. 29.35. *e* Gen. 38.27. *f* 1 Chr. 2.5. Ruth 4.18. *g* 1 Sam. 16.1. & 17.

kah Elea
Matthan
16 Ka
weisuke
yeuoh á
17 Ne
Abraham
pometeon
yean umn
yauwudt p
tinohkonac
Jesus Chri
18 Kah
mo, nag
quoshodh
minkauau
anittooh.
19 Nei
énuoo
áyimáu
nuppog
20 V
angelsu
nukan

John Eliot—the "Apostle to the Indians"—was an English missionary who settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1631, taught in the church and helped write the "Bay Psalm Book," created a missionary organization which set up many Christian Indian communities. He preached to the local tribes in their own languages, and in 1663 his "Indian Bible," translated into the language of the Algonquins, was published. It was the first Bible printed in the U.S.

TYPE STYLES BY EARLY DESIGNERS

imploy their buſy cure & care, in ſtealing, Idlenes, vayn paſtimes, long ſleapes, dronkennes, laſciuious toying, ſwe ring, ſcraping and gatheryng of Plutos corne together,

John Day's 1559 edition of *The Cosmographicall Glasse*, London

allow Thyſelf ſo much Time as to read this, Thou mayeſt find *how conſonant their Principles are both to Scripture, Truth, and right Reaſon.* The Simplicity of their Behaviour, the

Baskerville's *True Christian Divinity* by Barclay, 1763, Birmingham

When Gutenberg cast his first letters, he copied the calligraphy in use then, that of the monks and scribes, for type was a sufficiently radical innovation without further changes in the style of letters. Since then, type design has become something of an art, with its own criteria: legibility and unobtrusiveness. Within these limitations type assumes individual characteristics; some are more suited for certain kinds of material than others: Bodoni for dignified, even grandiose works; the gently curving Caslon for poetry or essays; Grandjean's "roman du roi" type was ordered for exclusive use of the Louvre's art publications. Many of the earliest types cast continue in use to this day, and others, like Aldus's, have been only slightly modified. Variations in type faces often reflect larger changes in the world. Roman type was based on the handwriting of Italian scribes, a more humanistic, graceful writing than that of the northern monks; Baskerville's reforms seem to parallel the technique of copperplate engravings in his delicate serifs and straight axis; Bodoni's seems the product of draftsmanship. About 2000 type designs have been put on the market in the past 40 years.

THOMAS BACON, Rector of *All-Saints* Parish in *Frederick* County, and Domeſtic Chaplain in *Maryland* to the Right Honourable *FREDERICK* Lord BALTIMORE.

Jonas Green's *Laws* (new Caslon type), 1765, Annapolis, Md.

Sed iisdem temporibus Q. Catulus et C. Piso neque gratia, neque precibus, neque pretio Ciceronem impellere potuere, uti per Al-

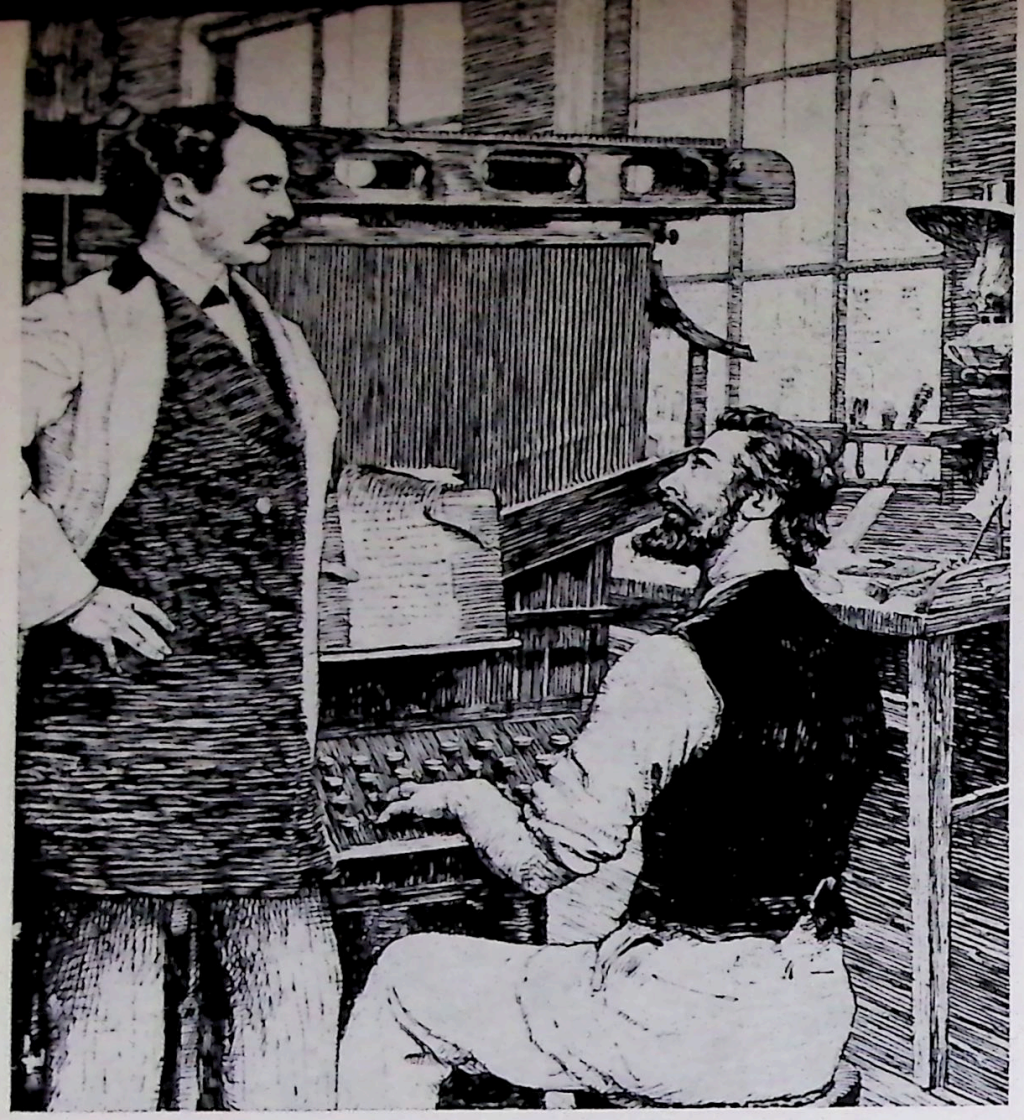
Bodoni's 1799 edition of the Roman historian, Sallust

veurs fondée ſur ce que la Ville des Sables d'Olonne n'eſt pas dénommée dans les Lettres Patentes du mois d'Avril 1717. & qu'ils eſtoient autoriſez à leur faire payer les Droits

Grandjean's *Roman du Roi*, 1729, *Imprimerie Royale*, Paris

Jeune et vaillant héros, dont la haute sagesse
N'est point le fruit tardif d'une lente vieillesse,
Et qui seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des dieux,

Didot type, from an 1819 *Oeuvres de Boileau*, Paris



Mergenthaler and his machine

In 1886 a 32-year-old German immigrant, Otto Mergenthaler, completed the revolution begun by Gutenberg, when he set a line of type automatically. Until that time, type had to be set by hand, letter by letter, and replaced the same way after printing—a slow process. Mergenthaler was then working for the New York "Tribune" and understood the compositor's problem; further, he was prodded by James Clephane, who had worked with the men who had invented the typewriter. Mergenthaler's machine, called the "line o' type" for its finished product, was operated with 90 keys, each controlling a vertical tube filled with matrices—tiny molds for a letter or symbol. When pressed, the key released the molds, which formed a line of the desired length, and into which molten metal could be poured, thus casting an entire line of metal automatically, one which would be melted and reset rather than redistributed. In 1889 Mergenthaler produced the faster, almost wear-proof Linotype that is used today.

When Mergenthaler's machine first appeared, U.S. newspapers were printing 3,600,000 copies a day; within 20 years they were printing 33,000,000. The major problem—expense—was solved when the company decided to rent the machines, thus permitting a rapid rise in the number of small-town newspapers (which could now afford one) as well as more specialized books and magazines. The illiteracy rate here dropped from 17 to five percent. These results seem less fantastic when one realizes that the machine sets six lines of type in the time that a man can set one, and no time is taken for redistribution, since type is made fresh in the machine. Today some 75,000 machines are in operation, with matrices and keyboards in nearly 1000 languages.

or be pushed on from behind. He must heed the voice of the people, but he must inform and direct the people also. Having weighed these factors, he must decide what, according to his lights, is the right course and follow that course regardless of what the polls may reveal or what the commentators may cry.

As for education, I feel strongly that it is more important to teach men how to think than what to think. The schools must supply to the citizens of the future the methods and the tools for thinking. The publishers of the printed word must assume the task of extension and continuation of education, of keeping adult minds alert and aware of current thought and contemporary events. The two assignments cannot be separated. Unless a man knows how to think, it is futile and sometimes dangerous to give him facts.

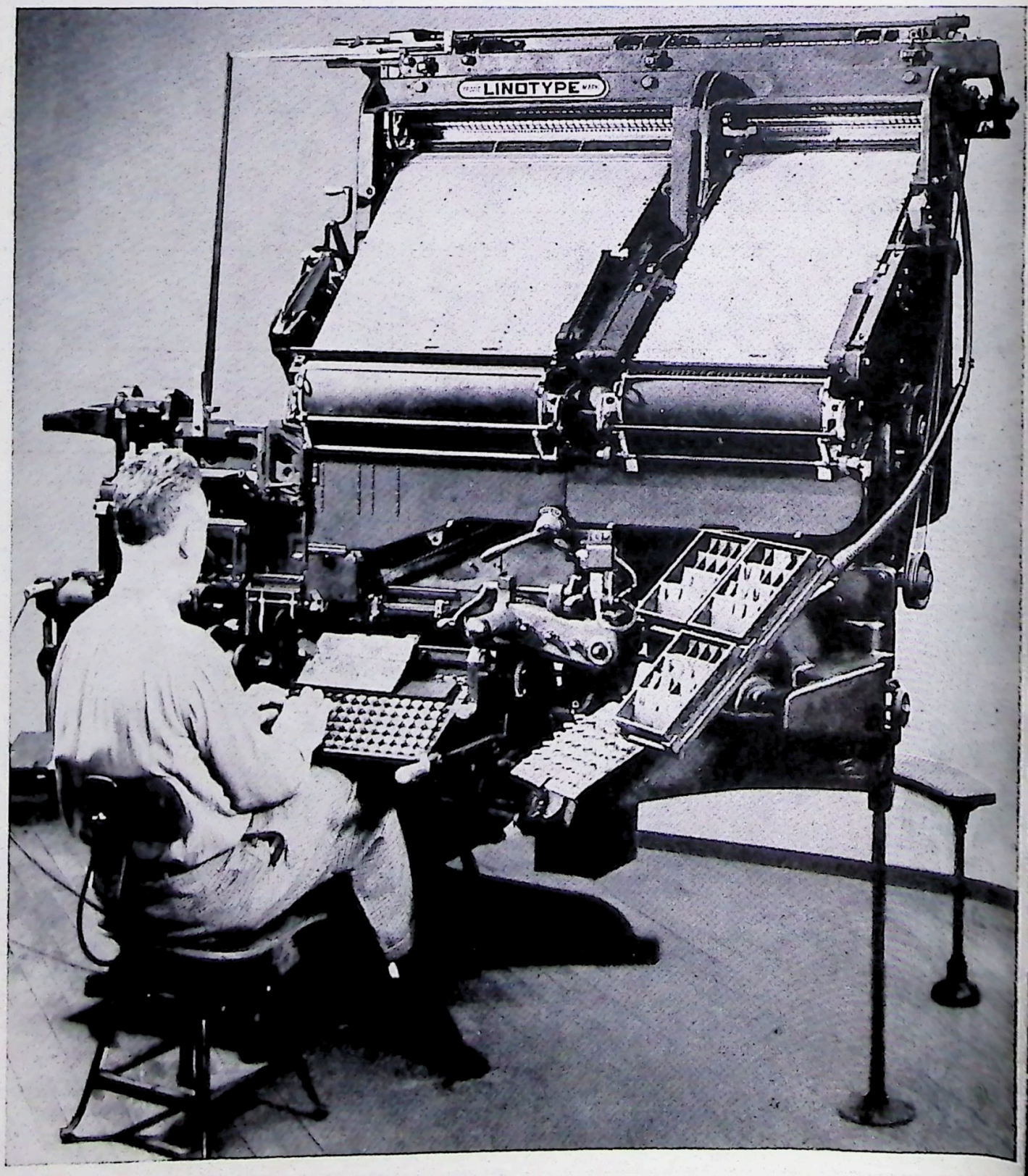
As for the press—and I mean all the media of the printed word—we have a free press, but that is not enough. It must be a responsible press also. Freedom *from* something is not sufficient. There must be freedom also *for* something.

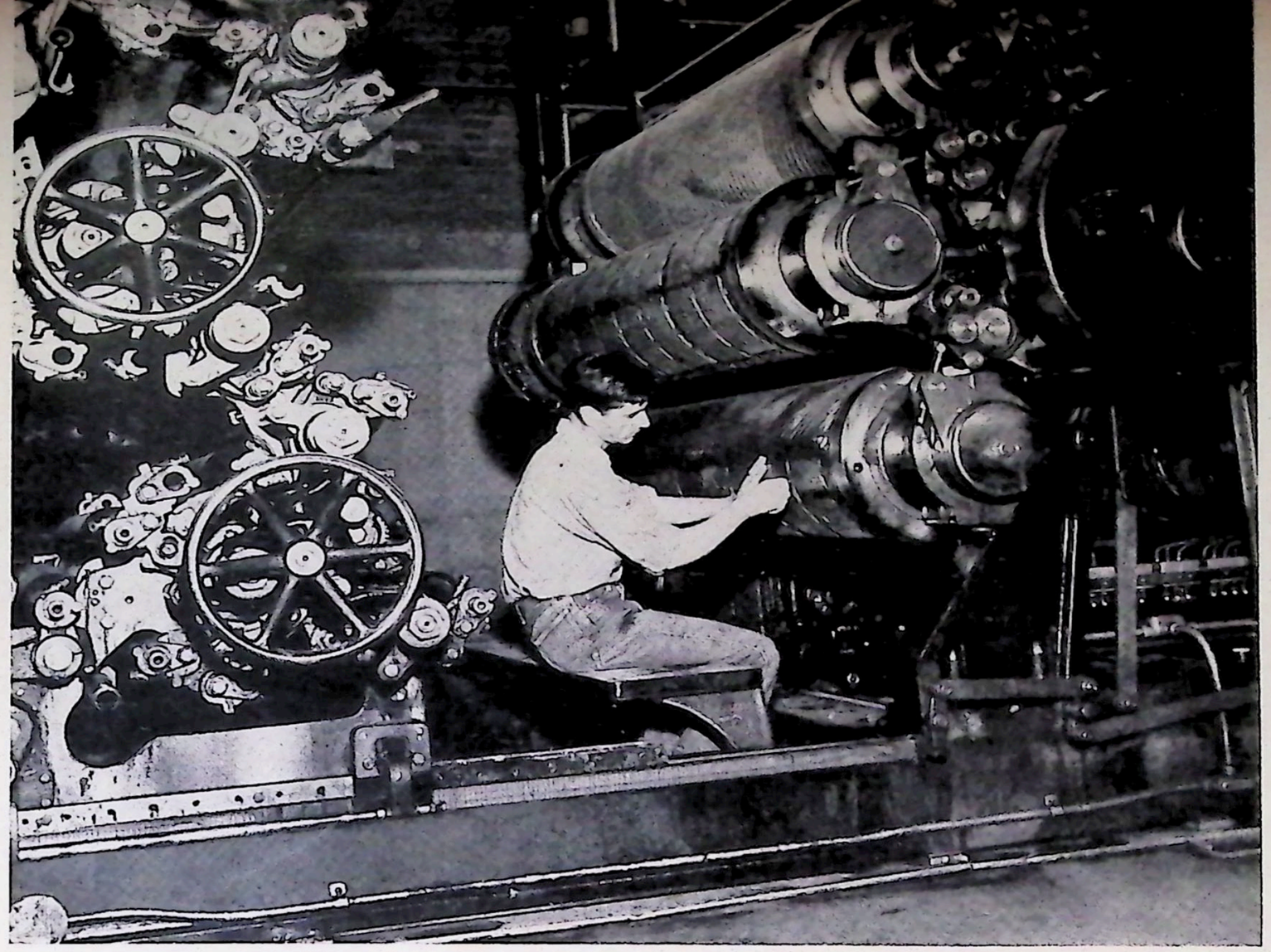
I have great confidence in the fundamental common sense of the American people. If they are given the facts fully and frankly, they will act as they need to act.

"One person with a belief," wrote John Stuart Mill, "is equal to a force of 99 who have only interests."

That is the key word: *belief*—the belief that comes from courage and conviction, the faith that alone can dispel fear and doubt. ♦

A modern Linotype, which can set four different kinds of type simultaneously

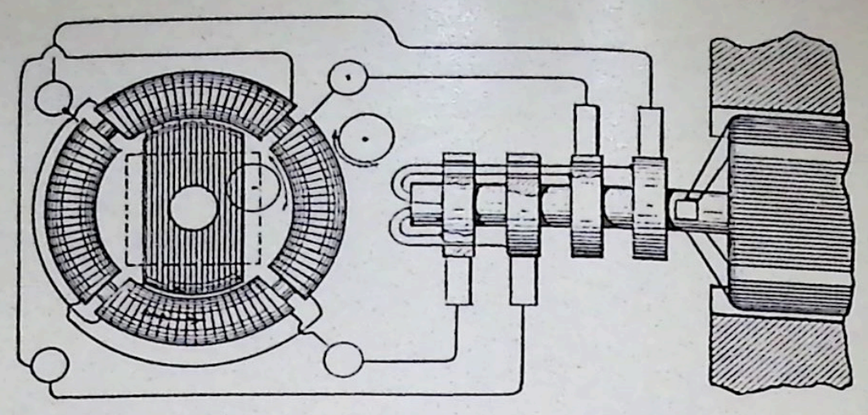




Workman adjusting curved plates on a modern rotary press

Paper-makers' presses served as Gutenberg's model; to them he added a hinged frame for holding the paper and a movable "bed" for the type, so that it could be pushed under the platen. The first significant changes were made by Blaeu in 1620. In 1804 Earl Stanhope developed an all-iron press, with levers to increase the screw-action pressure, the screw later being abandoned. In 1813 Friedrich König began the modern age of printing by inventing a flat-bed and cylinder press; in 1822 Daniel Treadwell converted to the machine age with the first power-driven bed and platen press. Progress had also been made in the production of paper; mills in Elizabethan England took three weeks to make one sheet of paper; the idea of a continuous "web" (roll) came from 18th century France, and modern mills now produce a sheet of paper—from rag pulp to finished product—in about three minutes. Three types of presses are now in use: the automatic platen press, which closes on each sheet of paper individually; the cylinder press, which rotates and passes sheets of paper over the type; and the rotary press, which prints from a continuous web of paper. The rotary press prints on both sides of the paper and can cut, fold and perform many other operations, turning out a finished product at the rate of around 2500 sheets a minute.

The web pressroom at Pacific Press, Los Angeles



Tesla

INVENTOR AHEAD OF HIS TIME

by Arnold T. Schwab

Portrait of an eccentric genius, born 100 years ago, whose inventions ushered in the electronic age.

THE CENTENARY of the birth of Nikola Tesla, one of the most remarkable geniuses of all time, has revived interest in the man who probably did more than anyone else to introduce the electronic age. A memorial to Tesla was recently unveiled in New York City, where he spent most of his life and did his most famous work; the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held a session honoring his memory; and several science magazines devoted articles to him.

Despite this recognition, an excellent full-length biography by John J. O'Neill and the formation of the Tesla Society, which has published an extensive bibliography of writings by and about him, Tesla remains little more than a name to the American public. Surely he is not so well known as Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell or even Charles Steinmetz, though many scientists would rank him above these inventors.

This is an undeserved fate for a man who discovered how to use the alternating current that powers modern industry; who conducted pioneer experiments in fluorescent lighting, radio communication, radio remote control, robots and high-frequency heat therapy and who invented dynamos, transformers, induction coils, condensers and arc and incandescent lamps. Scores of his inventions, indeed, are yet to be utilized.

Nikola Tesla was born July 10, 1856, in the Austro-Hungarian hamlet of Smiljan, now part of Yugoslavia. His father was the village pastor and something of a poet. Nikola's mother, a member of a cultured family, never learned to read and write because she had assumed most of her blind mother's heavy duties at home and was too busy; nevertheless, she created many labor-saving devices for her household, and could recite from memory thousands of verses of Serbian poetry and long passages from the Bible. Nikola himself had a photographic mind. He found it easy to learn German, French, Italian and (eventually) English.

None too robust in his youth, he nearly lost his sight from too much reading, and barely survived several serious illnesses. He attended college at Carlstadt in Croatia, where he was so greatly impressed by the demonstrations in physics that he decided to make electrical engineering his life work. His father thought Nikola too frail for this career, but finally relented.

In 1875, at the age of 19, Tesla went to Gratz, Austria, to study at the Polytechnic Institute. During his second year there he watched the operation of a piece of electrical equipment, a Gramme direct current machine. Why not use alternating current, Tesla suggested, to eliminate the commutator, where so much sparking took place? The professor scoffed at the idea, comparing it to a perpetual-motion scheme. But Tesla kept on thinking about the problem during a year of studying mathematics and physics at the University of Prague, and afterward while working on telephone installations in Budapest for the Hungarian government. His mind, with its unique visualizing powers, became a prodigious storehouse of textbooks, formulas and equations – even logarithms.

One late afternoon in February 1882, he was walking in a Budapest park when the solution suddenly occurred to him in a vision: The rotating magnetic-field principle would operate an alternating current motor! In the next two months he worked out in his mind every phase of the revolutionary operation, constructing mental images of the design of dynamos, motors, transformers and other apparatus necessary for a complete AC system.

Later, in Paris – where Tesla was a trouble-shooter for the Continental Edison Company – his attempts to sell his inventions were unsuccessful, even though the model he built worked just as he had imagined it would. No one else could foresee the machine's unlimited commercial possibilities.

Hoping that Edison himself would help him, the tall, handsome Tesla, now 27, arrived in New York in 1884 with four cents in his pocket – his money and baggage had been stolen just before he left Europe – and a letter of introduction to Edison. The latter gave him a job, but though Tesla proved himself competent the arrangement lasted less than a year. The methods and temperaments of the two men were fundamentally different: Edison worked by trial and error; Tesla tried nothing which he had not

previously thought out to the last detail. Edison attracted brilliant associates, delegated responsibility to them and stimulated their best efforts; Tesla was a lone wolf, self-reliant, secretive. More important, Edison was committed to direct current, which was used in the incandescent lamps he invented and lighted. He saw no future in alternating current and refused to listen to Tesla's ideas about it.

The darkest year in Tesla's life began in the spring of 1886, when he was forced to work as a common laborer – the only job he could get. Finally, however, he persuaded a few men to back him, and in April 1887 he opened a laboratory in Manhattan. Then suddenly his fortunes changed: His polyphase AC machinery was built, tested and patented before the end of the year. On May 16, 1888, he delivered a classic lecture before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and in the same year George Westinghouse, Edison's competitor, paid Tesla $1,000,000 plus royalties (which Tesla generously waived later, when Westinghouse was in financial difficulties) for the patent rights to his motor. Considering the number of patents involved and the use they were put to, the price was cheap.

Money was never Tesla's main interest. Indeed, after a disagreement with Westinghouse engineers, he turned down an offer of $24,000 a year, one-third of the net income of the Westinghouse company, and his own laboratory. He could have made a fortune if he had wanted to exploit even a few of his lesser inventions. It is estimated, too, that his waiver of the royalty provision of his contract with Westinghouse cost him $12,000,000.

The 1890s were Tesla's palmiest period. He could now concentrate on research, and his spectacular experiments with high-frequency and high-potential currents astounded engineers. Universities and learned societies of two continents begged him to lecture. In London and Paris, where he spoke before distinguished scientists, he was greeted as a hero. New York dowagers constantly entertained the dapper, eligible bachelor, but no woman ever played an important part in his life. Inventors, he once said, were too intense and passionate to give themselves to women; if they did, they would give all and would have nothing left for their work. It has been said that he was the only man who ever picked up and returned, without a word, a handkerchief dropped by Sarah Bernhardt.

Like the "divine Sarah," Tesla had a flair for the dramatic. He liked to entertain his guests by taking them to his laboratory and performing fantastic feats of flame and color with his grotesque machines. One of his favorite devices was to permit hundreds of thousands of volts of electricity to pass through his body and light an object in his hand – without harm to himself, of course. Yet he had a healthy respect for electricity, and when working with potentially dangerous circuits he always kept one hand in his pocket so that the current could not pass through both arms and strike the heart. In his entire career he was injured only once.

To conserve time for research, Tesla eventually curtailed his social activities and led an increasingly solitary life. His idiosyncrasies became more marked. Because of his germ phobia, for example, he always discarded gloves after wearing them for a week; he used handkerchiefs and collars only once. At dinner, which he almost invariably ate alone, he demanded two dozen napkins, with which he cleaned each dish and piece of silverware. He carefully avoided shaking hands with anyone.

He shunned coffee, tea and cocoa, which he considered harmful, but drank whiskey, believing that it gave him energy and prolonged his life. Prohibition, he remarked, would prevent him from living longer than 130 years. He claimed that he never got to bed before 5 a.m. or slept more than two hours a night.

Later, when he used an office during the day, he required that all the shades be drawn because he felt he did his best work after dark. The only time he allowed them to be raised was during a lightning storm, when he would lie on a couch near the open window, talking excitedly to himself – perhaps envying the power of nature.

Tesla's two greatest moments of triumph came in the 1890s. In 1893 the public had its first look at polyphase alternating current, when Westinghouse used it to light and power the Chicago World's Fair. Three years later Westinghouse and General Electric (Edison's old company, now won over to AC), working together and using Tesla's system, completed the gigantic project of transmitting electric power from Niagara Falls to Buffalo, a distance of 22 miles. Edison had been able to deliver direct current over a distance of only one mile. The age of mass production based on cheap electricity had begun, thanks to Tesla.

Meanwhile, on the night of March 13, 1895, just when he was about to make an important demonstration of wireless communication, a fire destroyed everything in Tesla's uninsured laboratory: apparatus, records, papers, mementos – the work of a lifetime. It practically wiped him out. But financiers came to his aid, and within a few months he had set up another laboratory,

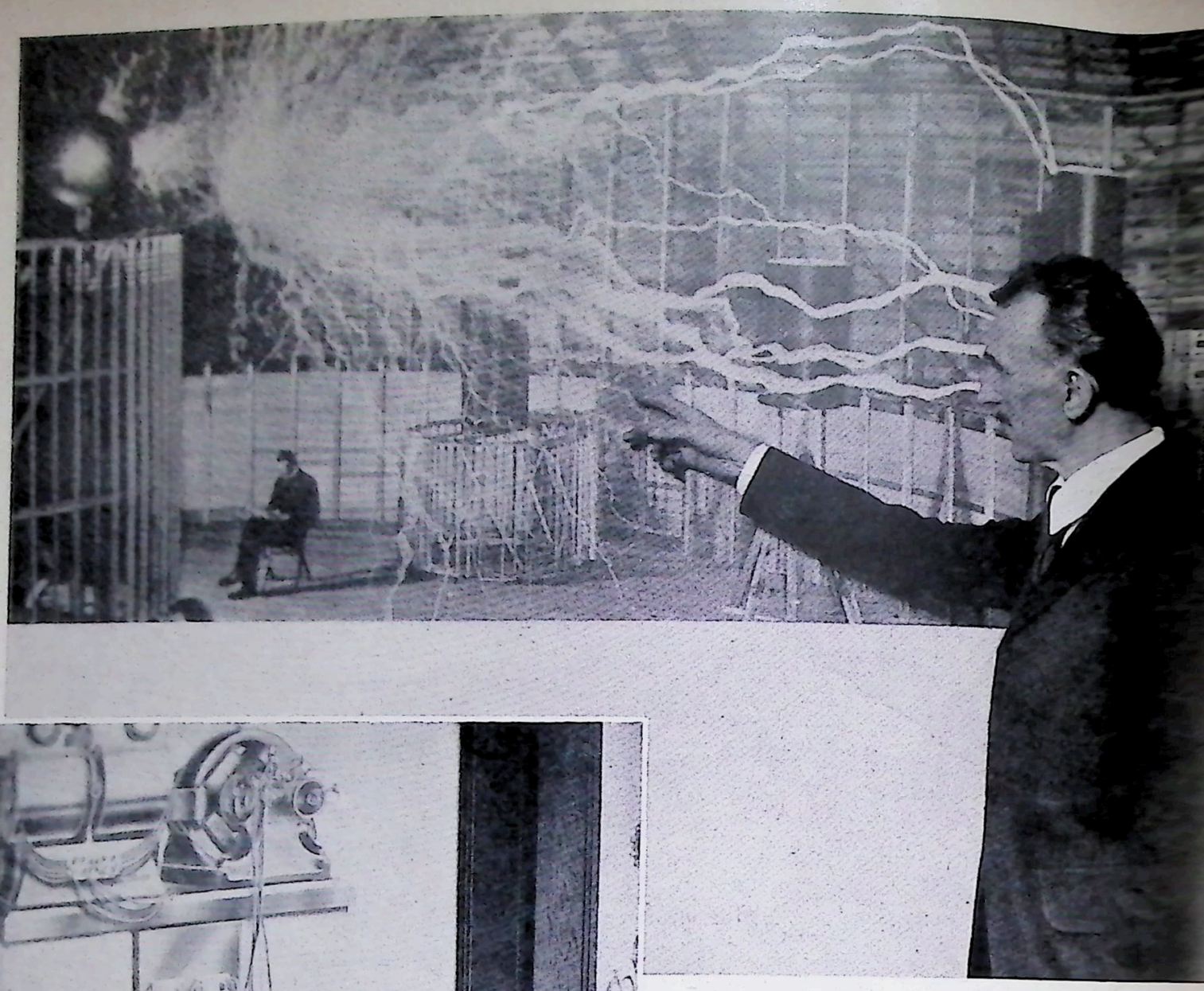
The young Tesla

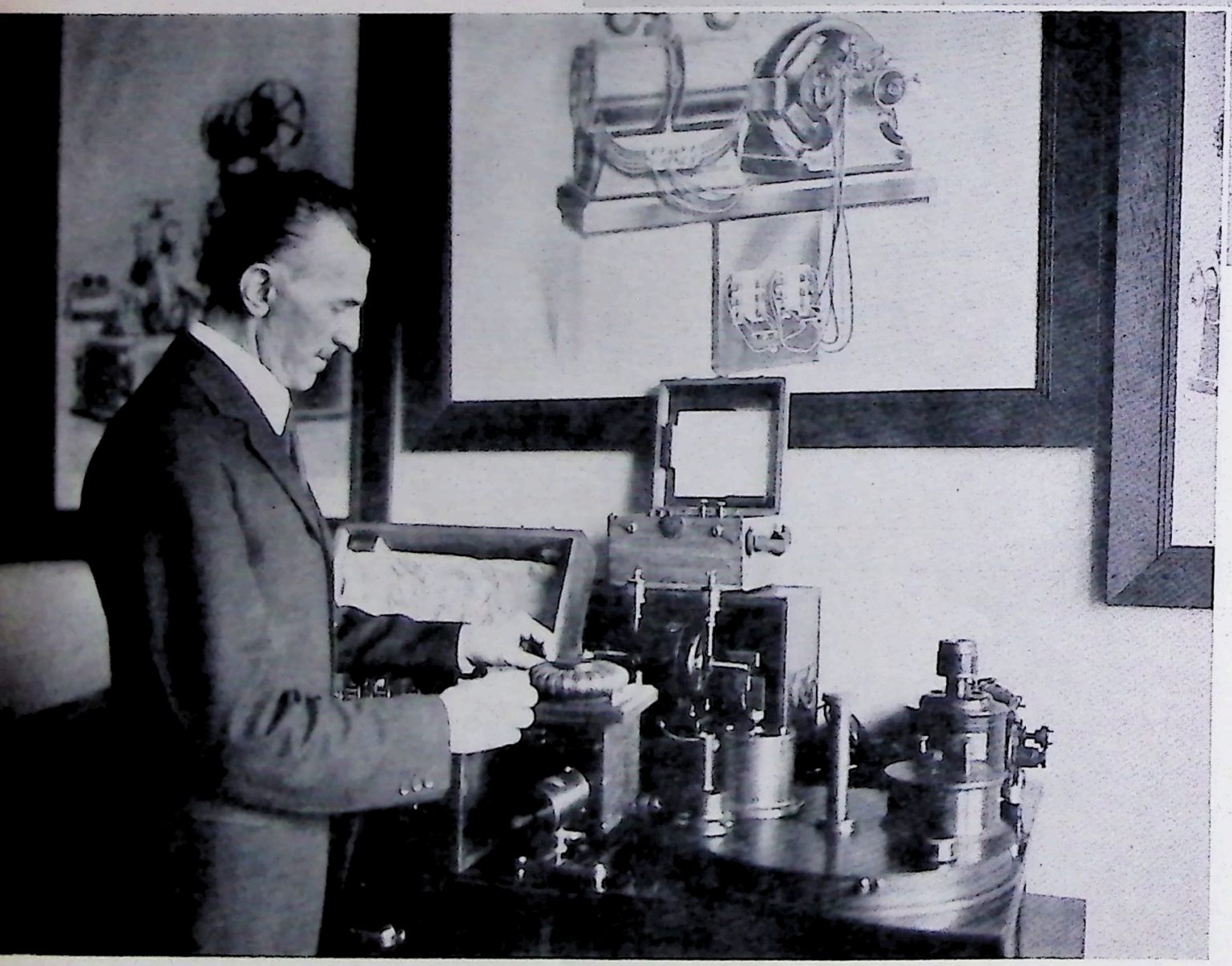
though he turned down an offer which would have brought him the full support of J. P. Morgan. Tesla was too absorbed in his inventions to worry about future needs; eventually, he thought, he would make the millions his ideas were worth.

Throughout the rest of the decade Tesla concentrated on wireless communication. By 1890 he had invented the first electronic tube designed for use as a detector in a radio system, the forerunner of the modern detecting and amplifying tube; now he succeeded in constructing a transmitter along with a receiver that was sensitive to its signals over a distance of 25 miles. Patents he obtained in 1897 contain descriptions of all the basic features of radio broadcasting and receiving circuits in use today.

His ideas and their practical applications were seemingly inexhaustible. One of his most neglected inventions, still unused, was a carbon-button lamp which gave 20 times more light, for the same amount of current, than Edison's incandescent filament lamp. And Tesla's discovery of high-velocity cosmic rays anticipated a whole new area of research which would culminate 30 years later in the work of Millikan and Compton.

Tesla's flair for the dramatic, apocalyptic and eccentric as it was, was backed up by a thorough knowledge of natural forces. At right he recalls a sensational demonstration in which he allowed powerful bursts of artificial lightning to pass harmlessly through his body.





Tesla's full genius was recognized belatedly, although some fame came during his lifetime. His experiments with AC made modern industry possible; his inventions (some of which are shown here) included condensers, transformers, the Tesla induction coils etc. Much of his work is not yet understood, and the numerous experiments of which he left no complete records are the subject of much scientific speculation today.

Tesla also conducted pioneering experiments with mechanical vibrations. One of these produced a panic in the neighborhood of his laboratory and almost resulted in a catastrophe: His oscillator-induced vibrations shook all the surrounding buildings so violently, knocking out chunks of plaster and shattering windows, that people streamed out of them, fearing an earthquake. Familiar with the strange noises that were always emanating from Tesla's laboratory, police officers from headquarters around the corner rushed there – arriving just in time to see a tall, gaunt figure smashing a small iron contraption with a sledge hammer. Absorbed in his studies and unaware of what was happening outside, Tesla had suddenly realized that the vibrations inside the building were getting out of control and that only the immediate destruction of the oscillator would stop them.

During the Spanish-American War, when everyone was talking about America's great naval victory, Tesla staged a remarkable demonstration at Madison Square Garden. He equipped a model boat with radio equipment, placed it in a large tank built in the center of the arena, and started, steered and lighted the vessel by remote control. Tesla hoped that this invention would be used to make man's life easier – not to end it. If there had to be wars, he wished to have them fought by robots instead of men. Neither the War Department nor commercial concerns, however, took any interest; again Tesla was too far ahead of his time.

His next important project (he worked on many problems simultaneously) was to build a high-powered broadcasting station that would permit the worldwide distribution of power by wireless methods. Tesla thought (correctly) that the earth was electrically charged. At Colorado Springs he set up a plant that would add to the earth's charge so that electricity could be transported anywhere on the earth's surface without the use of conduits, poles or wires. It was an Olympian concept. Tesla considered these experiments a success, but unfortunately he left almost no written records about them; he carried everything in his head until he could complete the project – but he never did.

To facilitate this wireless-power project and an equally staggering venture, the building of a world broadcasting station, in 1900 Tesla undertook to construct a radio city on Long Island. Many people thought he was crazy, but J. P. Morgan, who knew what Tesla had accomplished with AC, privately supported him with gifts which eventually totaled several hundred thousand dollars. This enabled Tesla to build a powerhouse and laboratory and to begin construction of a grotesque-looking broadcasting tower, some 150 feet high, capped with a giant copper hemisphere.

In 1905, however, Tesla went bankrupt and was forced to close his laboratory before he could complete the tower or begin broadcasting. He managed to pay all his creditors but made no attempt to collect the royalties that the manufacturers of the coils he had invented – now known as Tesla coils – should have paid him.

The rest of his long life was an anticlimax. The millions he expected to make never materialized because he could not get the backing he needed to develop his grandiose, fantastic-sounding ideas. He continued to work on all kinds of inventions (one of the most important was a rotary turbine engine) but few of them were successful.

A well deserved honor seemed to be coming to him in 1912, when it was announced that he and Edison had been chosen to share the Nobel prize for physics. Despite his need for money, however, Tesla refused the award and the $20,000 that went with it. He felt that Edison was an "inventor" while he himself was a "discoverer," and that to accept the prize would confuse the categories. Then, too, he resented the fact that Marconi (whose work on radio Tesla had anticipated) had received the same honor three years before it was offered to him.

In 1917 Tesla was offered the Edison medal, given each year by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for outstanding contributions to electrical art and science. Again he declined because he believed that the recognition had been too long delayed (30 years had passed, after all, since he had announced his AC system) and because he felt that the richly rewarded Edison would bask in reflected glory since the medal bore his name. Though Tesla was finally persuaded to accept the honor, he almost missed the presentation ceremony when he slipped away after the banquet to feed the pigeons around the New York Public Library.

During the 1920s the aging Tesla was almost forgotten. He was still inventing, but he found himself caught in a vicious cycle: He wanted to keep his discoveries secret until he had obtained patents, but he would not apply for patents until he had made actual working models, and he could not afford to make the models. Sometimes he was hard put to meet his personal expenses, and at one period he had to move from hotel to hotel because he was unable to pay his rent. But he remained optimistic and cheerful. He used to say that no one could understand how much satisfaction he received from knowing that the products of his brain had benefited man.

In the 1930s the startling announcement that Tesla had invented a death ray sent reporters scurrying to interview him. As early as the previous decade he had predicted (without foreseeing the atomic bomb) that in a few years it would be possible for nations to fight wars with weapons whose destructive action and range would have virtually no limit. Tesla implied, now, that he had devised a combination wireless-power transmission and death ray which was beyond anyone's wildest dreams. He never revealed the principle on which his device was based, but the United States Government (which had apparently ignored the military possibilities of Tesla's inventions) took no chances during World War II. A few hours after Tesla died, FBI agents came to his room, opened his safe and removed the papers it contained to see if they dealt with any secret weapons. What was found has never been revealed.

In 1938 Tesla claimed that he had developed a method for interplanetary communication that would allow the transmission of huge amounts of energy. Perhaps that is why it was suggested not long ago, now that space travel has become a distinct possibility, that the first space station be named for him. Again, he left no record of his interstellar theories or experiments.

The last half-dozen years of his life were made easier by a $7200 yearly grant from the Yugoslav government, which had established in Belgrade the Tesla Institute, a research laboratory opened in 1936 in honor of Tesla's 80th birthday.

Tesla, the aged genius

Still, he sometimes got behind with his hotel bills, often because of his generosity to those who did him even the slightest service or who appealed to him for help.

The softest side of his nature was reserved for the pigeons which he fed almost daily. Few people knew that the elderly man in the old-fashioned clothes, who scattered birdseed on the grounds of the New York Public Library or St. Patrick's Cathedral, was the once famous Tesla. If he was unable to make his usual rounds, he would hire a Western Union messenger boy to feed the birds. When the hotel management objected to the dirt brought by the flocks of pigeons, which had free entry to his room, he moved.

Not long before his death, which occurred on January 7, 1943, he confessed to an old friend that for one particular pigeon (a pure-white one with light-gray tips on its wings) he had felt the kind of love a man feels toward a woman. He had fed it and nursed it when it was sick, and when it died, he knew that his own work was finished. Thus Nikola Tesla had made the wisest discovery of his fabulous career – that man, even a superman of science, cannot exist without love. ♦

WHAT IS *Beauty*

by Durant Drake

THE PEOPLE who really care for beauty care for it in itself, and for what it contributes to human happiness, not because they think it part of a cosmic plan. Those who really love moral values—kindness, courage, sympathy, love and the rest—love them for their inherent worth, irrespective of who has taught them or how men have come to cherish them.

We objectify our emotions in very varying degree. The mystic usually attributes to God, or Nature, or the All the radiant glory of his ecstatic experience. The lover attributes to his beloved a loveliness which is but the outward embodiment of the rapture which resides in his own breast. When we speak of "somber" or "gay" colors we are, perhaps, aware that the depression or gaiety is our own; when we talk of a "serene" sky, or of "angry" clouds, we recognize the "pathetic fallacy." When objects awake emotion in us because of their relation to our practical needs, we are less apt to project our emotion into them; we do not call the letter "beautiful" that brings us good news, or clothing beautiful just because it keeps us warm. But when we listen with delight to music, we objectify our delight; the music, we say, is beautiful. When we look at a Gothic cathedral, a great painting or a glowing sunset, we project our emotion, and think of the building, the canvas, the mass of clouds and sky, as, in itself, possessing the attribute of "beauty."

Is beauty purely "subjective"? And if so, how can we say that

Man had a thirst he could not slake
With wine or water—
He had a hunger he could not still
With meat or bread—
A deep, dark need for Beauty
Went roiling through his head.

It assumed a thousand aspects,
And shapes, and forms and size,
He found it in a bee's wing—
It was in a maiden's eyes.
In a cool, smooth, rounded pebble,
In a polished grain of sand,
In a summer morning's shadow,
Cast long upon the land.
In a mountain pool of crystal
Reflecting flower and frond,
In the iridescent bubble-froth
From scum upon a pond.

But still insatiate, man yearned . . .

By a flowing spring of summer
He cut a long, thin reed,
And fit it to his avid mouth
And breathed his profound need.

From the hard, resisting sea-cliffs
He hewed a marble block,
And chiseled a cool white goddess
From the stern and solid rock.

Man's eye for beauty widened
For at the table where he fed
He found it in a glass of water—
It was in the homely bread.

So sentient, so awakened, he searches, searches . . .
—JEAN KRENZER

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE, THE LOUVRE

certain objects are "really" more beautiful than others? What right have we to speak of "standards" of taste? It is quite clear that the beauty which any one of us feels depends upon his capacities for emotional reaction, upon his state of health and his mood at the moment, upon his past history and particular personal associations. At different times in our lives we discover, as we say, new beauties in things; *i.e.*, we develop new susceptibilities, new emotional reactions.

We are so accustomed to thinking of certain well known objects as beautiful—the Parthenon, the *Venus de Milo*, the *Mona Lisa*—that we fail to realize how different our actual individual reactions are. We are ashamed if we do not feel their beauty; we distrust our own reactions; we try to educate ourselves to feel as others tell us they feel. We hesitate to say how thrilled we have been, say, by a simple song heard floating across a Venetian lagoon at dusk, and how bored we have been at a symphony concert. We are willing to admit, with Mark Twain, that classical music is really better than it sounds.

A little analysis, however, will make clear in what sense beauty is *subjective* and in what sense it is *objective*. It is subjective in the sense that it is not a quality or aspect of the physical things which we call beautiful, or a truth about *them*. It is an *effect*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety . . .
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Can honey distill such fragrance
as your bright hair—
for your face is as fair as rain,
yet as rain that lies clear
on white honeycomb,
lends radiance to the white wax,
so your hair on your brow
casts light for a shadow.
—HILDA DOOLITTLE

Kamachi has hair black as night
Without moonrise.
Her moth eyebrows and flower mouth
Bind me close to her as her brocade obi.
—JAPANESE

produced when observers contemplate them. The effect is produced, moreover, only under certain conditions. A building, for example, does not produce the beauty-effect when seen from an airplane, or when seen too close-to. It is only from certain points of view that it seems beautiful. Even the loveliest human body is not beautiful in all positions; some poses give awkward lines, as photographers well know. And the observer must be capable of appreciating the particular sort of beauty which can be felt in the object, and must be in the mood to appreciate it.

Only under favorable conditions does the beauty-experience arise. And unless it arises, there *is* no beauty. Beauty does not exist out there, waiting to be appreciated; it is *created* by a favorable conjunction of object and beholder.

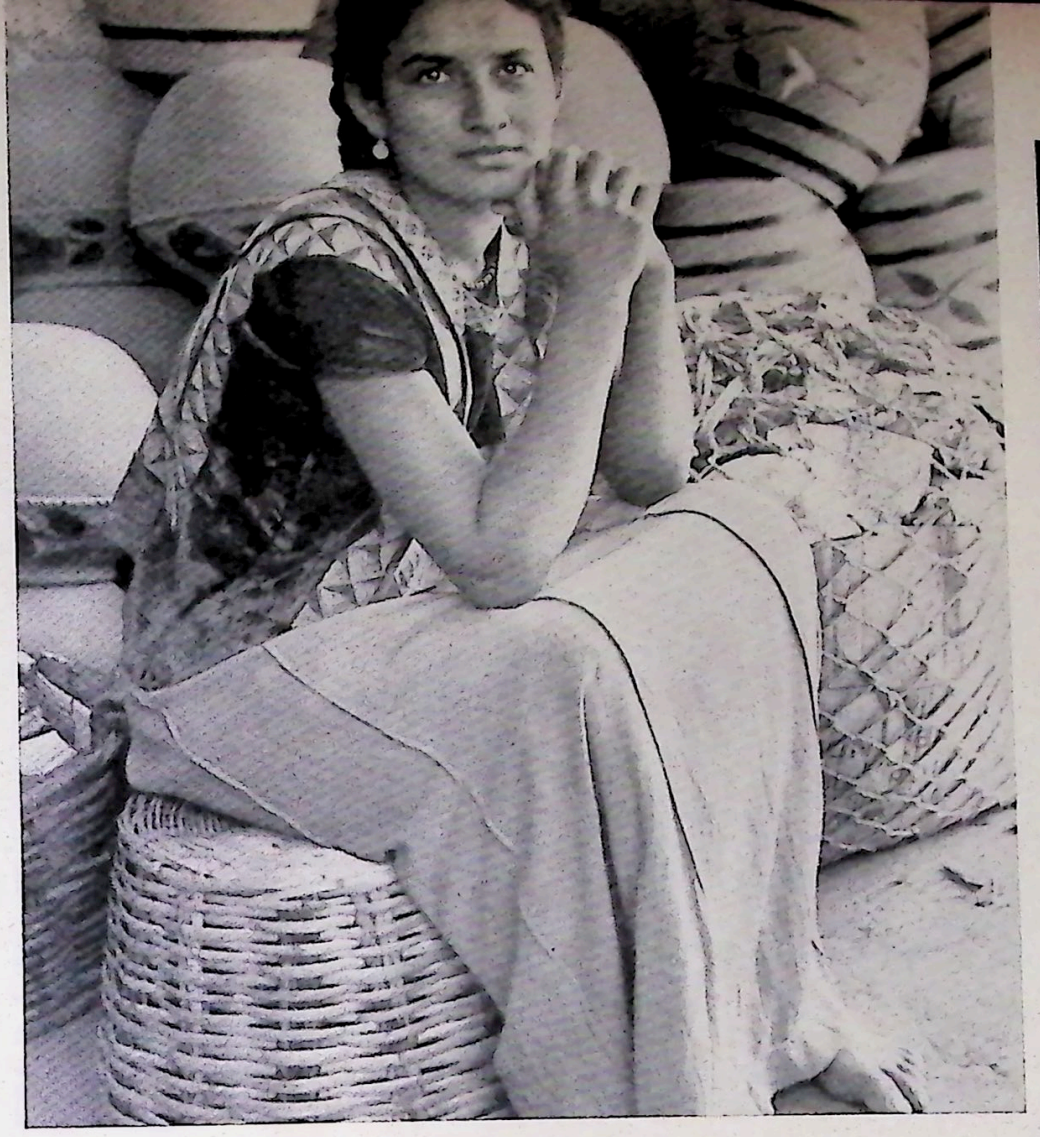
On the other hand, beauty is objective in the sense that it is only objects with certain characteristics which produce in observers the beauty-experience. It is possible to describe, at great length, just what combinations of line, form, color etc. will seem beautiful to the normal human observer. Thus we may speak of an object as being, in itself, beautiful, in the sense that it has a permanent potentiality of arousing a pleasant aesthetic experience in beings like us. Human beings are sufficiently alike to respond somewhat similarly to similar stimuli, and, therefore, to attribute beauty to the same objects and events.

But people differ a good deal in their aesthetic reactions. And when they differ, has anyone a right to claim superior validity for his taste? Some people like hurdy-gurdies, chromos and jazz; others like Bach and Italian primitives. True, "cultivated" people—*i.e.*, people with wide experience in a certain field, people who have observed certain types of art objects long and understandingly —are deferred to as "connoisseurs." We seek to "improve" our taste, to imitate the reactions of these experts. But why? If beauty is but the objectification of our pleasure in contemplation, why should we not be simply happy in whatever chances to give us pleasure? We are not ashamed of liking crackers and milk or boiled onions because some epicures prefer caviar and artichokes. Why should we be ashamed of preferring a popular song to a fugue of Bach's? Why should we call the standards of the art- and music-critics higher, or better, than those of any humble person who really enjoys what he enjoys?

The only answer is that the connoisseur has a richer, profounder enjoyment than the uncultivated man. We, too, are capable of that richer joy, and so we want to learn to see, to hear, to feel as he does. But the connoisseur must guard against the distorting effect of his moods and his merely personal associations if he is to give utterance to judgments which can be widely accepted. He must beware of first impressions, which are apt to be thus distorted, and study the object on various occasions. He must seek to understand as widely as possible the many aspects of objects which may provoke the beauty-experience. And even then, he must never be dogmatic. For no one man can feel all the possible aesthetic experiences that may be evoked in different observers by a simple object. And we who are seeking to broaden our bases of enjoyment must compare the verdicts of many critics and learn something from them all.

In all the arts there is a great variety of aims and effects. Different observers are sensitive to different effects, and the most gifted critic may quite miss an aspect of beauty that another feels. The differences of critics are mostly differences of emphasis and of interest, and need not blind us to the universality of aesthetic verdicts in their main outlines. ◆

O girl with antelope eyes
And breasts heavy
as the fruit of the mango,
You make a big fire in my belly.
—AFRICAN



No one is ever lonely when with you.
You are most beautiful.
—INDIAN

What man in living face
has seen such eyes,
Or such a lovely
bending of the head,
Or mouth that opens
to so sweet a smile?
—JACOPO DA LENTINO

Beauty! Thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny and there white;
Thou flatterer! which comply'st with every sight! . . .
—ABRAHAM COWLEY

So beauty passes ever out of reach,
Save to the heart where happiness is home.

There beauty walks, wherever it may be,
And paints the sunset on the quiet sea.
—ROBERT NATHAN

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm.
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream:
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth,
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man, and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

From the earliest days of man's tenure on earth, he has found it necessary to shape and reshape his surroundings. The house he makes to shelter him, the tools with which he gains his bread and every item of his daily living are formed as much by subjective tastes as by practical need. The early vessels he molded from mud to carry his water were also imprinted or painted, however crudely, to please some inner urge toward design and order. Although this Grecian urn and the modern silver vase and glassware are separated in time by 2000 years, all three share the virtues of grace and simplicity.

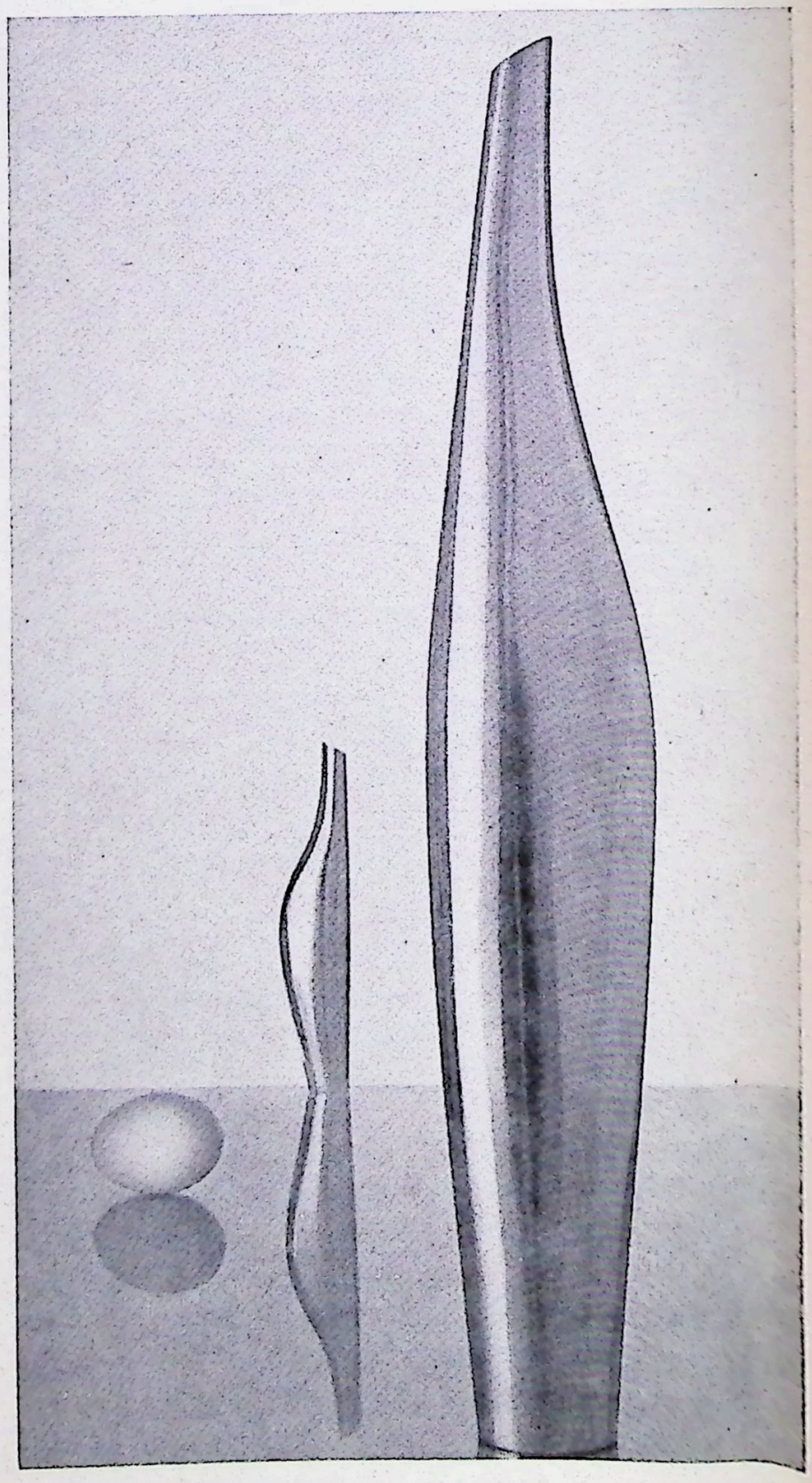
An Athenian vase, 4th century B.C.

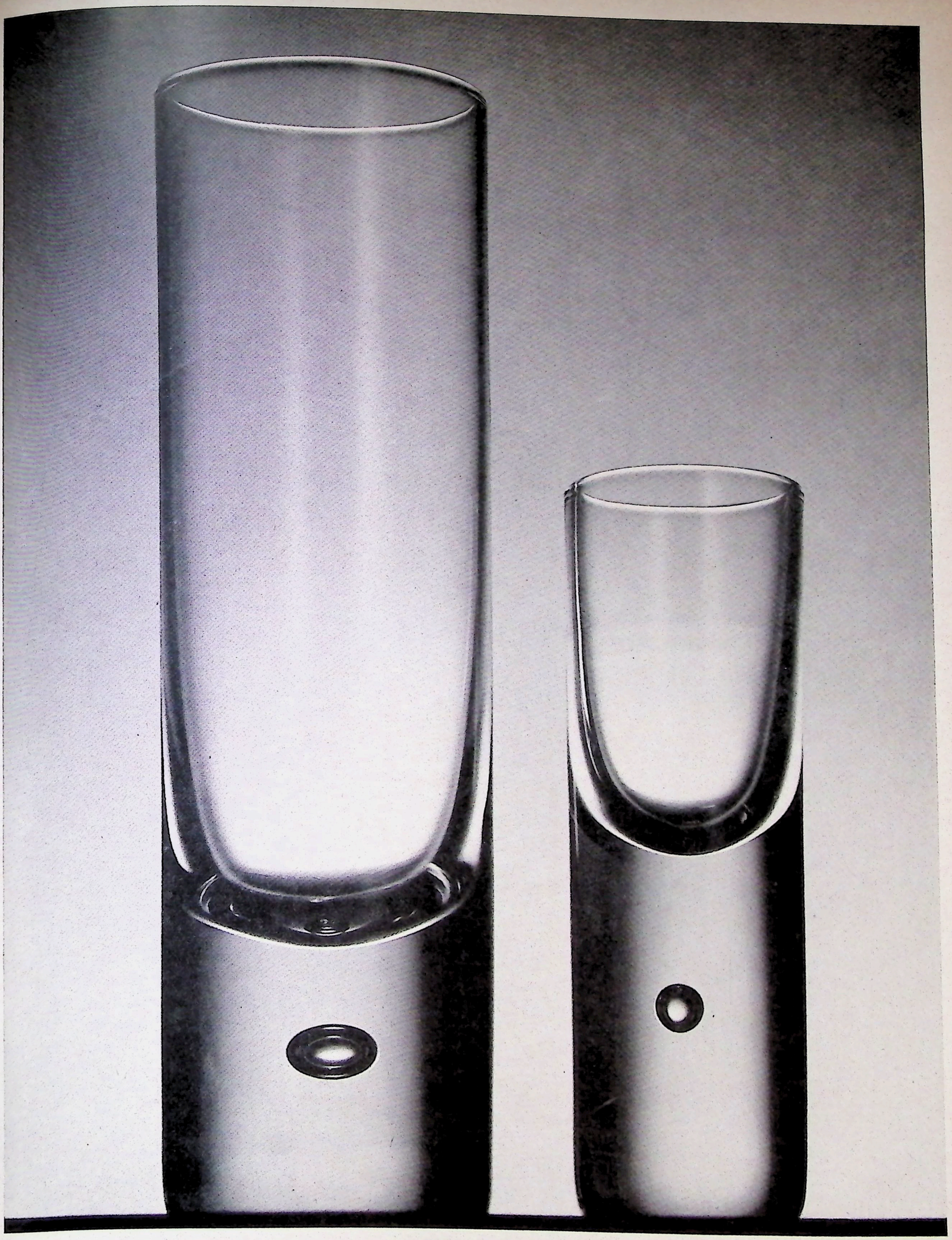
Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time . . .

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—JOHN KEATS

This silver vase by Tapio Wirkkala is included in the Smithsonian Institution's traveling exhibition "Finnish Crafts."





MODERN GLASSWARE

MOUNT RAINIER

Up its ramparts winds a trail
To a clover-meadowed vale,
High among the hills and woods
Locked in lonely solitudes.
Only wild feet can essay
The perils of that cragged way.

And here beneath the rugged shoulders
Of the granite cliffs and boulders,
In the valley of the sky
Where tranquil twilight shadows lie,
Hunted creatures in their flight
Find refuge for the night.

—LEW SARETT

CANADIAN ROCKIES

"I shall lift up mine eyes unto the hills
from whence cometh my strength . . . "

Beyond the great valley an odd instinctive rising
Begins to possess the ground, the flatness gathers to little
humps and barrows, low aimless ridges,
A sudden violence of rock crowns them. The crowded
orchards end; they have come to a stone knife;
The farms are finished; the sudden foot of the sierra. Hill
over hill, snow-ridge beyond mountain gather
The blue air of their height about them.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

SWISS ALPS

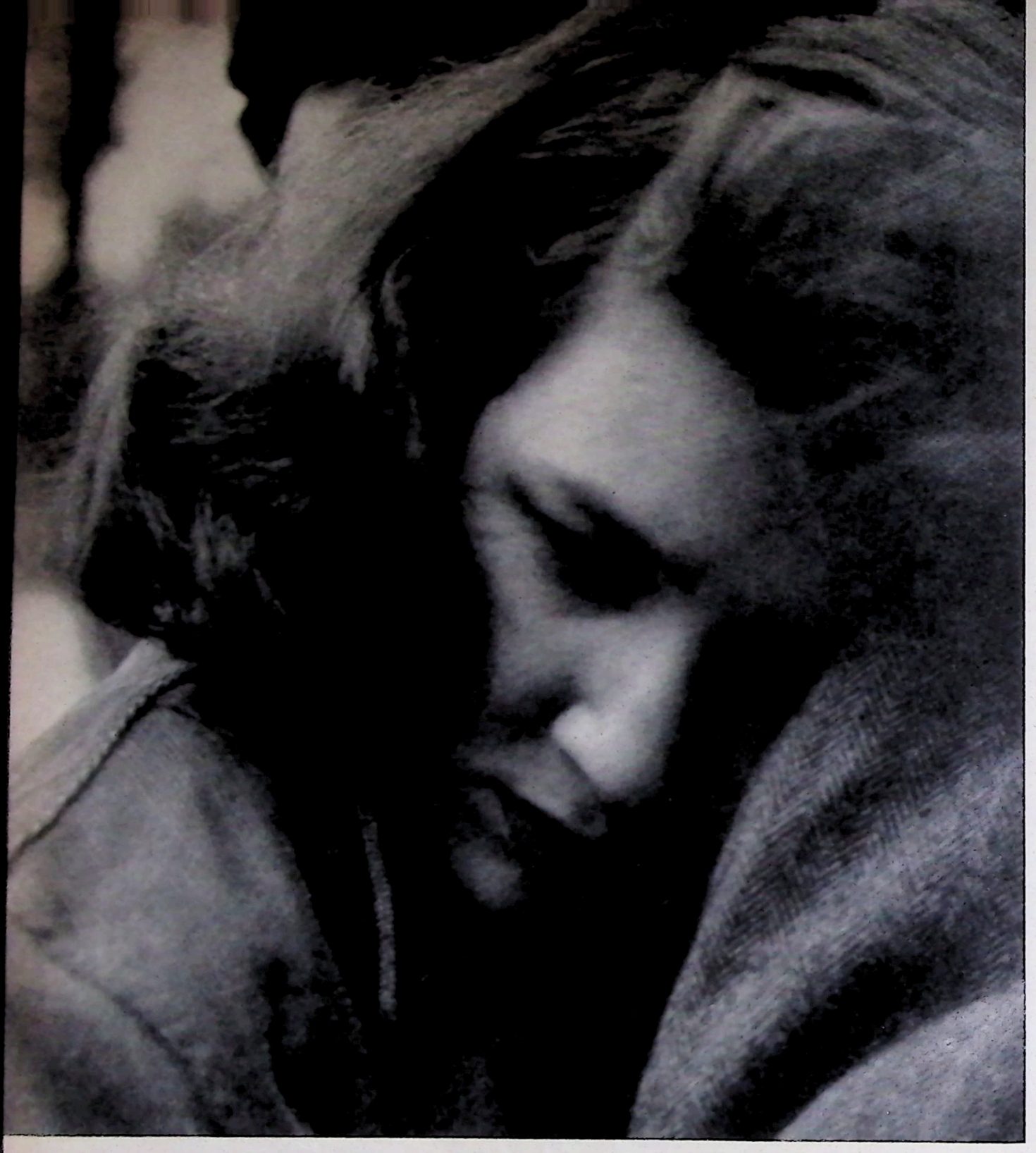
To the multitudes below these vapors appear, now as the dark haunts of terrific agents, on which none may intrude with impunity; and now all aglow, with colors not their own, they are gazed at as the splendid palaces of happiness and power.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Ye Pyramids of God! around whose bases
The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup;
And the unseen movements of the earth send up
A murmur which your lulling snow effaces
Like the deer's footsteps . . .

—JOHN RUSKIN

SPIRIT LAKE AND MOUNT SAINT HELENS, WASHINGTON



How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! And, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

"Lord, make my loving a guard for them
Day and night,
Let never pathway be hard for them;
Keep all bright!
Let not harsh touch of a thorn for them
Wound their ease—
All of the pain I have borne for them
Spare to these!"

So I would pray for them,
Kneeling to God
Night and day for them.

"Lord, let the pain life must bring to them
Make them strong,
Keep their hearts white though grief cling to them
All life long,
Let all the joys Thou dost keep from them
At Thy will
Give to them power to reap from them
Courage still!"

So I must ask for them,
Leaving to God
His own task for them.

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

Sketches
by Kaethe Kollwitz

The greatest poem ever known
Is one all poets have outgrown:
The poetry, innate, untold,
Of being only four years old.

Still young enough to be a part
Of Nature's great impulsive heart,
Born comrade of bird, beast and tree
And unself-conscious as the bee—

And yet with lovely reason skilled
Each day new paradise to build,
Elate explorer of each sense,
Without dismay, without pretense!

In your unstained transparent eyes
There is no conscience, no surprise:
Life's queer conundrums you accept,
Your strange divinity still kept.

Being, that now absorbs you, all
Harmonious, unit, integral,
Will shred into perplexing bits—
O contradiction of the wits!

And Life, that sets all things in rhyme,
May make you poet, too, in time—
But there were days, O tender elf,
When you were Poetry itself!

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

—JOSEPH CAMPBELL

Hers is the head upon which "all the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and molded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has molded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

—WALTER PATER

MONA LISA *by Da Vinci*

GIRL BEFORE A MIRROR *by Picasso*

Picasso
you give us Things
which
bulge: grunting lungs pumped full of sharp thick mind

you make us shrill
presents always
shut in the sumptuous screech of
simplicity

(out of the
black unbunged
Something gushes vaguely a squeak of planes
or

between squeals of
Nothing grabbed with circular shrieking tightness
solid screams whisper.)
Lumberman of The Distinct

your brain's
axe only chops hugest inherent
Trees of Ego, from
whose living and biggest

bodies lopped
of every
prettiness

you hew form truly

—E. E. CUMMINGS

Lamps outside the Rooms of
ulpture at the Louvre beckon
ers in the night to those who
come to feast upon the beauty and
art housed in this more-than-
year-old museum.

The art of man through the ages comprises an infinite commentary about himself—his mores, his ideals, his myriad subjective concepts of beauty. The sculpture of the rational and humanistic Greeks reflects the rule of logic and order, a lack of mysticism—and an adulation of the human body rendered in an easily recognizable form. The sculptures by the contemporary Brancusi (or the paintings by Picasso)—examples of modern concepts of beauty—illustrate the need of many of today's artists to distill their ideas into highly individualized, sometimes unidentifiable, forms.

MLLE. PAGONY *by Brancusi*

HEAD OF A GODDESS, FROM THE PARTHENON, ATHENS, 5TH CENTURY B.C.

What eyes have worshiped thee,
O passionless
Cold stone, thou darling beauty
of dead men
And buried worlds! What hearts
in those days when
Beauty was god have longed
for thy caress,
As, 'mid voluptuous feast
and wild excess,
They saw the dawn-light
of the eastern skies
Crimson that brow and kindle
in those eyes,
And felt their glutted passion's
emptiness.
And still thou mockest us,
O cruel stone,
And still thine eyes are gazing
far away,
Drawing out man's love that loves thee
all in vain.
Yea, to all time, thy beauteous
white lips say,
Love's deepest yearnings leave man
most alone,
And in man's deepest pleasure
there is pain.

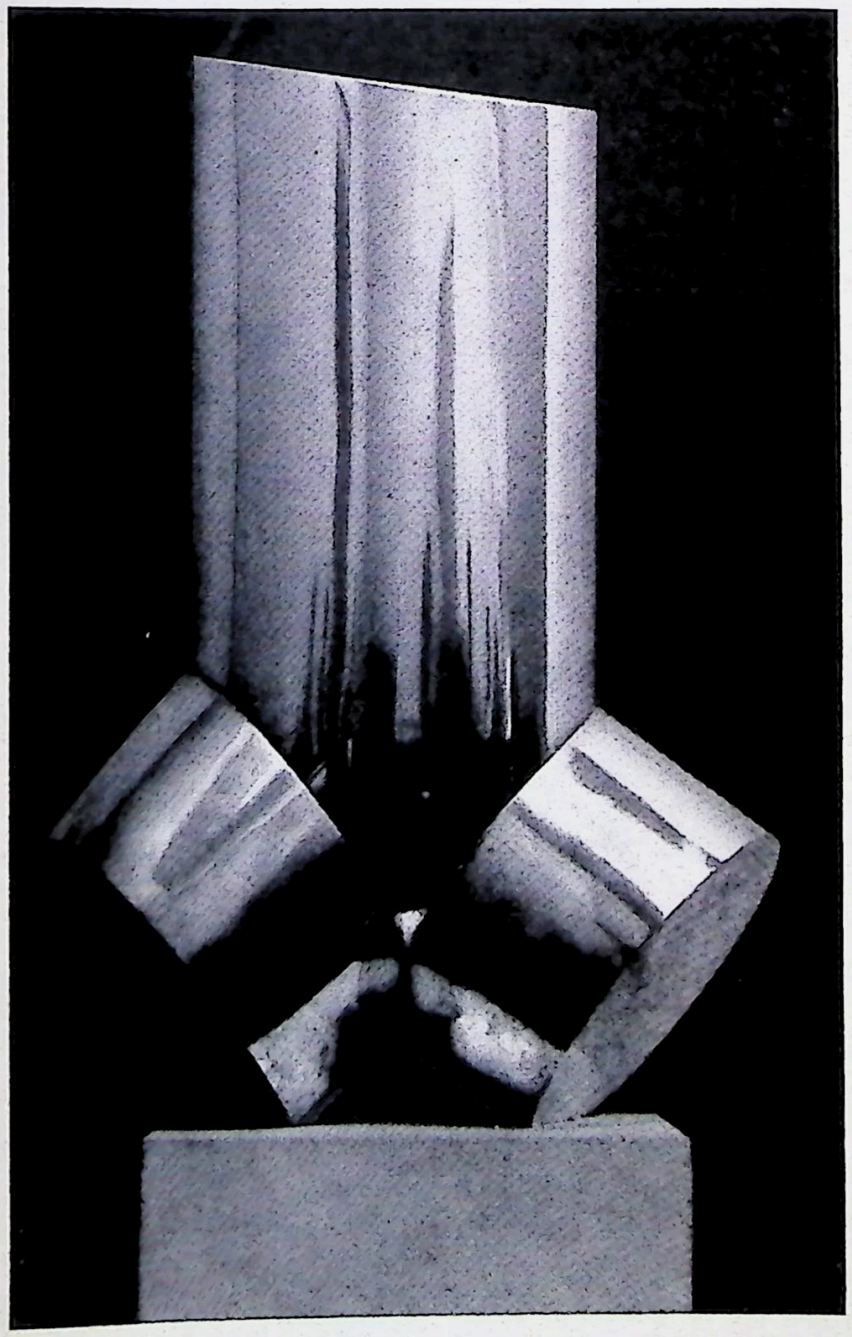
—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

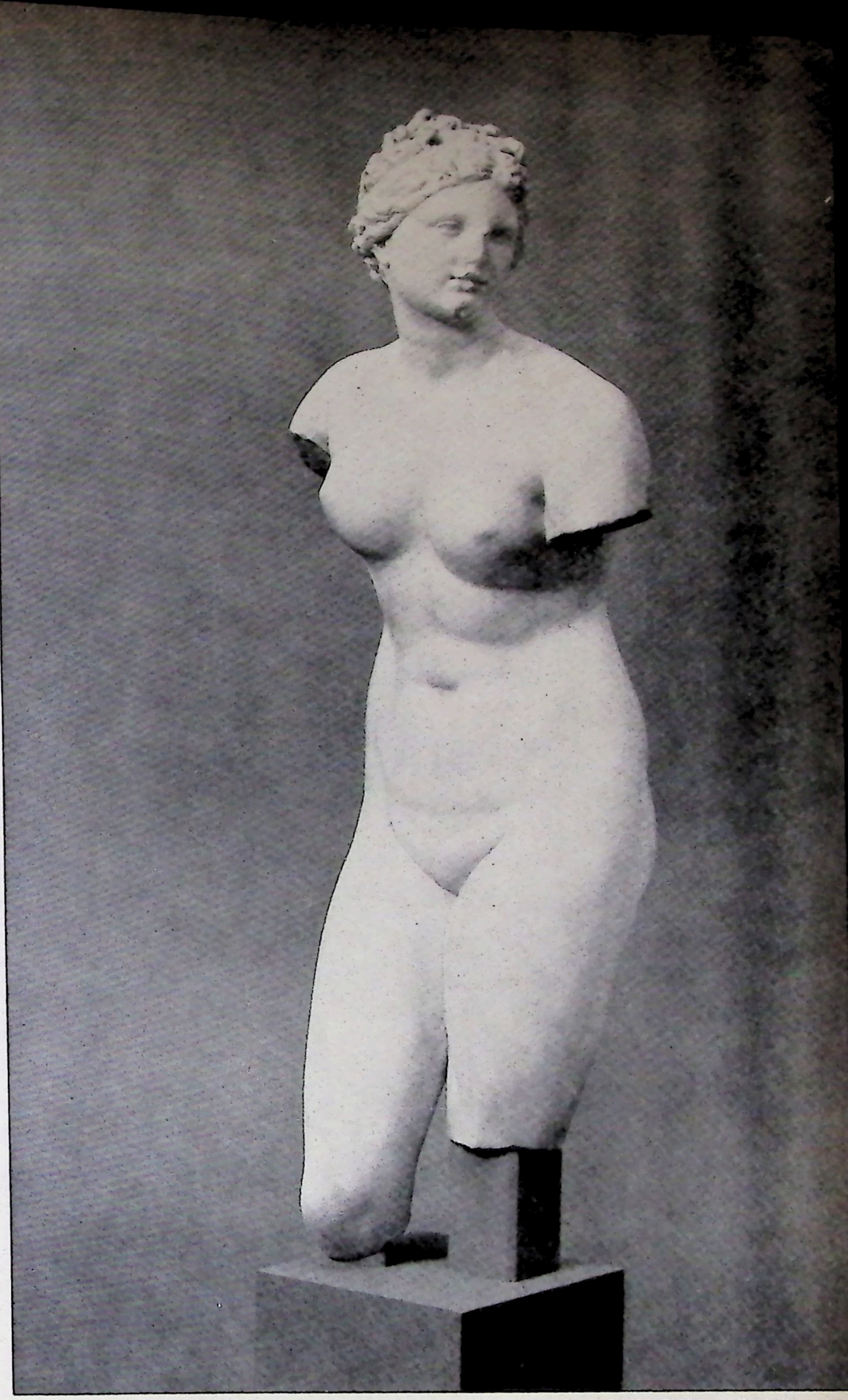
Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare.
Let all who prate of Beauty hold their peace,
And lay them prone upon the earth and cease
To ponder on themselves, the while they stare
At nothing, intricately drawn nowhere
In shapes of shifting lineage; let geese
Gabble and hiss, but heroes seek release
From dusty bondage into luminous air.

O blinding hour, O holy, terrible day,
When first the shaft into his vision shone
Of light anatomized! Euclid alone
Has looked on Beauty bare. Fortunate they
Who, though once only and then but far away,
Have heard her massive sandal set on stone.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

TORSO *by Brancusi*





APHRODITE, GREEK GODDESS OF LOVE

Lovely am I as dream in stone, O mortal!
My breast, where all mankind is bruised in turn,
Inspires the poet with love as taciturn
As rock; and like to rock, that love's immortal.

I tower like the sphinx in the blue deep;
Swan-whiteness and a heart of snow are mine;
I hate all movement breaking beauty's line,
And never do I laugh and never weep.

Before the noble poses that I seem
To borrow from proud statues poets will
Consume their days in study and in dream;

For I, to thrall those lovers and hold their gaze,
Have mirrors showing beauty purer still—
Mine eyes; great eyes with bright, eternal rays!

—PIERRE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Life? Butterfly

on a swaying grass, that's all...

But exquisite!

—SOIN

Swallow in the dusk...

Spare my littler buzzing friends
Among the flowers

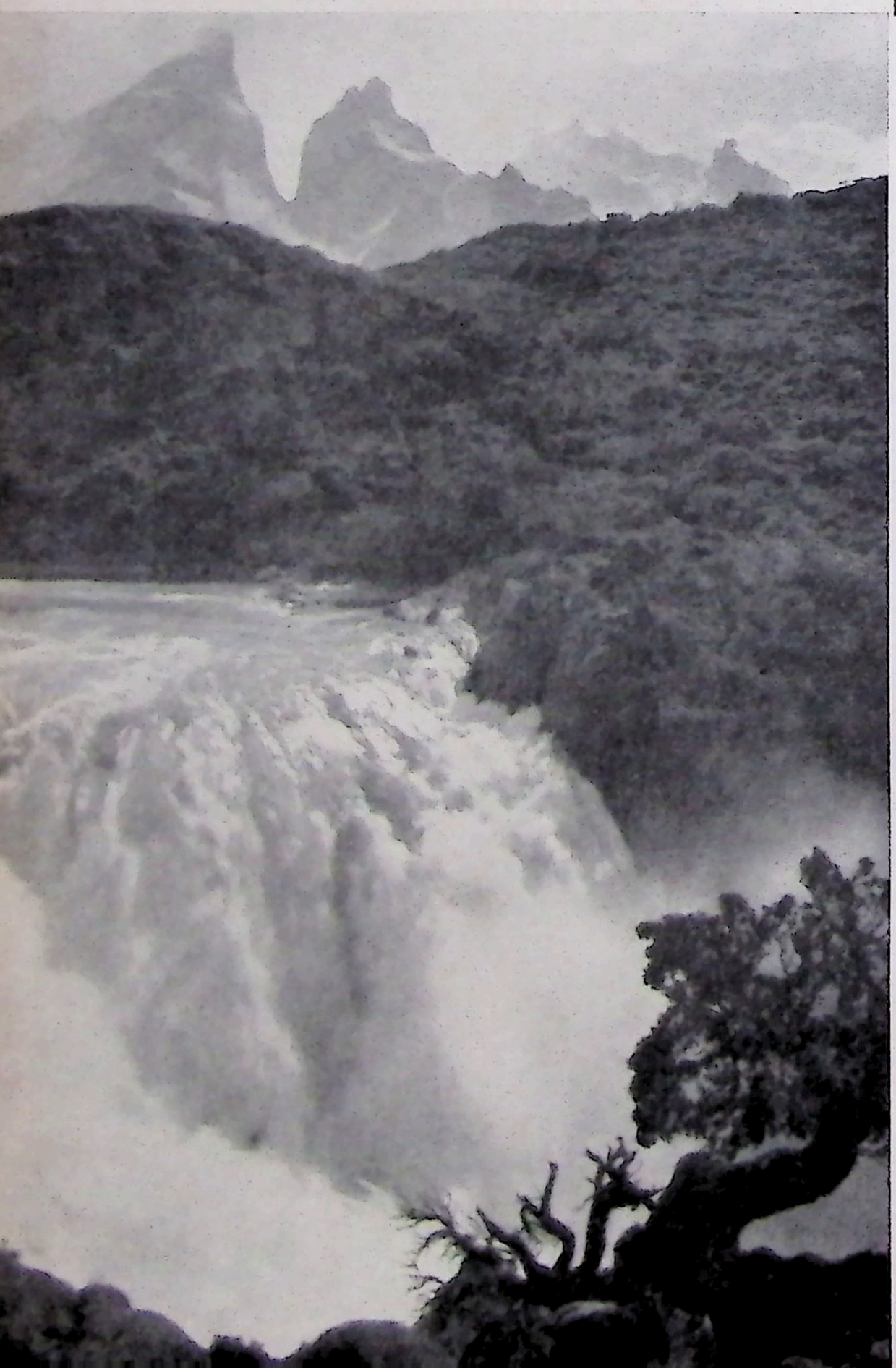
—BASHO

The world turns softly,
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms,
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver
And can hold the sky?

—HILDA CONKLING

With what deep murmurs through time's silent stealth
Doth thy transparent, cool, and wat'ry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose retinue stayed
Ling'ring, and were of this steep place afraid,
The common pass
Where, clear as glass,
All must descend—
Not to an end,
But quickened by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

—HENRY VAUGHAN



The sky is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man — more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him — than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not evident. There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

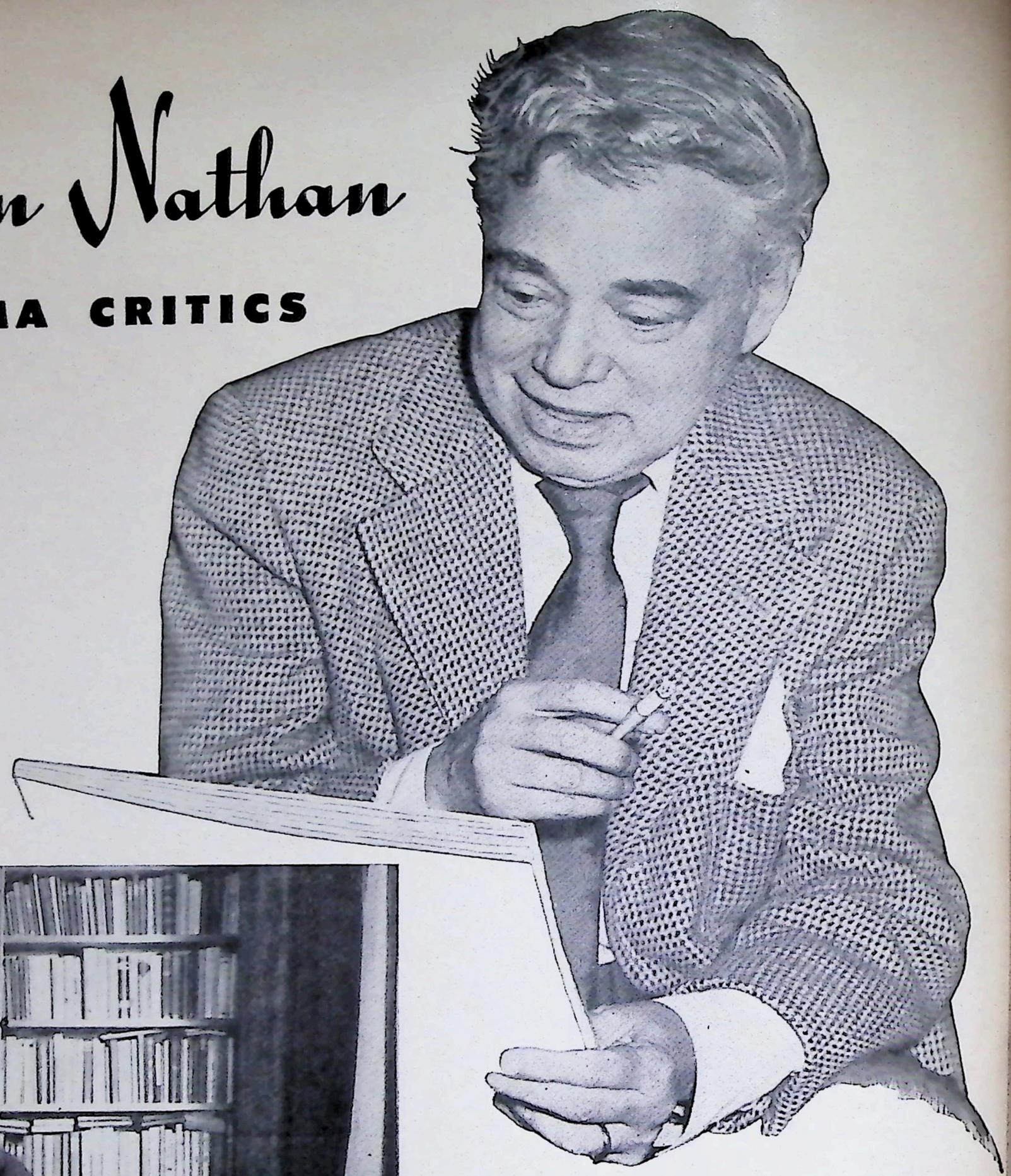
It is in quiet and unsubdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once; through these, the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

—JOHN RUSKIN

George Jean Nathan

DEAN OF DRAMA CRITICS

by Charles Angoff



George Jean Nathan, shown at left in a corner of his library, will be 75 years old this month. A drama critic since 1906, he has written reviews for such magazines as "Bohemian," "Harper's Weekly," "Liberty," "Saturday Review of Literature," "Esquire," "Scribner's," "Newsweek," the "New Freeman," "Puck," "Judge," "Life," "Vanity Fair" etc. He was founder and editor (with H. L. Mencken) of the "American Mercury," and (with Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, James Branch Cabell and Ernest Boyd) of the "American Spectator." He has contributed criticism to various newspapers and is the author of nearly 40 books ranging from "The Critic and the Drama" to "The Bachelor Life." A lone-wolf of criticism, he has had more influence singly than the combined critics of almost any "school." The eminent reviewer John Mason Brown calls him "a wretched guide but an excellent diagnostician . . . symbol of gaiety and irreverence."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN cannot properly be fitted into any critical or philosophical school. On occasion he practices the critical impressionism of James Huneker, but he can also be profoundly dialectical, as can readily be seen by examining *The Critic and Drama*, first published some 30 years ago and still one of the most searching works of modern dramatic criticism in English.

He has often donned the jester's cap with deliberate intent to bring forth smiles, laughter and howls, and thus has led the superficial to put him down as little more than a critical vaudevillian, but he has also revealed a knowledge of dramatic and general cultural affairs so thorough that it has won the admiration of the most learned academicians.

He has publicly acknowledged himself a hedonist, with personal pleasure as his only guiding principle, yet the day-to-day program of his life makes a mockery of his hedonistic philosophy; in point of fact, few writers work so hard and so conscientiously and with such iron self-discipline as he does. He claims to be indifferent to the generally accepted moral code, yet he lives by a very strict code himself, and that code is really not so different from the generally accepted one as he thinks. He has said some unfriendly things about America and Americans, but deep down in his soul he knows that he would be unhappy in any other country.

Nathan is in a class by himself. He is an American plus. Perhaps the late Ernest Boyd came closest to the truth about him when he said that Nathan was the most European American he had met here. He is Indiana (his birthplace) and Cornell (his college) and Philadelphia (long his mother's residence) and New York (his home for 50 years), but he is also the Vienna woods and Paris and London and Berlin.

Nathan's influence on the American theater during the past 30 years has been enormous. He, more than any other critic, was responsible for the emergence of the dramas of Eugene O'Neill, which first brought American dramaturgy to serious world attention. He also did much to bring the better European drama to this country. Bahr, Molnár, the Quinteros, Echegaray, Sierra, Pirandello, Lennox Robinson, Porto-Riche, Sacha Guitry, the Capeks, Georg Kaiser and a score of others owe whatever hearing they have had among us largely to Nathan. More recently, he has labored heroically in behalf of Sean O'Casey, of whom he has written with profound understanding.

What is the nature of drama as an art? It is "dancing literature; a hybrid art," says Nathan. Thus it is – and has to be – often an inferior art. "Art is an evocation of beautiful emotions; art is art in the degree that it succeeds in the evocation; drama succeeds in an inferior degree. Whatever emotion drama may succeed brilliantly in evoking, another art succeeds in evoking more brilliantly." Literature, music, even painting and sculpture are greater arts than drama. Yet great drama has a garden – and not so small a one – that it alone can properly cultivate, and that garden has not seldom given forth a beauty unsurpassed by that of any other garden.

"The drama," writes Nathan, "is an art with a feather in its cap and an ironic smile upon its lips, sauntering impudently over forbidden lawns and through closed lanes into the hearts of those of us children of the world who have never grown up. Great drama, like great men and great women, is always just a little sad. Only idiots may be completely happy. Reflection, sympathy, wisdom, gallant gentleness, experience – the chords upon which great drama is played – these are wistful chords." The aim of great drama? It is "not to make men happy with themselves as they are, but with themselves as they might, yet alas cannot, be."

Nathan, as has been said, does not subscribe to any particular theory of criticism. He believes that "there are as many sound and apt species of criticism as there are works to be criticized." The critic and the artist are, in a sense, collaborators. "Art is a partnership between the artist and the artist-critic. The former creates; the latter re-creates. Without criticism, art would of course still be art, and so with its windows walled in and with its lights extinguished would the Louvre still be the Louvre. Criticism is the window and the chandelier of art; it illuminates the enveloping darkness in which art might otherwise rest only vaguely discernible, and perhaps altogether unseen."

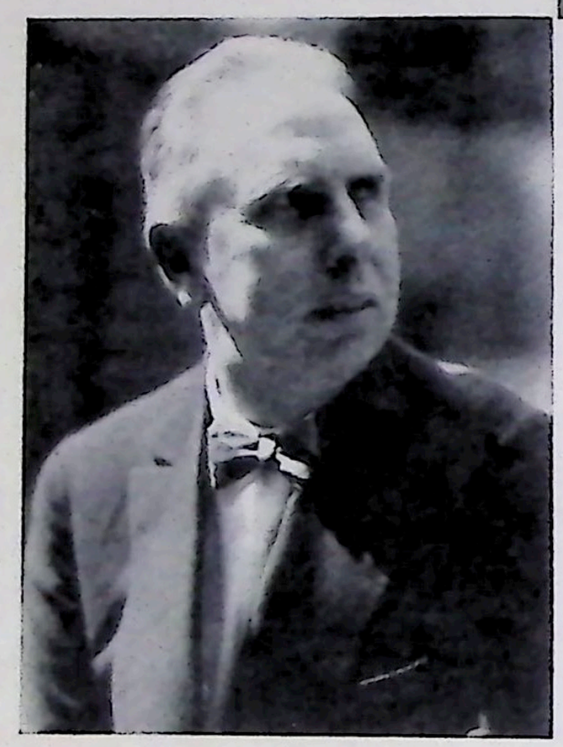
Nathan's own criticism is most highly personal. It is thoroughly honest in that it is a perfect reflection of his personality. Perhaps the only one at all like him was George Bernard Shaw when he wrote musical and dramatic criticism. But Shaw himself, after he left the critical arena, hailed Nathan as "Intelligent Playgoer Number One."

Like all good critics, Nathan can be read for himself, with little or no regard for the work or the writer he is writing about. His critical work has its own reason for being. Nathan has especially endeared himself to a host of readers by his utter lack of respectfulness, his persistent and wholly unmeasured childlike delight in saying precisely what is in his mind.

Nathan's evangelical labors in behalf of O'Neill are now historic. It is difficult to imagine what would have become of O'Neill if Nathan had not taken him in hand, so to speak, at the very beginning. He blew the trumpets for him season after season, badgered the Broadway producers to do him, shamed

Nathan and H. L. Mencken (left) were two of the most powerful figures in American journalism of the 1920s and '30s. When Nathan was offered the editorship of the "Smart Set" in 1914, he accepted only on condition that Mencken help. Mencken returned the favor 10 years later, with the "American Mercury." Lord Dunsany made his American debut in their pages; the earliest James Joyce writings to appear in this country were published by the two. They also made a few editorial excursions into more commercial magazines, all successful, but their interest in them was short-lived. The "Parisienne," "Saucy Stories" and the "Black Mask" are three of these forgotten ventures.

Eugene O'Neill was Nathan's friend for many years. While the playwright sometimes disliked his criticisms, Nathan was his strongest supporter.



Naturalistic novelist Theodore Dreiser found firm support in Nathan and Mencken, who never ceased to attack hypocrisy in American letters.

the Theatre Guild into sponsoring him, and then watched the momentum of all this tremendous effort win for O'Neill the Pulitzer prize and, eventually, the Nobel prize. While Nathan may have exaggerated O'Neill's claims to greatness, he has earned the enduring gratitude of the American people for tirelessly championing him.

Nathan has not often been guilty of what he calls "bloomers" of blindness or overenthusiasm. It is truly remarkable how well his judgments, by and large, appear to hold up. Probably no other critic has been "right" more often than he has. His ability to give the long-view judgment seems to be almost fabulous. He hailed good works by Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, George Kelly and Vincent Lawrence, among others, immediately, and for reasons that carry conviction many years later. And he was equally quick to damn feeble works by the same authors, and for reasons that also carry conviction to this day.

As the drama, like every other art form, is filled with a far larger number of inferior than superior claims to serious attention, Nathan has found it necessary very often to be severe in his criticism. Who can deny the truth of Nathan's oft-repeated assertion that "dramatic art in America for the greater part has become a playwriting business, and its practitioners are largely racketeers with a dramatic sales talk, devoid of anything remotely resembling literary taste, literary ability and literary education. Most of them read and act like pulp writers crossed with telegraph key men."

One of Nathan's pet dislikes is Noel Coward, who, he has said, "has nothing to sell but his own vast personal boredom." Another pet dislike is Clifford Odets, all of whose works (with the exception of *Awake and Sing*) impress him as little better than merchandise. One other dramatist whom Nathan cannot stomach is T. S. Eliot. *The Cocktail Party* was hailed as a masterpiece of drama, philosophy and verse by most American and British critics. To Nathan it was, "plainly, bosh sprinkled with mystic cologne," and so "excessively windy" that "it might have profited Eliot if he had heard Joe E. Lewis's song, 'Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long.' "

The name of H. L. Mencken has loomed so large in the world of quality journalism, and rightly so, that that of Nathan, his editorial colleague for nearly 20 years, has been partly overlooked. Nathan's contribution was also significant. It was Nathan chiefly who engineered most of the deals with which the names of the two of them were associated in the first two decades of the century. Nathan invited Mencken to be his coeditor on the *Smart Set*. As first reader on the *Smart Set*, Nathan "discovered" James Joyce's *Dubliners* for America, and he also selected Somerset Maugham's short story "Miss Thompson," which he saw as wonderful play material – though Maugham himself ridiculed the idea. This is the story that eventually became the play *Rain*. Mencken, of course, contributed enormously to the magic of the *Smart Set*, but the effervescent quality of the magazine, the magnificent abandon and the bohemianism (in the best sense) were, it seems, chiefly Nathan's.

When Mencken began to introduce politics into the *Smart Set*, Nathan became alarmed. He had no interest in politics himself, and he also felt that the *Smart Set* was no place for it. Mencken did not agree, and continued to pour in political comment. The disagreement became a rift, and the rift became far more pronounced on the *American Mercury*, which they coedited in the 1920s. As Mencken's interest in politics grew,

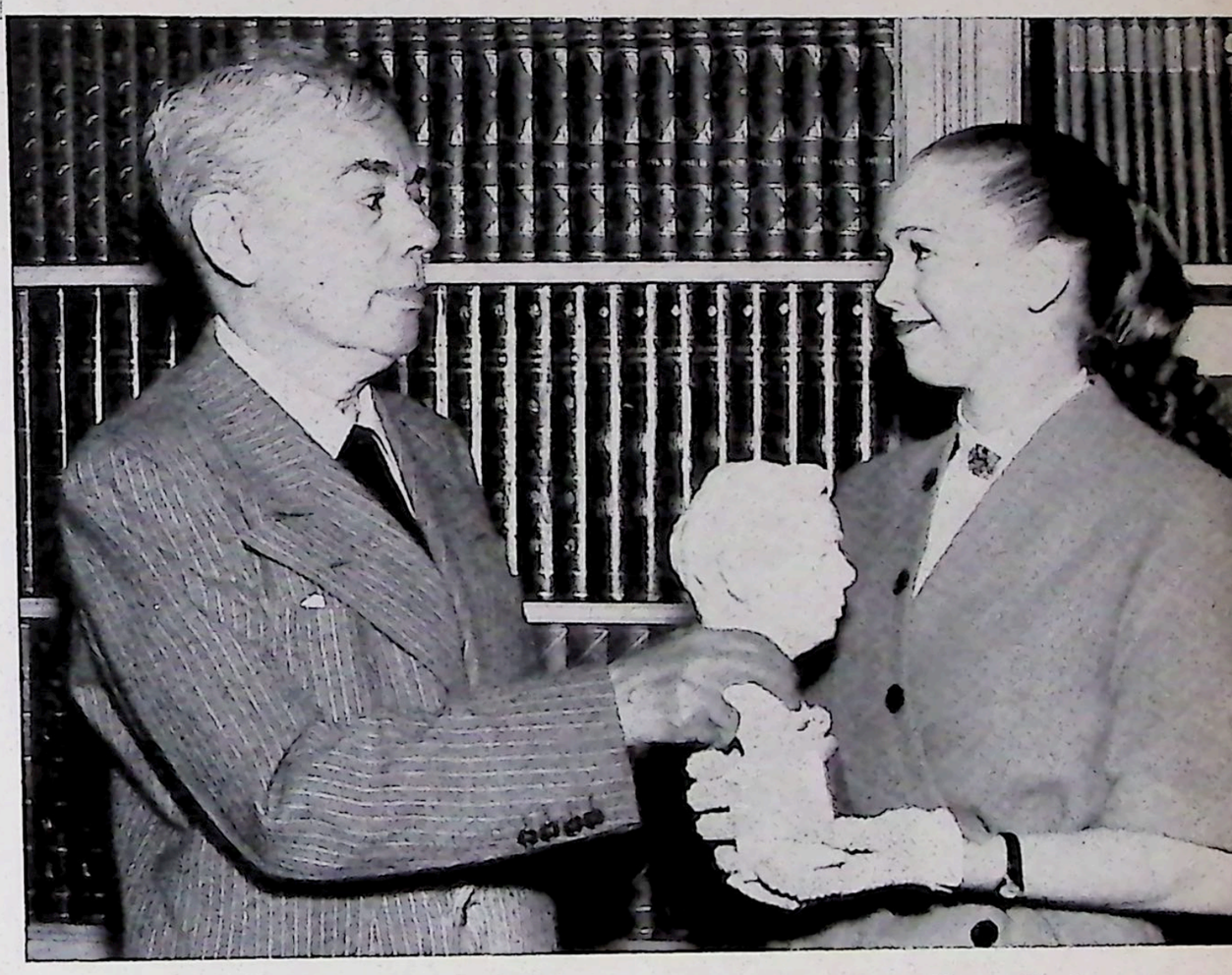
While Mencken's influence declined during the two decades preceding his death last year, Nathan's has remained more constant. The two men are shown here in a New York club, perhaps recalling the days when they were the self-imposed arbiters of American manners and culture. Their common scorn for so many aspects of contemporary American life led one parodist to refer to "Nathan, Mencken and God." Their relations were normally amicable, sometimes uproarious and more than occasionally bibulous. Dissimilar in tastes, they nevertheless collaborated for more than a decade, and Nathan remained a contributor to the "Mercury" after withdrawing as editor.

he wanted more and more to turn the *Mercury* into a political organ. There was a battle between the two editors when Nathan brought in O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. Nathan looked upon this play as an editorial gift from Heaven, but Mencken was against printing it altogether on the ground that it did not belong in the *Mercury*. The play was published, but it only highlighted the sharpening divergence between them. Not long afterward, because of this fundamental difference of opinion, the two men parted forever as editorial collaborators.

Nathan has written at great length about the man-woman relationship in all its forms. "What a man looks for in a woman," says Nathan, "is something, I daresay, like a good piano minus the loud pedal. What he looks for is tone, modulation, essential precision, music that is well composed, soft and lovely." The woman of real life, he feels impelled to say, is nothing but a doll, a toy. Nathan cannot understand any man who seeks any serious form of intellectual companionship in a woman, because he finds no evidence that women have real intelligence. They have only "emotional intelligence."

Nathan's attitude toward love is a compound of youthful cynicism and impatient despair. He is all for it, so to speak, but he never forgets that it's a snare and a delusion, as lovely as the rainbow and no more to be relied upon. In his 30s Nathan's heart leaped at the sight of a pretty girl, and he sang tender songs to her as he saw her pass him in the boulevards of the world, especially in Paris and Berlin. Love, for a man perhaps even more than for a woman, is a variable thing. The type of woman one loves at 30, says Nathan, is certainly different from the type of woman one loves at 40 or 50. Love is about as eternal as a treaty of perpetual peace signed between two nations. "It is possible a man may love only one woman in his life. So, for that matter, it is equally possible that a man get through life with only one pair of trousers."

Nathan's work bristles with epigrams and paradoxes. In this respect he might be called, up to a point, the American Oscar Wilde. But the writer whose general outlook is most like Nathan's is Somerset Maugham. Both have made almost a personal religion of their utter indifference to mankind. Both boast of their concern only for themselves, of their dominating



Nathan is shown here presenting his annual "Georgie Award" to Barbara Cook, a leading lady of the Broadway musical "Plain and Fancy."

interest in the shimmer and dazzle of living, of their frankly cruel disregard for the miseries that perennially afflict the vast, silent majority of the two and a half billion men and women upon the earth. "What interests me in life," says Nathan, "is the surface of life: life's music and color, its charm and ease, its humor and its loveliness. The great problems of the world – social, political, economic and theological – do not concern me in the slightest . . . What concerns me alone is myself, and the interests of a few close friends. For all I care the rest of the world may go to hell at today's sunset." Nathan's motto is "Be indifferent." He looks upon society as designed solely for the pleasure and comfort of the aristocratic minority. "Life, as I see it, is for the fortunate few – life with all its magic lanterns, and sudden, lovely tunes and gay sadness."

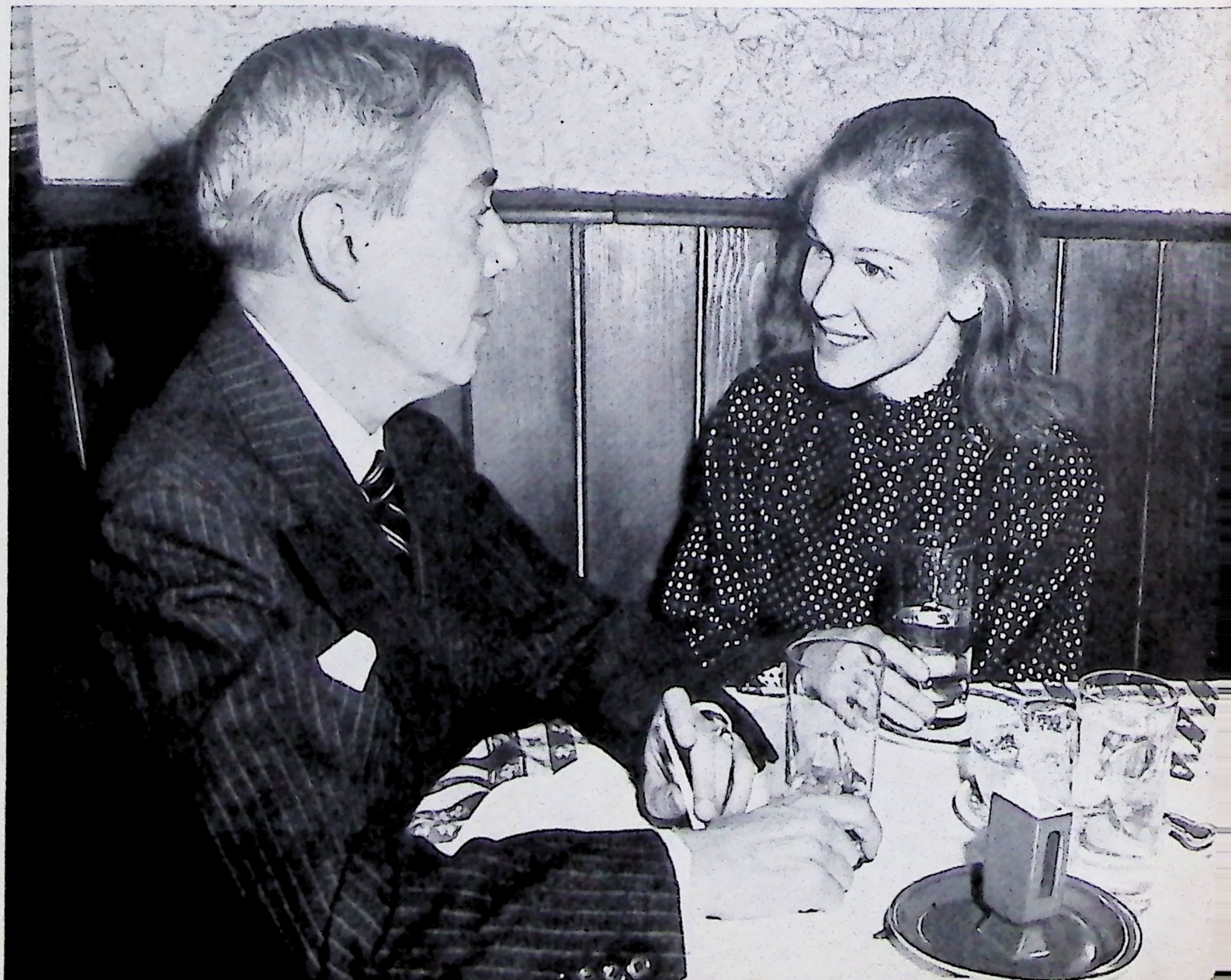
Nathan admits that the life of the aristocratic minority is subject to the laws of despair and disillusionment. Indeed, this despair and this disillusionment form the only democracy Nathan believes in. The paradise of the late teens and 20s is a fool's paradise. "After 30, the individual's pleasures fall into the

pigeonholes of his set predilections . . . He finds soon or late they are in themselves very much of a piece and that each is but a recurrent echo of its former self. And presently each quondam pleasure becomes a stereotyped thing, to be undertaken, at best, in the half-light of duty; and the indulgence in each of them becomes more and more irksome and peace-disturbing."

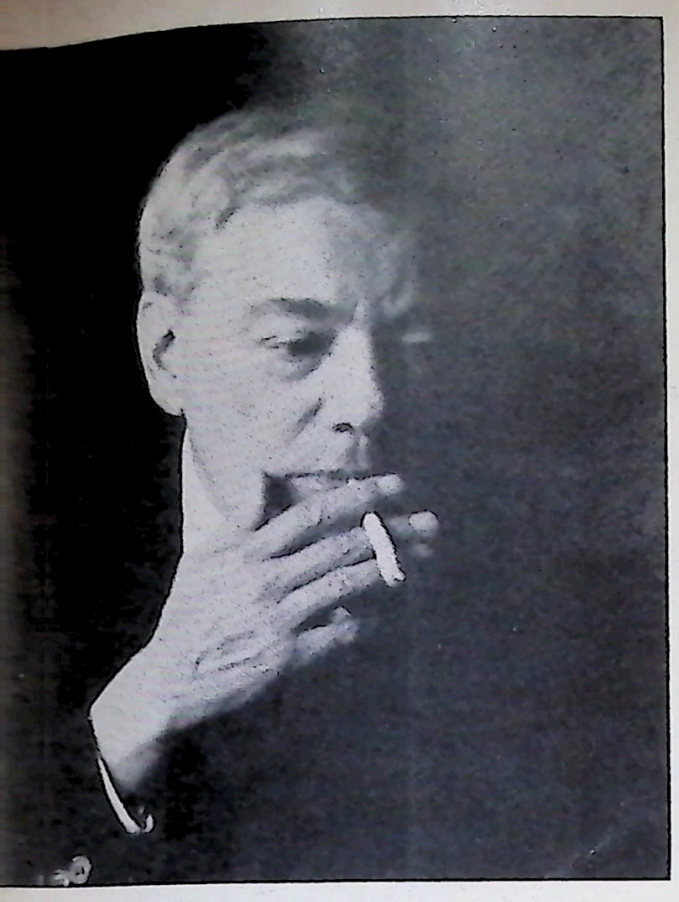
Not long ago I visited Nathan when he had a spell of illness. He had lived in the same hotel since 1906, when he began writing dramatic criticism, and in the very same apartment for the past 28 years. It looked like an ancient and honorable and wonderful second-hand bookstore. Books and pictures were all over – piled high on chairs and on the floor. There were busts of Nathan himself serving as doorstops, there were plaques on the walls, some probably dating back to his fencing days at Cornell, others, gifts from cultural and not-so-cultural organizations. There was a huge papier-mâché Indian head, standing on a table, close by a group of wineglasses that he must have gotten two or three decades before. Hard by a window was a heavy and wonderfully large writing table, piled with papers and pens and penciled notes. (Nathan writes all his things in longhand and then has the script typed by a professional.)

Not used to illness, Nathan felt talkative and I kept my silence most of the time. He talked about F. Scott Fitzgerald (why in his opinion *The Great Gatsby* was an inferior book); Sean O'Casey ("Did you notice the violinist in his eyes?"); television and particularly the current queens in the field ("They have voices like cash registers or calliopes" and "Imagine the romantic appeal of a girl selling an automatic washing machine!"); radio breakfast-programs ("The husbands should get annual Nobel prizes for Christian kindness"); what veils do to dancing girls that tights can never do; the very sad state of quality periodical journalism in the United States and the reasons for this; the last letter he received from Bernard Shaw ("That really made me feel good!"); how he met a female author whom he discovered on the *Smart Set* years ago ("She can't write any more, but she still has ink on her fingers, and I wonder how it got there"); a practical joke with embarrassing results that he and Mencken had played on one of their more gullible publishers some 20 years before; why freckle-faced girls should be taken more seriously than they have been; how wonderful some of O'Casey's unproduced plays were and how sad it was that New York producers had not yet taken them up; the virtues of both vegetarianism and meat-eating; the continuing inferiority of the works of Clifford Odets; the last tragic days of Ernest Boyd ("Remember the article he wrote for the *American Spectator* in which he said that adultery is preferable to multiple matrimony?"); a good nerve tonic; the ravages of neuralgia (which had troubled him for 40 years); the prospects for the Yankees next season (Nathan had just become a convert to the cause of this American League club); the immeasurable superiority of the writer's life to that of any other on the globe; the charm of some of the early short stories of Edith Wharton and Willa Cather; Somerset Maugham as a writer and as a man; Nathan's and Mencken's difficulties in escaping the nonliterary demands of the illiterate females who vainly yearned to appear in the *Smart Set* ("With the most insistent ones we used to make dates at certain trees in Central Park and never show up"); James Boswell's strange combination of lechery and piety; Roxy's degrading influence on American entertainment; how to judge a girl's mind ("Ask her how she would get to the Grand Central Station; if her answer is fifty percent correct, she is intelligent enough"); and several other subjects.

When I left him I felt refreshed. He has the true artist's magnificent irrepressibility of spirit. He has added an engaging liveliness to the American scene. He has been a definite force in our cultural life. He will be remembered for a long time. ◆



Having found "the right girl at last," bachelor Nathan was married at 73 to 45-year-old actress Julie Haydon. The ship's captain performed the wedding on their honeymoon cruise to the West Indies. Mrs. Nathan appeared on Broadway in Tennessee Williams's "The Glass Menagerie," and has worked in several important television shows.



THE CRITIC AS A BLACK SHEEP

by George Jean Nathan

THE BELIEF that a critic beset by one malaise or another is bound to be influenced by his personal discomfort against a play which duty compels him willy-nilly to review is but one of a number of fallacies shared alike by producers, playwrights and volunteer secular diagnosticians. The fact of the matter is that, instead of influencing a critic against what he has to review, his indisposition influences him rather in its favor, and for a reason that even the amateur psychologist may determine.

When the critic for one cause or another finds his physical and mental vivacity not what it should be, he, like any other man, is inclined to be self-apologetic and in that mood far from contentious. He is induced by his enfeebled state to resign himself for the time being to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, to let things slide and to avoid anything in the way of discommoding argument. The mere consciousness of so little as a pimple on his nose has been known to humble a man's self-assurance in the presence of another man or, more particularly, woman whom otherwise he would flee as he would the plague. Any critic who has been practicing for any length of time knows that the less fit he feels the greater his disposition to be easy on what he reviews.

Unfavorable criticism is ever thought to have a dubious wellspring or motive. The clichés are numberless: The critic is a disappointed playwright. The critic employs criticism as a derrick for his little ego. The critic is a failure who seeks to vent his spleen on others who have succeeded. The critic is a homely creature who dislikes an actor who is handsome. The critic is against an actress because she has won a role coveted by an actress of whom personally he is fond. The critic is a drunkard on the score that he enjoys a Martini before his dinner. The critic has dined well before the show and a decent meal notoriously corrupts the brain etc.

It is further sometimes charged against the critic that his reviews tend toward one extreme or the other, that they are either comprehensively laudatory or comprehensively detractory, and that seldom if ever do they allow anything to the middle ground. The charge is often true, but its truth is retroactively foolish. There are various plays that are completely bad, plays with no slightest redeeming qualities, and the only honest manner in which to review them is to say just that, flatly. There are, as well, plays that are wholly admirable and qualifications of their admirableness are simply the gesture of critics who wish to be arbitrarily different and thereby attract some attention to themselves.

A still further charge is that the critic is prejudiced in favor of certain kinds of drama and just as prejudiced against other kinds. Again, true. But prejudice, if sound, is what gives the critic his standing. Every man, whatever his calling, acquires prejudices based on experience, so why not the critic? There are, obviously, silly prejudices as well as sound, but the former soon betray and defeat their merchants. Prejudices which are the consequence of critical education are among the most forceful weapons in the critic's arsenal. Show me a critic without prejudices and I'll show you an arrested cretin.

A third allegation is that the critic, too often, aims to be clever and witty instead of being straightforward and simple, and that this is deplorable. How and why it is deplorable is hard to make out. A review is intended to be read and if cleverness and wit will help it to be read, so much the better. The theory, moreover, that cleverness and wit may not be reconciled with forthright honesty is kin to one which would maintain that intelligence is best if expressed dully and that judgment is most acceptable if recorded in glassy writing.

We hear that the critic should efface himself in his criticism and not, as is the practice of some, employ it in part as a personal show-window. The contention is that of other critics who hope to make acceptable their own lack of any personality by decrying it in their betters. Anyone who uses criticism as a personal show-window must have the goods to display in it or soon go out of business. A good critic can no more keep his personality and all it stands for out of his criticism than he can keep it out of his speech, his politics or his love-making. Impersonal criticism, if there can be such a thing, is like an impersonal fist fight or an impersonal marriage, and as successful.

It is also the habit to look askance at the critic who contradicts himself. Such contradiction is held to be the mark of an insecure and untrustworthy mind. It should rather be the habit to look askance at the critic who does not occasionally contradict himself. Contradiction may as well be the offspring of increased education, experience and perception as it may be of the vacillation induced by ignorance. The critic who stubbornly adheres to original statement is sometimes like a bulldog which gluttonously clings to a rubber bone.

There is, finally, it need scarcely be repeated, a distaste for any man who sets himself up as a critic of other men and their works. It is not for me to argue its justice or injustice. But the terms in which it customarily vents itself are too often questionable. There surely must be better arguments lying around somewhere; I myself, indeed, can think of some honeys, though I shall here wisely keep them to myself.

If the critic pens sweet words about a pretty new young actress, even one of unmistakable talent, it will be said of him that he is a sentimental mark when it comes to the fair sex. If he has no taste for cheap, soapbox propaganda in drama, it will be claimed against him that he knows nothing of what is going on in the world and that his interests are confined to the world of Broadway. If he reviews a succession of miserable plays exactly for what they are, he will be accused by their producer of conducting a vendetta against him, inspired by unstated but darkly implied motives. And, if by any chance he rises to any eminence in his profession, the gossip columns will not let an opportunity pass to make him ridiculous in one way or another and to minimize what esteem people may conceivably have for him.

He is, in short, a black sheep – in a pack of jackasses. ♦

ULCERS

The Price of Tension

by Marguerite Clark

DOCTORS AGREE that among the ulcer sufferers, who wear the "wound stripes of civilization," you will find the go-getter, the promoter, the manager, the executive and the organizer. "There is at least one ulcer on every board of directors," is a common expression.

Actually, there are more peptic ulcers (those in the duodenum, the first few inches of small intestine at the stomach's exit) among cab drivers and bus drivers, railroad engineers and others who must express a steady and intense "drive" in their daily lives than in any other occupation.

Almost anyone can have ulcers. They have been seen in babies less than a month old, and in elderly folk in their 70s and 80s. The most susceptible victims seem to be between 30 and 40; at least 90 percent of all peptic ulcers are diagnosed after the age of 20. Peptic ulcers, in the duodenum, happen 10 times more frequently than gastric ulcers, those in the stomach itself. For some reason, all ulcers grow worse in the fall and spring and are better in the winter and summer months.

Whether or not he recognizes his stomach troubles, the ulcer patient is a special type, both in appearance and in behavior. In his famous study of constitutional body and personality types and the various diseases, Dr. George Draper of Columbia University gives this precise description: "The ulcer type has a long face, long teeth, long, narrow chest, a long body. He is better adjusted to mental than to physical work."

This description does not always apply, of course. The short, fat, phlegmatic man can and does have ulcers. Nor does it presuppose any great creative mental ability in all ulcer sufferers. But ulcers are more prevalent in the thin, wiry, nervous man engaged in some "mental" occupation.

The one common trait in ulcer victims is emotional instability. The ulcer type takes life the hard way; he is upset over every little irritation; sorrows which most men shake off gnaw at his heart for years; injustices rankle; he hides deep resentment over many things under the brisk, efficient mien of the successful citizen. Ever striving to excel, the ulcer sufferer will not admit defeat.

All this is about men. For ulcers are mainly a man's disease. Among adults up to 45, three out of four cases will be men. Men get their peptic ulcers in their 40s, as a rule; ulcers develop in women in their 30s and almost inevitably when the patient is a "career woman" engaged in business or a profession. If she marries and becomes a housewife, the ulcer usually quiets down, often permanently.

This ulcer sex-difference calls for an explanation. It may be due simply to the fact that men more often than women are in situations where they face stress. But the influence of sex hormones themselves may be important. Recent research leads doctors to believe that female sex hormones may be a protection against ulcers.

The changing pattern of female sex hormones during the life cycle throws some light on this mystery. The stomach ulcer rate increases after the menopause, but pregnancy seems to work against ulcers. Active ulcers are seldom diagnosed in women when they are carrying their children. Also, in women with active ulcers, symptoms often subside when they become pregnant. In one case, a woman had a duodenal ulcer which did not respond to ordinary rest and medicine. But during seven successive pregnancies, her symptoms disappeared. Finally, two years after her last child was born, the woman's ulcer recurred, and with such uncontrollable severity that she had to have surgery.

Male or female, the typical ulcer types fall into three groups. "Some people are born with ulcers, some acquire them and others have ulcers thrust upon them," paraphrased Drs. A. J. Sullivan and T. E. McKell of New Orleans, who wrote a fascinating book, *Personality in Peptic Ulcer*.

One of the three groups described by these doctors is the typical ulcer type, constitutional or inherited, who suffers an ulcer attack in minor crises, usually related to his profession. "An attorney gets an ulcer attack every time he has to try a difficult case in court. The advertising copy writer, who lives under tremendous pressure, has a perforated ulcer when the company's best account turns down his copy. Or the company's auditor has an ulcer recurrence at the end of the fiscal year or when income tax reports are due. Proper diet and medicine during periods of business stress and strain will prevent about 80 percent of predicted recurrences."

In Group Two, the situation which precipitates the crisis is much more complex. "Here we have the man or woman with a deep-seated neurosis, whose life entanglements – an unfaithful wife, a problem child, an aggressive mother-in-law, or a bully for a business superior – may bring on an ulcer attack at any time. These people need psychiatry."

In Group Three are the normal, apparently healthy people who develop ulcers when they are thrust into overwhelming world situations, such as wars or depressions. "In the first five days after Pearl Harbor, one doctor saw three cases of perforated ulcers in men in their 60s, who had had no previous symptoms, but who were frantically worried over their sons in the Pacific. There were similar signs in New York stockbrokers after the 1929 crash. During the bombing of Britain, the number of cases of perforated ulcers skyrocketed, not only in London but even in the countryside. Ulcers of patients in the third group may be cleared up, provided the world crisis is of short duration and the patient is strong enough to understand the nature of his anxiety."

In this reaction to stress, some people get ulcers, others do not. Many highly nervous and anxious people overwork, have bad tempers and hold deep resentments, but they do not develop ulcers. Why not? "Probably because they haven't inherited a tendency to ulcer formation," says Dr. Walter C. Alvarez. "As the students of heredity would phrase it, they lack the necessary gene."

Just as they inherit a *susceptibility* to asthma and hypertension, people inherit a tendency to ulcers. Some families have as many as six ulcer cases. These have been cases of identical twins, each of whom developed an ulcer. Scientists agree, therefore, that stress and strain cause peptic ulcers, but only when a man or woman is "susceptible" to the condition. What the patient inherits from his forebears is an unstable emotional constitution, which in turn arouses anxiety and causes ulcers.

Ulcer symptoms are often confused with those of other digestive ailments. It is not always easy, for instance, to distinguish between ulcers, gall bladder diseases and appendicitis – all have severe pain and all may have nausea and vomiting. However, it is never safe for a layman to try to diagnose these symptoms; he must see a doctor.

An ulcer is a raw sore in the inner lining of the duodenum or the stomach. It ranges in size from about that of a dime in the duodenum to a quarter in the stomach. In appearance, it suggests a crater – a round hole with slightly raised edges. An ulcer is formed when the stomach starts digesting and the digestive juices "eat" a small hole in the stomach's lining. Normally, the mucous lining is protected against the increased amount of digestive juices, but sometimes the protection breaks down and an ulcer forms. The small raw spot is bathed in powerful stomach secretions, including hydrochloric acid, and the ulcer becomes painful and hard to heal.

Ulcers have been blamed on a wide variety of foods and eating habits. Chronic abuse of the stomach with highly spiced and seasoned foods, greasy fried foods, foods too hot or too cold and food that is not properly chewed may start the ulcerous process. Alcohol and tobacco, especially cigarettes, play their part in the

development of the painful sores. Hydrochloric acid stands out as an archvillain in the ulcer drama; in both stomach and duodenal ulcers, the stomach seems to manufacture large quantities of this strong corrosive acid.

It appears then that an ulcer comes as a result of the stomach's overactivity. The vital organ functions overtime, producing as much as 10 times the amount of gastric juices produced in normal, nonulcer people. The stomach secretions also contain pepsin, the enzyme that breaks down food in the digestive tract and helps it to digest. The peptic or digestive ability of the stomach juices, therefore, has a lot to do with preventing an ulcer or curing it after it occurs. That is why ulcers in the duodenum are called "peptic ulcers."

Ulcers have many symptoms. Most commonly, the patient complains of pain in the pit of the stomach, or just to the right of it, a few hours after food is eaten. The pain is described as dull, aching, gnawing or burning (heartburn) or sometimes simply as "hunger pain." A glass of milk or a pinch of sodium bicarbonate usually brings relief for an hour or two. Then the pain comes back, often with such intensity that the ulcer victim is roused from his sleep around 1 o'clock in the morning.

In many cases, the ulcer is so mild that the patient does not know he has one. Once or twice a year, he has a spell of what he calls "indigestion" or "dyspepsia," or "something I ate"; it lasts for a week or so, and then, after "home treatment" with light diet and doses of one of the popular "antacids," it disappears.

This does not mean that the ulcer is "cured." In some cases, the mild ulcer may be kept quiet for years with only occasional periods of distress when the patient encounters stress and strain. In others, the course is not so simple; the ulcer grows deeper and larger; it becomes red, angry and painful. Then one of three things may happen: (1) The ulcer may penetrate, or "perforate," through the wall of the stomach and the contents of the stomach or duodenum or both may spill into the peritoneal (abdominal) cavity. Then "perforation peritonitis," a serious inflammation and infection, develops. (2) The ulcer may penetrate a blood vessel and cause severe bleeding or even hemorrhage. Or (3) the ulcer may heal, or be "sealed" by nature, leaving a scar that blocks the food's way through the narrow digestive passages.

Only a few unlucky people have ulcers so chronic and painful that life becomes a burden. In many cases, the mild ulcer is discovered in X-rays during the course of a routine physical examination. In fact, hundreds of people have had ulcers at some point in their lives without knowing it; they caused no pain and they disappeared without symptoms.

Diet will not cure an ulcer permanently. But it is one of the most important parts of ulcer management. In most consultations with ulcer patients the doctor starts off with: "Tell me what you eat."

In successful ulcer treatment, the excessive flow of gastric acid must be neutralized or checked. In most cases, food and drink alter this abnormal flow. So ulcer specialists advise their patients to eat frequently, as many as six small meals a day, so that there will always be something for the gastric juices to work on besides the lining of the duodenum and stomach. Extra feedings should include milk and cream, which neutralize the stomach acids, and in many cases stop gnawing pains.

The ulcer patient must avoid all foods that will irritate the stomach and make it secrete more acid. The diet is a strict one. Coffee, tea, alcohol (in all forms) and tobacco are prohibited. So are fried foods, canned or smoked fish, raw fruits and vegetables, whole-grain cereals and bread, spices and condiments such as pepper, mustard and chili sauce. Instead, the ulcer patient must live on a soft bland diet of milk soups, strained and puréed vegetables and fruits, eggs, rice, noodles and macaroni, all plainly prepared without spiced sauces.

No matter what the treatment — drugs, diet or surgery — *ulcers are a chronic disease.* The little craterlike sores go away, but they tend to come back. Even with excellent results from modern treatments, from 10 to 35 percent of all ulcer patients have recurrences. Setbacks are commonly associated with fatigue, emotional stress, dietary indiscretions or respiratory infections. Colds and sore throats in the spring and fall, the "ulcer seasons," seem to aggravate the condition which originally caused the ulcers.

This is disappointing news, particularly to the ulcer patient who has undergone surgery for his ailment. "The surgeon can cut out the ulcer," observed Dr. Alvarez, "but he can't cut out the tensions, the stormy thoughts, the troublesome wife, the annoying partner. Even with as much as nine-tenths of the stomach removed, the patient can soon get another one (ulcer) in the remaining one-tenth, or in the adjoining stretch of the intestine."

Surgery is useless unless the ulcer patient can change his way of living. In a "once-an-ulcer-patient-always-an-ulcer-patient" mood, Dr. Frank Lahey once laid down the law: "I am strongly of the opinion that any patient who has had either conservative or radical surgery for an ulcer should be told that the more accurately he adjusts his eating, drinking and smoking habits for the lowering of gastric acidity, so much better will be his chance to avoid the forming of another ulcer."

Plenty of physical rest is needed. Occupations and recreations requiring constant bending forward are bad for ulcers, because the forward movement of the body puts pressure on the ulcer-bearing areas of the stomach and duodenum. The sores cannot heal when there is a repeated flexing of the trunk. Peace of mind is more important to the ulcer patient than drugs and diet.

Since, in many cases, his ailment is caused by overwork or by a job to which the man is temperamentally unsuited, he may have to look for work that is less strenuous and more satisfying. ♦

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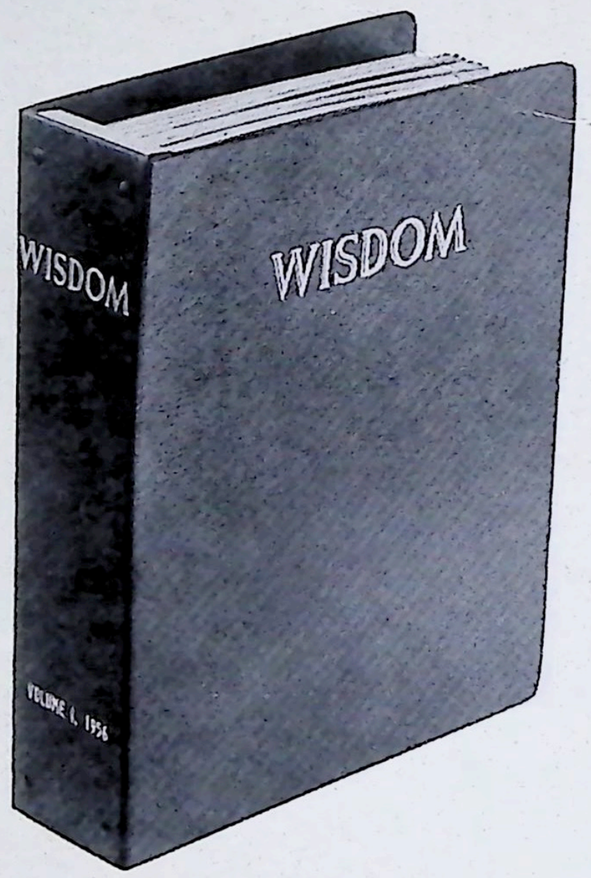

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ROBERT FROST: A diplomat is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday but never remembers her age.

* *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: To find out a girl's faults, praise her to her girl friends.

* *

FRANK MCKINNEY HUBBARD: Lack of pep is often mistaken for patience.

* *

HENRY DAVID THOREAU: I have received no more than two letters in my life that were worth the postage.

* *

ARTURO TOSCANINI: I kissed my first woman and smoked my first cigarette on the same day; I have never had time for tobacco since.

* *

VOLTAIRE: Doctors pour drugs of which they know little, to cure diseases of which they know less, into human beings of whom they know nothing.

* *

PIETRO ARETINO: If you want to annoy your neighbors, tell the truth about them.

* *

ARTHUR (BUGS) BAER: It was as helpful as throwing a drowning man both ends of a rope.

* *

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: Doctors will have more lives to answer for in the next world than even we generals.

* *

GEORGE ADE: Those who marry to escape something usually find something else.

* *

PAUL GERALDY: Love is the effort a man makes to be satisfied with only one woman.

* *

ISAAC GOLDBERG: The Good, the True, the Beautiful! Alas, the Good is often untrue, the True so often unbeautiful, the Beautiful so often not good.

* *

HOLBROOK JACKSON: The poor are the only consistent altruists; they sell all that they have and give to the rich.

* *

BARON DE MONTESQUIEU: What orators lack in depth they make up for in length.

* *

LOUIS XIV: I could sooner reconcile all Europe than two women.

HENRY BROUGHAM: A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

* *

SIMON CAMERON: An honest politician is one who, when he is bought, will stay bought.

* *

HELEN ROWLAND: A man loses his illusions first, his teeth second and his follies last.

Wit of Wisdom

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: It is easier to write a mediocre poem than to understand a good one.

* *

EDGAR WATSON HOWE: The average man's judgment is so poor, he runs a risk every time he uses it.

* *

OLIVER HERFORD: Actresses will happen in the best-regulated families.

* *

PIETRO ARETINO: Wise is the young man who is always thinking of taking a wife, and never takes one.

* *

DON HEROLD: Intellectuals should never marry; they won't enjoy it, and besides, they should not reproduce themselves.

* *

SAMUEL BUTLER: All of the animals except man know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

* *

GEORGE ELIOT: I'm not denying that women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men.

GEORGE COLMAN (the elder): What a pity it is that nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor.

* *

CHARLES CALEB COLTON: Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.

* *

MARQUISE DU DEFFAND: Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.

* *

WILL CUPPY: All modern men are descended from wormlike creatures, but it shows more on some people.

* *

CHAUNCEY DEPEW: I get my exercise acting as a pallbearer to my friends who exercise.

* *

THOMAS ROBERT DEWAR: The road to success is filled with women pushing their husbands along.

* *

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

* *

STEPHEN LEACOCK: The minute a man is convinced that he is interesting, he isn't.

* *

OSCAR LEVANT: An epigram is only a wisecrack that's played Carnegie Hall.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong.

* *

AMBROSE BIERCE: To the small part of ignorance that we arrange and classify we give the name of knowledge.

* *

DON MARQUIS: Most of the people living in New York have come from the farm to try to make enough money to go back to the farm.

* *

JOHN RUSKIN: There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper.

* *

WILSON MIZNER: A drama critic is a person who surprises the playwright by informing him of what he meant.

BOOKS FOR WISDOM

FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

THREE DIMENSIONS OF PUBLIC MORALITY

by Herbert W. Schneider

A brilliant author, Herbert W. Schneider is especially interested in problems of social ethics. To Schneider, philosophy is not an academic subject, but a prelude to creative living. He makes it clear that modern man cannot survive without a careful analysis of pressing moral issues. As in his *Religion in Twentieth Century America*, he writes in a clear and concise manner. This thoughtful book should appeal not only to professional thinkers, but also to a large lay audience. *Indiana University Press, $3*

THE THREE R'S PLUS

Edited by Robert H. Beck

In this book, 31 experts discuss some crucial issues relating to public education. Such problems as the teaching of reading, progressive education, the role of religion, and the function of the report card, are analyzed clearly. The proper function of the public school and its relationship to democracy is the fundamental theme of *The Three R's Plus.* The reader will benefit from these discussions and will more fully appreciate the importance of the public school system to democratic living. *University of Minnesota Press, $5*

SEA WAR

by Felix Riesenberg

The accomplishments of the U.S. Merchant Marine in World War II are traced in detail in this work. Felix Riesenberg is eminently qualified to tell the story, for since a very early age he has devoted his life to the Merchant Marine. Especially thrilling is his account of the German submarine warfare against U.S. merchant ships and how this menace was met. Riesenberg lauds the Liberty Ships which contributed to the final triumph. His portrayal of Admiral Land, head of the War Shipping Administration and a controversial figure during the war, is extremely objective. This is a book which adds to our understanding of World War II, and the vital part played in it by the Merchant Marine. *Rinehart, $5*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN IDEAL

by Albert Guérard

Albert Guérard, professor emeritus of comparative literature at Stanford University, is one of the great experts on French civilization. His books include *Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend* and *French Civilization.* In his latest work he brilliantly discusses French history from the 16th century to the Revolution. His main concern is with the classical spirit and its influence on politics, art, religion and philosophy. He analyzes both the advantages and the limitations of rationalism: "We find at first Reason working in cheerful subordination to Tradition; then Reason emancipated, but still respectful; Reason defiant; Reason triumphant. Some would be tempted to add: Reason going mad on its accession to Power."

This book deals not only with France, but also with the paradoxes of modern man. By describing the dilemmas of reason, Guérard helps us clarify our own philosophies of life. *George Braziller, $5*

THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD

THE LOUVRE, *with text and commentary by Milton S. Tott*

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These first three volumes in a proposed series are richly illustrated, each with 24 reproductions in full color and 60 monochromes. They should appeal not only to students of art but also to a vast amateur audience. The faithful reproductions will delight the reader and give him a deeper appreciation of some of the outstanding art treasures of Western civilization. These large books (10" by 15") contain a brief history of the museum and authoritative commentaries on each painting.

The Louvre, richest of museums, is "a vast treasury of arts and civilizations, magnificently housed." It holds countless masterpieces collected by the rulers of France, and has awed millions of visitors and nourished and inspired many painters.

At the Prado in Madrid, we find not only most of Velázquez's brilliant paintings, but also 114 paintings by Goya, 32 by El Greco and 36 Titians as well as paintings by such masters as Brueghel, Rubens and Raphael.

The National Gallery in Washington combines artistic exhibits with lectures and musical events. Every year an outstanding aesthetician gives the A. W. Mellon Lecture on the arts and discusses the theory of beauty and its relationship to cultural advancement. The National Gallery sponsors many musical events and even has its own orchestra.

From an architectural standpoint, the National Gallery is especially fortunate, for it has the largest building of its kind and is completely air-conditioned. The collection consists of 1200 paintings, 326 works of sculpture, 1306 medals and small bronzes and 41,600 prints, drawings and water colors. A visitor summarized its contribution by writing in the guest book: "Through an understanding of what this building holds, our lives will have more meaning."

This statement can be applied to the other museums. In them the visitor will find more than the enjoyment of art. He will discover a timeless sense of beauty and an ideal of life which will give significance to his own existence and make it more sublime. The publisher is to be congratulated for making these attractive books available at such a popular price. *Harry N. Abrams Inc., $5.95 per volume*

ISAAC NEWTON

by Harry Sootin

A well known writer in the history of science has given us a penetrating portrait of the English scholar whose theory of gravity has had a great impact upon 20th century culture. Isaac Newton was one of the supreme scientific geniuses of mankind. At the age of 24 he deduced the Inverse Square Law and before he was 30 he was a recognized authority on mathematics. Still, he always retained a sense of humility and he remarked about his own accomplishments: *I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.*

This is a book not merely for the scholar, but also for the general reader who is interested in the progress of science. It is a work which stresses the human aspects of a great man whose influence is undimmed by the passing of centuries. *Julian Messner, $2.95*

MICHELANGELO

by Adrian Stokes

A brilliant art historian has written a most illuminating work on Michelangelo. While Stokes's art criticism has a Freudian approach, he gives a balanced view of his subject and stresses the humanistic features of Michelangelo's art. Special attention is given to the sculptor-artist's poems, which usually have been neglected by the reader.

Michelangelo, most of his life, was subject to extreme melancholy. He felt that his own temperamental moods were inspired. Thus he wrote to a friend after sending him one of his poems: "You will say with truth that I am old and mad. I tell you there is no better approach to sanity and balance than to be mad." A fervent believer, Michelangelo felt that "if life bestowed by God is good, then his other gift, death, must also be good."

This book gives the reader an excellent insight into the character of Michelangelo and the Renaissance which molded his attitudes. *Philosophical Library, $7.50*

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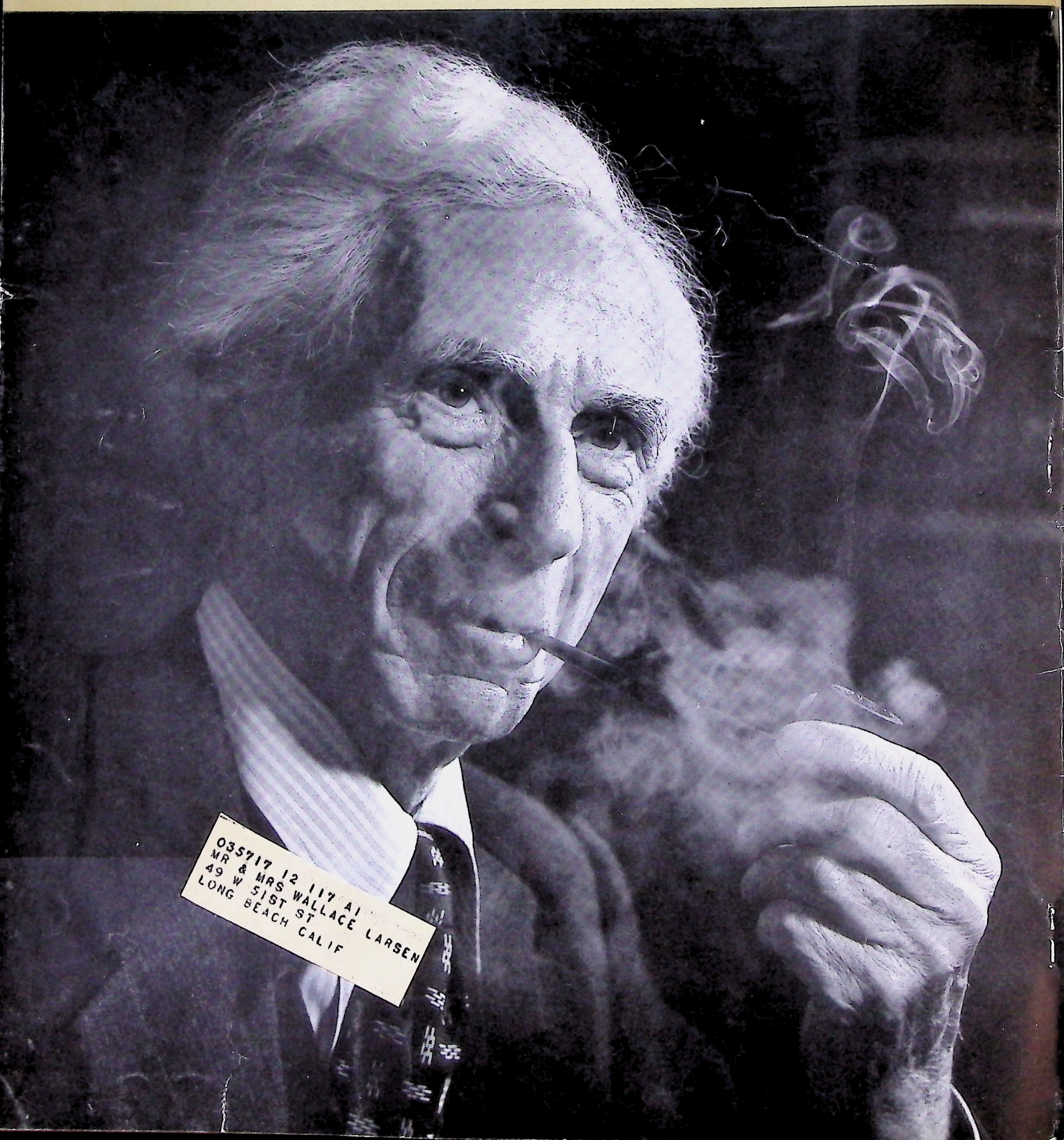

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